

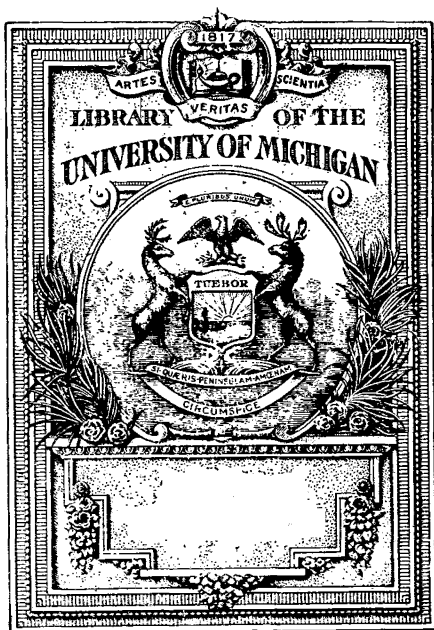
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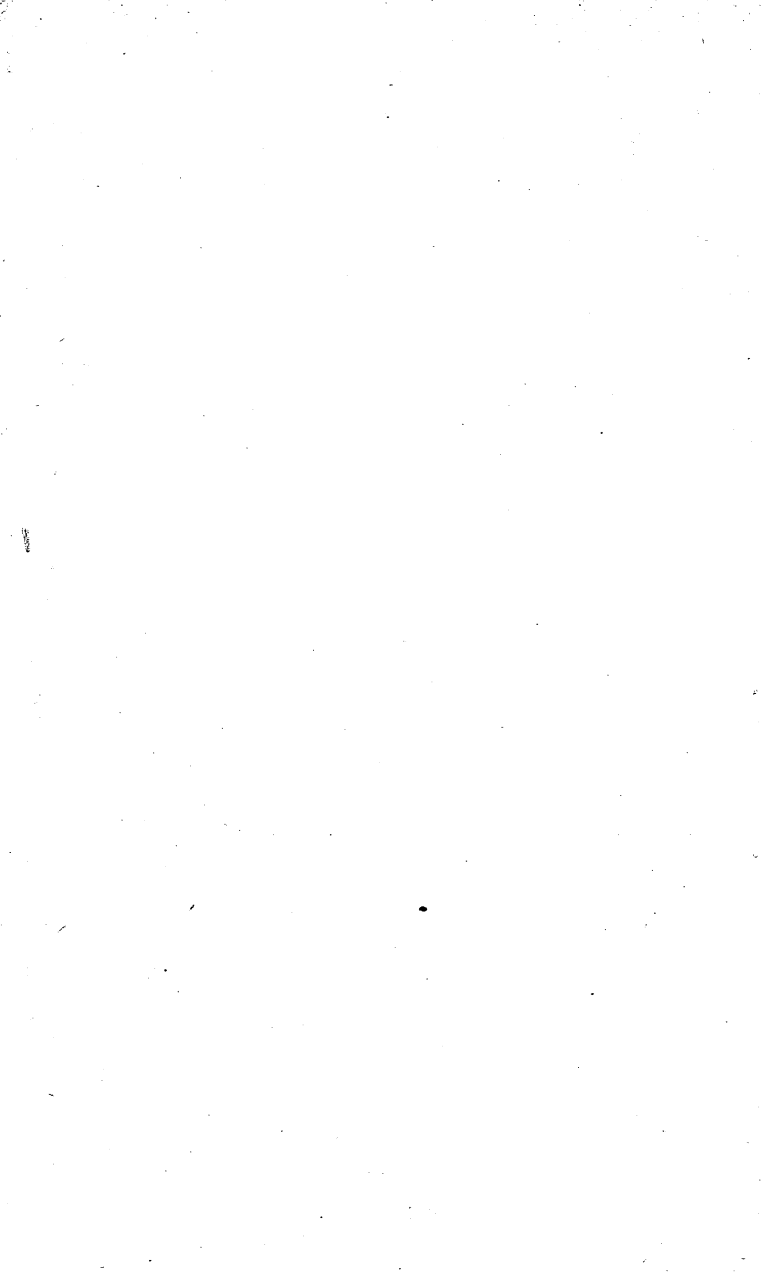
VOL. III.



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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
MICHAEL DRAYTON,
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NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY

THE REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.

VICAR OF UPTON AND ASTON UPTHORPE, BERKS,

AND EDITOR OF, CHAPMAN'S HOMER, SANDYS' POETICAL WORKS, ETC.



*VOLUME III.—POLYOLBION,
AND THE HARMONY OF THE CHURCH.*

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.

1876.

828

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1876

vol 3

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THE
SECOND PART,
OR
A CONTINVANCE
OF POLY-OLBION
FROM THE EIGH-
TEENTH SONG.

*Containing all the Tracts, Riuers, Moun-
taines, and Forrests :*

Intermixed with the most remarkable Stories,
Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures, and Com-
modities of the East and Northerne parts of this Isle,
lying betwixt the two famous Rivers
of THAMES, and TWEED.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON, *Esq.*



LONDON.

Printed by *Augustine Mathewes* for *John Marriott*
John Grismand, and *Thomas Dewe*.

1622.



Stacke
Gift
By Joshua Mc Clelland
9-16-64
add.
copy



TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.

THE First Part of this Poem (most Illustrious Prince) I dedicated to your deceased Brother of most famous memory, whose princely bounty, and usage of me, gave me much encouragement to go on with this Second Part, or Continuance thereof; which now, as his Successor, I owe to your Highness. If means and time fail me not, being now arrived at Scotland, I trust you shall see me crown her with no worse flowers than I have done her two Sisters, England and Wales: and without any partiality, as I dare be bold, to make the Poets of that Kingdom my judges therein. If I arrive at the Orcades, without sinking in my flight, your Highness cannot but say, that I had no ill perspective that gave me things so clearly, when I stood so far off.

To your Highness

Most humbly devoted,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

the first of the two main branches of the
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the third of the two main branches of the

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To any that will read it.



WHEN I first undertook this Poem, or, as some very skilful in this kind have pleased to term it, this Herculean labour, I was by some virtuous friends persuaded, that I should receive much comfort and encouragement therein ; and for these reasons : First, that it was a new, clear, way, never before gone by any ; then, that it contained all the Delicacies, Delights, and Rarities of this renowned Isle, interwoven with the Histories of the Britans, Saxons, Normans, and the later English : And further that there is scarcely any of the Nobility or Gentry of this land, but that he is some way or other by his Blood interested therein. But it hath fallen out otherwise ; for instead of that comfort, which my noble friends (from the freedom of their spirits) proposed as my due, I have met with barbarous ignorance, and base detraction ; such a cloud hath the Devil drawn over the world's judgment, whose opinion is in few years fallen so far below all ballatry, that the lethargy is incurable : nay, some of the Stationers, that had the selling of the First Part of this Poem, because it went not so fast away in the sale, as some of their beastly and abominable trash, (a shame both to our language and nation) have either spitefully left out, or at least carelessly neglected the

Epistles to the Readers, and so have cozened the buyers with unperfected books ; which these that have undertaken the Second Part, have been forced to amend in the First, for the small number that are yet remaining in their hands. And some of our outlandish, unnatural English, (I know not how otherwise to express them) stick not to say that there is nothing in this Island worthy studying for, and take a great pride to be ignorant in any thing thereof ; for these, since they delight in their folly, I wish it may be hereditary from them to their posterity, that their children may be begg'd for fools to the fifth generation, until it may be beyond the memory of man to know that there was ever other of their families : neither can this deter me from going on with Scotland, if means and time do not hinder me, to perform as much as I have promised in my First Song :

*Till through the sleepy main, to Thuly I have gone,
And seen the Frozen Isles, the cold Deucalidon,
Amongst whose iron Rocks, grim Saturn yet remains
Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine chains.*

And as for those cattle whereof I spake before, *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*, of which I account them, be they never so great, and so I leave them. To my friends, and the lovers of my labours, I wish all happiness.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



To my Honor'd Friend,

M^r DRAYTON.

ENGLAND'S brave *Genius*, raise thy head ; and see,
We have a *Muse* in this mortality
Of virtue yet survives ; All met not death,
When we intomb'd our dear *Elizabeth*.

Immortal *Sydney*, honour'd *Colin Clout*,
Presaging what we feel, went timely out.
Then why lives *Drayton*, when the Times refuse,
Both means to live, and matter for a *Muse*?
Only without excuse to leave us quite,
And tell us, durst we act, he durst to write.

Now, as the people of a famish'd town,
Receiving no supply, seek up and down
For mouldy corn, and bones long cast aside,
Wherewith their hunger may be satisfied :
(Small store now left) we are inforc'd to pry
And search the dark leaves of Antiquity
For some good Name, to raise our *Muse* again,
In this her crisis, whose harmonious strain
Was of such compass, that no other Nation
Durst ever venture on a sole translation ;
Whilst our full language, musical, and high,
Speaks as themselves their best of Poesy.

Drayton, amongst the worthi'st of all those,
The glorious Laurel or the Cyprian Rose
Have ever crown'd, doth claim in every line,
An equal honour from the sacred Nine :
For if old Time could, like the restless main,
Roll himself back into his spring again,
And on his wings bear this admiréd Muse,
For *Ovid*, *Virgil*, *Homer*, to peruse ;
They would confess, that never happier pen,
Sung of his *Loves*, his *Country*, and the *Men*.

WILLIAM BROWNE.





To his Noble Friend,
MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire,
upon his Topo-chrono-graphical
P O E M.

FROM CORNWALL'S Foreland to the Cliffs of DOVER,
O'er hilly CAMBRIA, and all ENGLAND over,
Thy Muse hath borne me ; and (in four days) shown
More goodly Prospects, than I could have known

*In four years' Travels ; if I had not thus
Been mounted, on thy winged PEGASUS.*

*The famous Rivers, the delightful Fountains,
The fruitful Valleys, the steep-rising Mountains ;
The new-built Tow'rs, the ancient-ruin'd Walls ;
The wholesome Baths, the beds of Mineralls ;
The nigh-worn Monuments of former Ages ;
The Works of Peace, the Marks of Civil-rages ;
The Woods, the Forests, and the open Plains,
With whatsoe'er this spacious Land contains,
For Profit, or for Pleasure : I o'erlook,
(As from one Station) when I read thy Book.*

*Nor do mine eyes from thence behold alone,
Such Things, as for the present there are done ;
(Or Places, as this day they do appear)
But Actions past, and Places as they were*

*A hundred ages since, as well as now :
 Which he that wearies out his feet to know,
 Shall never find, nor yet so cheap attain
 (With so much ease and profit) half that gain.
 Good-speed befall thee ; who hast wag'd a Task,
 That better censures, and rewards doth ask,
 Than these Times have to give. For those, that should
 The honor of true POESY uphold,
 Are (for the most part) such as do prefer
 The fawning lines of every Pamphleter,
 Before the best-writ POEMS. And their sight
 Or cannot, or else dares not, eye the Flight
 Of free-born NUMBERS ; lest bright VIRTUE'S fame,
 Which flies in those, reflect on them, their shame.*

*'Tis well ; thy happy judgment could devise,
 Which way, a man this age might poetize,
 And not write SATIRES : Or else, so to write
 That 'scape thou may'st, the clutches of Despite.
 For, through such Woods, and Rivers, trips thy MUSE,
 As will or lose or drown him, that pursues.*

*Had my Invention (which I know too weak)
 Enabled been, so brave a flight to make ;
 (Should my unlucky pen have overgone
 So many a Province, and so many a Town)
 Though I to no man's wrong had gone astray,
 I had been pounded on the King's highway.*

*But thou hast better fortune, and hast chose
 So brave a PATRON, that thou canst not lose
 By this Adventure. For, in Him, survives
 His brother HENRY'S virtues : and he lives
 To be that comfort to thy MUSE, which He
 Had nobly (ere his death) begun to be.*

Yet, overmuch presume not, that these times,

*Will therefore value these Heroic Rhymes,
According to their merit. For, although
He, and some few, the worth of them shall know :
This is their FATE. (And some unborn will say,
I spake the truth ; whate'er men think to-day)
Ages to come, shall hug thy POESY,
As we our dear friends' pictures, when they die.
Those that succeed us, DRAYTON'S name shall love,
And, so much this laborious PIECE approve ;
That such as write hereafter, shall to trim
Their new Inventions, pluck it limb from limb.
And our great-grandsons' children's-children may,
(Yea shall) as in a glass, this ISLE survey,
As we now see it : And as those did too,
Who livéd many hundred years ago.*

*For, when the Seas shall eat away the Shore,
Great Woods spring up, where Plains were heretofore ;
High Mountains levell'd with low Valleys lye ;
And Rivers run where now the ground is dry.
This POEM shall grow famous, and declare
What old-Things stood, where new-Things shall appear.*

*And hereunto his name subscribeth He,
Who shall by this PRÆDICTION live with Thee.*

GEORGE WITHER.





To my Worthy Friend,

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire.

An Acrostic Sonnet upon his Name.

MUST Albion thus be stelled by thee,
In her full pomp, that her the world may praise,
Cheerful, Brave Isle, yea shall I live to see
Him thus to deck, and crown thy Front with bays,
And shall I not in zeal, and merit too
Express to thee my joy, my thanks to him ;
Less (sure) than this I may not, will not do.
Drayton, sith still Parnassus thou dost climb,
Right like thyself, whose heaven-inspired Muse,
As doth the Phoenix still herself renewing,
Ye into other the like life infuse ;
Thou his rich subject, he thy fame pursuing.
O hadst thou lov'd him, as he thee hath done,
No Land such Honour, (to all times) had won.

JOHN REYNOLDS.



POLY-OLBION.

THE NINETEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progress to the North,
From Cauneſ with a full career,
She up againſt the ſtream doth bear ;* 5
*Where Waltham Foreſt's pride expreſt,
She points directly to the Eaſt,
And ſhows how all thoſe Rivers ſtrain
Through Eſſex, to the German Main ;
When Stoure, with Orwell's aid prefers,
Our Britiſh brave Sea-voyagers ;* 10
*Half Suffolke in with them ſhe takes,
Where of this Song an end ſhe makes.*

BEAR bravely up my Muse, the way thou went'st
before,
And cross the kingly *Thames* to the *Essexian* shore,
Stem up his tide-full stream, upon that side to rise,
Where *Cauneſ*,* *Albion's* child in-isléd richly lies,
Which, though her lower site doth make her seem but mean,

* An Island lying in the *Thames*, on *Essex* side.

Of him as dearly lov'd as *Shepey* is or *Greane*, 6
 And him as dearly lov'd; ¹for when he would depart,
 With *Hercules* to fight, she took it so to heart,
 That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to hide,
 By *Thames* she well-near is surrounded every tide : 10
 And since of worldly State, she never taketh keep,
 But only gives herself, to tend and milk her sheep.

But Muse, from her so low, divert thy high-set song
 To *London*-wards, and bring from *Lea* with thee along
 The Forests, and the Floods, and most exactly show, 15
 How these in order stand, how those directly flow :
 For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever wonne,
 Through Forests, where clear Rills in wild meanders run ;
 Where dainty summer-bowers, and arborets are made,
 Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade. 20
 Fools gaze at painted Courts, to th' country let me go,
 To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low ;
 No gold-emboss'd roofs, to me are like the woods ;
 No bed like to the grass, nor liquor like the floods :
 A City's but a sink, gay houses gawdy graves, 25
 The Muses have free leave, to starve or live in caves :

But *Waltham* Forest still in prosperous estate,
 As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
 Above her neighbour Nymphs, and holds her head aloft ;²
 A turf beyond them all, so sleek and wondrous soft, 30
 Upon her setting side, by goodly *London* grac'd,
 Upon the North by *Lea*, her South by *Thames* embrac'd.
 Upon her rising point, she chaunc'd to espy,
 A dainty Forest-Nymph of her society.

¹ *Albion* feigned to be the son of *Neptune*, going over into *France* to fight with *Hercules*, by whom he was vanquished, is supposed to leave his children, the Isles of *Thanet*, *Sheppey*, *Greane*, and this *Cauney*, lying in the mouth of *Thames*, to the tuition of *Neptune* their grandfather. See to the latter end of the Eighteenth Song.

² The brave situation of *Waltham* Forest.

Fair *Hatfield*,¹ which in height all other did surmount, 35
 And of the *Dryads* held in very high account ;
 Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way,
 Who doubting of herself, by others' late decay,
 Her sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
 Whom *Waltham* wisely thus reproveth by and by : 40

Dear Sister rest content, nor our declining rue,
 What thing is in this world (that we can say) is new ?
 The ridge and furrow shows, that once the crooked plow
 Turn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are rooted now :
 And at this hour we see, the share and coulter tear 45
 The full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes forests were ;
 And those but caitiffs are, which most do seek our spoil,
 Who having sold our woods, do lastly sell our soil ;
 'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,
 When as the fost' red ill proceeds from others' crimes ; 50
 'Gainst lunatics and fools, what wise folk spend their force ?
 For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the course :
 And when God gives men up, to ways abhorr'd and vile,
 Of understanding He deprives them quite, the while
 They into error run, confounded in their sin, 55
 As simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gyn.
 And for those pretty birds, that wont in us to sing,
 They shall at last forbear to welcome in the Spring,
 When wanting where to perch, they sit upon the ground,
 And curse them in their notes, who first did woods confound.
 Dear Sister *Hatfield*, then hold up thy drooping head, 61
 We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled :
 For *Essex* is our dower, which greatly doth abound,
 With every simple good, that in the Isle is found :
 And though we go to wrack in this so general waste, 65
 This hope to us remains, we yet may be the last.

¹ *Hatfield* Forest lying lower towards the East between *Stortford* and *Dunmow*.

When *Hatfield* taking heart, where late she sadly stood,
 Sends little *Roding* forth, her best-belovéd Flood ;
 Which from her crystal fount, as to enlarge her fame,
 To many a Village lends, her clear and noble name,¹ 70
 Which as she wand'reth on, through *Waltham* holds her way,
 With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wondrous gay ;
 But making at the last into the wat'ry Marsh,
 Where though the blady grass unwholesome be and harsh,
 Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous *Waltham* gave,
 With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her wondrous brave, 76
 And herself's strength divides, to sundry lesser streams,
 So wantoning she falls into her Sovereign *Thames*.

From whose vast beechy banks a rumour straight resounds,
 Which quickly ran itself through the *Essexian* grounds, 80
 That *Crouch* amongst the rest, a River's name should seek,
 As scorning any more the nickname of a Creek,
 Well-furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to fall,
 Wants nothing that a Flood should be adorn'd withall.
 On *Benge's** batfull side, and at her going out, 85
 With *Walnot*, *Foulness* fair, near wat'red round about.
 Two Isles for greater state to stay her up that stand,
 Thrust far into the sea, yet fixé to the land ;
 As Nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,
 That she by sea and land, should every way be grac'd. 90
 Some Sea-Nymphs and besides, her part (there were) that took,
 As angry that their *Crouch* should not be call'd a Brook ;
 And bad her to complain to *Neptune* of her wrong.

But whilst these grievous stirs thus happ'ned them among,
 Choice *Chelmer* comes along, a Nymph most neatly clear, 95
 Which well-near through the midst doth cut the wealthy
 Sheere,

¹ Many Towns that stand on this River, have her name as an addition : as *Kythorp Roding*, *Leaden Roding*, with many others.

* The fruitfulest Hundred of *Essex*. "*Denge* I believe it should be."—[MS. Note.]

By *Dunmow* gliding down to *Chelmsford** holds her chase,
 To which she gives the name, which as she doth imbrace
 Clear *Can* comes tripping in, and doth with *Chelmer* close :
 With whose supply (though small as yet) she greater grows.
 She for old *Maldon*† makes, where in her passing by, 101
 She to remembrance calls that *Roman* Colony,
 And all those ominous signs her fall that did forego,
 As that which most express'd their fatal overthrow ;
 Crown'd Victory revers'd, fell down whereas she stood, 105
 And the vast greenish sea, discoloured like to blood.
 Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their deaths at hand ;
 The portraitures of men imprinted in the sand.
 When *Chelmer* scarce arrives in her most wish'd Bay,
 But *Blakwater* comes in, through many a crooked way, 110
 Which *Pant* was call'd of yore ; but that, by Time exil'd,
 She *Froshwell* after hight, then *Blakwater* instil'd,
 But few, such titles have the *British* Floods among.
 When *Northey* near at hand, and th' Isle of *Ousey* rung
 With shouts the Sea-Nymphs gave, for joy of their arrive, 115
 As either of those Isles in courtesy do strive,
 To *Tethis'* darlings, which should greatest honour do ;
 And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.

But *Colne*, which frankly lends fair *Colechester* her name,
 (On all the *Essexian* shore, the Town of greatest fame) 120
 Perceiving how they still in courtship did contend,
 Quoth she, wherefore the time thus idly do you spend ?
 What is there nothing here, that you esteem of worth,
 That our big-bellied sea; or our rich land brings forth ?
 Think you our Oysters here, unworthy of your praise ? 125
 Pure *Walfleet*,‡ which do still the daintiest palates please :

* *Chelmsford* (abruptly *Cheynsford*) as much to say, as the Ford upon the River *Chelmer*.

† Anciently called *Camolodunum*, where these ominous signs fore-ran that great overthrow given to the *Roman* Colony by the *Britans*. See the Eighth Song.

‡ *Walfleet* Oysters.

As excellent as those, which are esteeméd most,
 The *Cizic*¹ shells, or those on the *Lucrinian*¹ coast ;
 Or Cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter sends,
 Whose tack the hungry clown, and plow-man so commends.
 If you esteem not these, as things above the ground, 131
 Look under, where the Urns of ancient times are found :
 The *Roman* Emp'rour's coins, oft digg'd out of the dust,
 And warlike weapons, now consum'd with cank'ring rust :
 The huge and massy bones,² of mighty fearful men, 135
 To tell the world's full strength, what creatures livéd then ;
 When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful earth
 Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even Giants in their birth.

Thus spoke she, when from sea they suddenly dó hear
 A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land with fear:
 For with their crookéd trumps, his *Tritons Neptune* sent, 141
 To warn the wanton Nymphs, that they incontinent
 Should straight repair to *Stour*, in *Orwell's* pleasant Road ;
 For it had been divulg'd the Ocean all abroad,
 That *Orwell* and this *Stour*, by meeting in one bay, 145
 Two, that each other's good, intended every way,
 Prepar'd to sing a Song, that should precisely show,
 That *Medway*³ for her life, their skill could not out-go :
 For *Stour*, a dainty Flood, that duly doth divide
 Fair *Suffolke* from this Shire, upon her other side ; 150
 By *Clare* first coming in, to *Sudbury* doth show,
 The even course she keeps ; when far she doth not flow,
 But *Breton* a bright Nymph, fresh succour to her brings :
 Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,
 But *Orwell* coming in from *Ipswich* thinks that she, 155

¹ *Cizicum* is a city of *Bithynia*. *Lucrinia* is a city of *Apulia* upon the *Adriatic* Sea ; the Oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicacies with the *Romans*.

² The bones of giant-like people found in those parts.

³ *Medway* in the Eighteenth Song, reciteth the Catalogue of the *English Warriors*.

Should stand for it with *Stour*, and lastly they agree,
 That since the *Britans* hence their first discoveries made,
 And that into the East they first were taught to trade.
 Besides, of all the Roads, and Havens of the East,
 This Harbour where they meet, is reckon'd for the best. 160
 Our Voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,
 Their argument they make, and thus they sing their own :

In *Severn's* late tun'd lay,¹ that Empress of the West,
 In which great *Arthur's* acts are to the life exprest :
 His Conquests to the North, who *Norway* did invade, 165
 Who *Groneland*, *Iseland* next, then *Lapland* lastly made
 His awful Empire's bounds, the *Britans'* acts among,
 This God-like Hero's deeds exactly have been sung :
 His valiant people then, who to those Countries brought,
 Which many an age since that, our great'st discoveries
 thought. 170

This worthiest then of ours, our Argonauts* shall lead.

Next *Malgo*, who again that Conqueror's steps to tread,
 Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,
 Plow'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair success,
 By that great Conqueror's claim, first *Orkney* over-ran ; 175
 Proud *Denmarke* then subdu'd, and spacious *Norway* wan,
 Seiz'd *Iseland* for his own, and *Goteland* to each shore,
 Where *Arthur's* full-sail'd Fleet had ever touch'd before.

And when the *Britans'* reign came after to decline,
 And to the *Cambrian* Hills their fate did them confine, 180
 The *Saxon* swaying all, in *Alfred's* powerful reign,
 Our *English* Ocer put a fleet to sea again,
 Of th' huge *Norwegian* Hills and news did hither bring,
 Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days' travelling.
 But leaving *Norway* then a-starboard, forward kept, 185
 And with our *English* sails that mighty Ocean swept,
 Where those stern people wonne, whom hope of gain doth call,

¹ See the Fourth Song.

* Sea-voyages.

In hulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful Whale;
 And great *Duina*¹ down from her first springing-place,
 Doth roll her swelling waves in churlish *Neptune's* face. 190

Then *Woolstan* after him discovering *Dansig* found,
 Where *Wixel's*² mighty mouth is pour'd into the Sound,
 And towing up his stream, first taught the *English* oars,
 The useful way of Trade to those most gainful shores.

And when the *Norman Stem* here strong and potent grew,
 And their successful sons, did glorious acts pursue, 196
 One *Nicholas* nam'd of *Lyn*, where first he breath'd the air,
 Though *Oxford* taught him Art, and well may hold him dear,
 I' th' *Mathematicks* learn'd (although a *Friar* profess'd),
 To see those Northern Climes, with great desire possess'd, 200
 Himself he thither shipp'd, and skilful in the globe,
 Took every several height with his true astrolobe;
 The Whirlpools* of the seas, and came to understand,
 From the four card'nal winds, four indraughts that command;
 Int' any of whose falls, if th' wand'ring barque doth light, 205
 It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,
 Into that swallowing gulf, which seems as it would draw
 The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.

Four such immeasur'd Pools, philosophers agree,
 I' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be; 210
 From which they have suppos'd, Nature the winds doth raise,
 And from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.

And when our Civil Wars began at last to cease,
 And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,
 Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry; 215
 That brave advent'rous Knight, our Sir *Hugh Willoughby*,
 Shipp'd for the Northern Seas, 'mongst those congeal'd piles,
 Fashioned by lasting frosts, like mountains, and like isles,
 (In all her fearfull'st shapes saw Horror, whose great mind,

¹ The great river of *Russia*.

² The greatest river of *Danske*.

* The greatest wonder of Nature.

In lesser bounds than these, that could not be confin'd, 220
 Adventuréd on those parts, where Winter still doth keep ;
 When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)
 In bleak *Arzina's* Road his death near *Lapland* took,
 Where *Kegor* from her site, on those grim Seas doth look.

Two others follow then, eternal fame that won, 225
 Our *Chancellor*, and, with him, compare we *Jenkinson* :
 For *Russia* both imbarqu'd, the first arriving there,
 Ent'ring *Duina's* mouth, up her proud stream did steer
 To *Volgad*, to behold her pomp, the *Russian* State,
Moscovia measuring then ; the other with like fate, 230
 Both those vast Realms survey'd, then into *Bactriu* past,
 To *Boghor's* bulwark'd walls, then to the liquid waste,
 Where *Oxus* rolleth down twixt his far distant shores,
 And o'er the *Caspian* Main, with strong untiréd oars,
 Adventuréd to view rich *Persia's* wealth and pride, 235
 Whose true report thereof, the *English* since have tried.

With *Fitch*, our *Eldred* next, deserv'dly placéd is ;
 Both travelling to see, the *Syrian Tripolis*.
 The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shown)
 To view those parts, to us that were the most unknown, 240
 On thence to *Ormus* set, *Goa*, *Cambaya*, then,
 To vast *Zelabdim*, thence to *Echubar*, again
 Cross'd *Ganges'* mighty stream, and his large banks did view,
 To *Baccola* went on, to *Bengola*, *Pegu* ;
 And for *Mallaccan* then, *Zeiten*, and *Cochin* cast, 245
 Measuring with many a step, the great *East-Indian* waste.

The other from that place, the first before had gone,
 Determining to see the broad-wall'd *Babylon*,
 Cross'd *Euphrates*, and row'd against his mighty stream ;
Licia, and *Gaza* saw, with great *Hierusalem*, 250
 And Our Dear Saviour's seat, blest *Bethlem*, did behold,
 And *Jourdan*, of whose waves, much is in Scriptures told.

Then *Macham*, who (through love to long adventures led)

Medera's wealthy Isles, the first discover'd,
 Who having stol'n a maid, to whom he was affied, 255
 Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites denied,
 Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger past,
 Upon an *Isle* of those, at length by tempest cast;
 And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
 Which very ill had brook'd, the rough and boist'rous seas;
 And ling'ring for her health, within the quiet Bay, 261
 The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,
 When as it was not long, but she gave up her breath;
 When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her timeless death:
 That their deserv'd rites her funeral could not have, 265
 A homely altar built upon her honour'd grave.

*When with his folk but few, not passing two or three,
 There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,
 Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,
 Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw; 270
 Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
 Now swallowed with the waves, and then spu'd up again;
 At length were on the coast of sun-burnt *Affrick* thrown:
 T' amaze that further world, and to amuse our own.

Then *Windham* who new ways, for us and ours to trie, 275
 For great *Morrocco* made, discovering *Barbarie*.

Lock, *Towerson*, *Fenner* next, vast *Guiney* forth that sought,
 And of her ivory, home in great abundance brought.

The *East-Indian* Voy'ger then, the valiant *Lancaster*,
 To *Buona Esperance*, *Comara*, *Zanziber*, 280
 To *Nicuba*, as he to *Gomerpole* went,
 Till his strong bottom struck *Mollucco's* Continent;
 And sailing to *Brazeel* another time he took
Olynda's chiefest Town, and Harbour *Farnambuke*,
 And with their precious wood, sugar, and cotton fraught,
 It by his safe return, into his Country brought. 286

* The wonderful Adventure of *Macham*.

Then *Forboshers*, whose fame flew all the Ocean o'er,
 Who to the North-west sought, huge *China's* wealthy shore,
 When nearer to the North, that wand'ring seaman set,
 Where he in our hott'st months of *June* and *July* met 290
 With snow, frost, hail, and sleet, and found stern Winter
 strong,

With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and long.
 Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal Light,
 Makes half the year still day, and half continual night.
 Then for those bounds* unknown, he bravely set again, 295
 As he a Sea-god were, familiar with the Main.

The noble *Fenton* next, and *Jackman* we prefer,
 Both Voyagers, that were with famous *Forboshers*.

And *Davies*, three times forth that for the North-west made
 Still striving by that course, t' inrich the *English* Trade: 300
 And as he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,
 There by a mighty Sea,† immortaliz'd his name.

With noble *Gilbert* next, comes *Hoard* who took in hand
 To clear the course scarce known into the *New-found* Land,
 And view'd the plenteous Seas, and fishful Havens, where 305
 Our neighbouring Nations since have stor'd them every year.

Then Globe-engirdling *Drake*, the Naval Palm that won,
 Who strove in his long course to emulate the Sun :
 Of whom the *Spaniard* us'd a prophecy to tell,
 That from the *British* Isles should rise a Dragon fell, 310
 That with his arméd wings, should strike th' *Iberian* Main,
 And bring in after time much horror upon *Spain*.
 This more than man (or what) this demi-god at sea,
 Leaving behind his back, the great *America*,
 Upon the surging main his well-stretch'd tacklings flew'd, 315
 To forty-three degrees of North'ly latitude ;
 Unto that Land before to th' *Christian* world unknown,
 Which in his Country's right he nam'd *New Albion* ;

* *Meta Incognita*.

† *Mare Davisium*.

And in the Western *Ind*, spite of the power of *Spain*,
 He Saint *Iago* took, *Domingo*, *Cartagene* : 320
 And leaving of his prowess, a mark in every Bay,
 Saint *Augustin's* surpris'd, in *Terra Florida*. [wrought,
 Then those that forth for sea, industrious *Rawleigh*
 And them with everything, fit for discovery fraught ;
 That *Amadas* (whose name doth scarcely *English* sound) 325
 With *Barlow*, who the first *Virginia* thoroughly found.
 As *Greenvile*, whom he got to undertake that Sea,
 Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd *Virginia*.
 (In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit ;
 That with so brave a spirit, his turn so well could fit. 33
 O *Greenvile*, thy great name, for ever be renown'd,
 And borne by *Neptune* still, about this mighty round ;
 Whose naval conflict wan thy Nation so much fame,
 And in th' *Iberians* bred fear of the *English* name. [lie, 336
 Nor should Fame speak her loud'st, of *Lane*, she could not
 Who in *Virginia* left, with th' *English* Colony, 336
 Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,
 That him they only lov'd, when others they did fear ;
 And from those barbarous, brute, and wild *Virginians* wan
 Such reverence, as in him there had been more than man. 340
 Then he which favour'd still, such high attempts at these,
Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'd in all the Seas,
 Imbarqu'd his worthy self, and his adventurous crew,
 And with a prosperous sail to those fair Countries flew,
 Where *Orenoque*, as he, on in his course doth roll, 345
 Seems as his greatness meant, grim *Neptune* to control ;
 Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,
 That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
 So are his branches seas, and in the rich *Guiana*,
 A Flood as proud as he, the broad-brimm'd *Orellana* : 350
 And on the spacious firm *Manoa's* mighty seat,
 The land (by Nature's power) with wonders most repleat.

So *Leigh*, *Cape Briton* saw, and *Rameas* Isles again ;
 As *Tompson* undertook the Voyage to *New-Spain* :
 And *Hawkins* not behind, the best of these before, 355
 Who hoising sail, to seek the most remotest shore,
 Upon that new-nam'd *Spain*, and *Guinny* sought his prize,
 As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,
 The son of his brave sire, who with his furrowing keel,
 Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich *Brazeel*. 360

Courageous *Candish* then, a second *Neptune* here,
 Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.
 What man could in his time discourse of any Seas,
 But of brave *Candish* talk'd, and of his voyages ?
 Who through the South Seas pass'd, about this earthly ball,
 And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall, 366
 And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,
 Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.

Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' *Asores* sent,
 And to the *Western-Ind*, to *Porta Ricco* went, 370
 And with the *English* power it bravely did surprise.

Sir *Robert Dudley* then, by sea that sought to rise,
 Hoist sails with happy winds to th' Isles of *Trinidado* :
Paria then he pass'd, the Islands of *Granado* ;
 As those of *Sancta Cruz*, and *Porta Ricco* : then 375
 Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,
 Is *Preston* sent to sea, with *Summers* forth to find,
 Adventures in the parts upon the *Western-Ind* ;
Port Santo who surpris'd, and *Coches*, with the Fort
 Of *Coro*, and the Town, when in submissive sort, 380
Cumana ransom crav'd, Saint *James* of *Leon* sack'd ;
Jamica went not free, but as the rest they wrack'd. [won),

Then *Sherley* (since whose name such high renown hath
 That Voyage undertook, as they before had done :
 He Saint *Iago* saw, *Domingo*, *Margarita*, 385
 By *Terra firma* sail'd to th' Islands of *Jamica*,

Up *Rio Dolce* row'd, and with a prosperous hand,
 Returning to his home, touch'd at the *New-found-land*,
 Where at *Jamica's* Isles, courageous *Parker* met
 With *Sherley*, and along up *Rio Dolce* set, 390
 Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran,
 And took *Campeche's* Town, the chief'st of *Jucatan*.
 A frigate and from thence did home to *Britain* bring,
 With most strange tribute fraught, due to that *Indian* King.

At mighty *Neptune's* beck, thus ended they their Song, 395
 When as from *Harwich* all to *Loving-land* along,
 Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore,
 Wherewith th' *Essexian* Nymphs applaud their lovéd *Stour*,
 From the *Suffolcean* side yet those which *Stour* prefer
 Their princely *Orwell* praise, as much as th' other her : 400
 For though clear *Briton* be rich *Suffolke's* from her spring,
 Which *Stour* upon her way to *Harwich* down doth bring,
 Yet *Deben* of herself a stout and stedfast friend,
 Her succour to that Sea, near *Orwell's* Road doth send.

When *Waveney* to the North, rich *Suffolke's* only mere,* 405
 As *Stour* upon the North, from *Essex* parts this Sheere ;
 Lest *Stour* and *Orwell* thus might steal her Nymphs away,
 In *Neptune's* name commands, that here their force should
 stay :

For that herself and *Yar* in honour of the Deep,
 Were purposéd a Feast in *Loving-land* to keep. 410

* *Suffolke* bounded on the South and North.





THE TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse that part of Suffolke sings,
That lies to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean Nymphs, to guest
To Loving-land, to Neptune's Feast ;
To Ouze the Less then down she takes,
Where she a flight at river makes :
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,
With whose free praise this Song she ends.*



FROM Suffolke rose a sound, through the *Norfolcean*
shore

That ran itself, the like had not been heard before :

For he that doth of sea the powerful trident weld,

His *Tritons* made proclaim, a Nymphall* to be held

In honour of himself, in *Loving-land*, where he

The most selected Nymphs appointed had to be.

Those Seamajds that about his secret walks do dwell,

Which tend his mighty herds of whales, and fishes fell,

As of the Rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,

That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,

* A meeting, or Feast of Nymphs.

Were summon'd to be there, in pain of *Neptune's* hate :
 For he would have his Feast, observ'd with god-like state,
 When those *Suffolcean* Floods, that sided not with *Stoure*,
 Their streams but of themselves into the ocean pour,
 As *Or*, through all the coast a Flood of wondrous fame, 15
 Whose honoured fall begets a Haven* of her name ;
 And *Blyth* a dainty Brook, their speedy course do cast,
 For *Neptune* with the rest, to *Loving-land* to haste :
 When *Waveney* in her way, on this *Septentrional* side,
 That these two Eastern Shires doth equally divide, 20
 From *Laphamford*† leads on, her stream into the East,
 By *Bungey*, then along by *Beckles*, when possess'd
 Of *Loving-land*, 'bout which her limber arms she throws,
 With *Neptune* taking hands, betwixt them who inclose,
 And her an Island make, fam'd for her site so far. 25
 But leave her, Muse, awhile, and let us on with *Yar*,
 Which *Gariena* some, some *Hier*, some *Yar* do name ;
 Who rising from her spring‡ not far from *Walsingham*,
 Through the *Norfolcean* fields seems wantonly to play,
 To *Norwich* comes at length, towards *Yarmouth* on her way.
 Where *Wentsum* from the South, and *Bariden* do bear 31
 Up with her by whose wealth she much is honoured there,
 To entertain her *Yar*, that in her state doth stand,
 With Towns of high'st account, the fourth§ of all the land :
 That hospitable place to the industrious *Dutch*,|| 35
 Whose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is such,
 (For refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,
 By labour sore that live, whilst oft the *English* starve ;
 On roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton spare,
 So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are. 40

* *Orford* Haven.

† The place of her spring.

‡ At *Gatesend* not far thence.

§ *Norwich*, in place the fourth city of *England*.

|| The *Dutch* a most industrious people.

But from my former theme, since thus I have digress'd,
 I'll borrow more of Time, until my Nymphs be dress'd :
 And since these Foods fall out so fitly in my way,
 A little while to them I will convert my lay.

*The *Colewort*, *Colifloure*, and *Cabidge* in their season, 45
 The *Rouncefull*, great *Beans*, and early-ripening *Peason*;
 The *Onion*, *Scallion*, *Leek*, which housewives highly rate ;
 Their kinsman *Garlick* then, the poor man's *Mithridate* ;
 The savoury *Parsnip* next, and *Carret* pleasing food ;
 The *Skirret* (which some say) in sallats stirs the blood ; 50
 The *Turnip*, tasting well to clowns in Winter weather.

Thus in our verse we put, roots, herbs, and fruits together.
 The great moist *Pumpion* then, that on the ground doth lie,
 A purer of his kind, the sweet *Muske-million* by ;
 Which dainty palates now, because they would not want, 55
 Have kindly learn'd to set, as yearly to transplant :
 The *Radish* somewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke ;
 The *Cucumber* as cold, the heating *Artichoke* ;
 The *Citrons*, which our soil not eas'ly doth affourd ;
 The *Rampion* rare as that, the hardly-gotten *Gourd*. 60

But in these trivial things, Muse, wander not too long,
 But now to nimble *Yar*, turn we our active Song,
 Which in her winding course, from *Norwich* to the main,
 By many a stately seat lasciviously doth strain,
 To *Yarmouth*† till she come, her only christ'ned Town, 65
 Whose fishing through the Realm doth her so much renown,
 Where those that with their nets still haunt the boundless
 lake,

Her such a sumptuous feast of *salted Herrings* make,
 As they had robb'd the Sea of all his former store,
 And past that very hour, it could produce no more. 70

Her ownself's Harbour here, when *Yar* doth hardly win,

* Roots and garden-fruits of this Island.

† So called by the falling of *Yar* into the sea.

But kindly she again, saluted is by *Thrin*,
A fair *Norfolcean* Nymph, which gratifies her fall.

Now are the *Tritons** heard, to *Loving-land* to call,
Which *Neptune's* great commands, before them bravely bear,
Commanding all the Nymphs of high account that were, 76
Which in fat *Holland* lurk amongst the queachy plashes,
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,
As all the wat'ry blood, which haunt the *German* deeps,
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps, 80
To *Loving-land* to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.

When *Erix*, *Neptune's* son by *Venus*, to the shore
To see them safely brought, their *Herault* came before,
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn 85
Of that so much-esteem'd, sea-honouring Unicorn.

¹ Next *Proto* wondrous swift, led all the rest the way,
Then she which makes the calms, the mild *Cymodice*,
With god-like *Dorida*, and *Galatea* fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided hair : 90
Analiis which the sea doth salt, and seasonéd keep ;
And *Batheas*, most supreme and sovereign in the deep,
Brings *Cyane*, to the waves which that green colour gives ;
Then *Atmis*, which in fogs and misty vapours lives :
Phrinax, the billows rough, and surges that bestrides, 95
And *Rothion*, that by her on the wild waters rides ;
With *Icthias*, that of fry the keeping doth retain,
As *Pholoë*, most that rules the monsters of the main :
Which brought to bear them out, if any need should fall,
The *Dolphin*, *Sea-horse*, *Gramp*, the *Wherlpoole*, and the *Whall*.
An hundred more besides, I readily could name, 101
With these as *Neptune* will'd, to *Loving-land* that came.

* Supposed to be Trumpeters to *Neptune*.

¹ The virtual properties incident to waters, as well Seas, as Rivers, expressed by their name in the persons of Nymphs, as hath been used by the Ancients.

These Nymphs trick'd up in tires, the Sea-gods to delight :

¹Of *Coral* of each kind, the black, the red, the white ;

With many sundry shells, the *Scallop* large and fair, 105

The *Cockle* small and round, the *Periwinkle* spare,

The *Oyster*, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,

The *Mussell*, which retains that dainty Orient seed ;

In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry twists,

Some worn about their waists, their necks, some on the wrists.

Great store of *Amber* there, and *Jet* they did not miss ; 111

Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly *Ambergris*.

Scarcely the *Nereids** thus arriv'd from the seas,

But from the fresher streams the brighter *Naiades*,†

To *Loving-land* make haste with all the speed they may, 115

For fear their fellow-Nymphs should for their coming stay.

Glico the running streams in sweetness still that keeps,

And *Clymene* which rules, when they surround their deeps.

Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide :

With *Opis* that doth bear them backward with the tide. 120

Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear,

Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,

Then *Drymo* for the oaks that shadow every bank,

Phylodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank,

Which the clear *Naiads* make them anadems‡ withall, 125

When they are call'd to dance in *Neptune's* mighty hall.

Then *Ligea*, which maintains the birds' harmonious lays,

Which sing on rivers' banks amongst the slender sprays,

With *Rhodia*, which for them doth nurse the *Roseate* sets.

Ioida, which preserves the azure *Violets*. 130

Anthea, of the *Flowers*, that hath the general charge,

And *Syrinx* of the *Reeds*, that grow upon the marge.

Some of these lovely Nymphs wore on their flaxen hair

Fine chaplets made of *Flags*, that fully flow'ed were :

¹ The delicacies of the Sea.

† Nymphs of Rivers.

* Sea-Nymphs.

‡ Coronets of Flowers.

With *Water-cans* again, some wantonly them dight, 135
 Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful delight
 To those that wistly view'd their beauties : some again,
 That sovereign places held amongst the wat'ry train, [grow,
 Of *Cut-tails* made them crowns, which from the *Sedge* doth
 Which neatly woven were, and some to grace the show, 140
 Of *Lady-smocks* most white, do rob each neighbouring mead,
 Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they braid.

Now thus together com'n, they friendly do devise,
 Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and wise. 144
 But to break off their speech, her reed when *Syrinx* sounds,
 Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to *Hornepipe*-rounds:
 They ceasing, as again to others' turn it falls,
 They lusty *Galiards* tread, some others *Jigs*, and *Braules*.
 This done, upon the bank together being set,
 Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were met, 150
 In mighty *Neptune's* praise, these sea-born Virgins sing :

*Let earth, and air, say they, with the high praises ring,
 Of *Saturn* by his *Ops*, the most renownéd son,
 From all the gods but *Jove*, the diadem that won,
 Whose offspring wise and strong, dear Nymphs let us relate,
 On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in state, 156
 And with his trident rules, the universal stream,
 To be the only sire of mighty *Polypheme*.

On fair *Thoosa* got old *Phorcus'* lovéd child,
 Who in a feignéd shape that God of Sea beguil'd. 160
 Three thousand princely sons, and lovely Nymphs as we,
 Were to great *Neptune* born, of which we sparing be :
 Some by his goodly Queen, some in his leman's bed ;
Chryasor grim begot, on stern *Medusa's* head.
 Swart *Brontes*, for his own so mighty *Neptune* takes, 165
 One of the *Cyclops* strong, *Jove's* thunder-bolts that makes.
 Great *Neptune*, *Neleus* got (if you for wisdom seek),

* The Song of the Sea-Nymphs in praise of *Neptune*.

Who was old *Nestor's* sire, the grav'st and wisest *Greek*.
 Or from this King of waves, of such thou lov'st to hear,
 Of famous Nations first, that mighty Founders were ; 170
 Then *Cadmus*, who the plot of ancient *Thebes* contriv'd,
 From *Neptune* God of Sea, his pedigree deriv'd,
 By *Agenor* his old sire, who rul'd *Phœnicia* long :
 So *Inachus*, the chief of *Argives* great and strong
 Claim'd kinred of this King, and by some beauteous niece,
 So did *Pelasgus* too, who peopled ancient *Greece*. 176
 A world of mighty Kings and Princes I could name,
 From our God *Neptune* sprung ; let this suffice, his fame
 Incompasseth the world ; those stars which never rise,
 Above the lower South, are never from his eyes : 180
 As those again to him do every day appear,
 Continally that keep the Northern Hemisphere ;
 Who like a mighty King, doth cast his watchet robe,
 Far wider than the land, quite round about the Globe.
 Where is there one to him that may comparéd be, 185
 That both the Poles at once continually doth see ;
 And giant-like with Heaven as often maketh wars ?
 The Islands (in his power) as numberless as stars,
 He washeth at his will, and with his mighty hands,
 He makes the even shores oft mountainous with sands : 190
 Whose creatures, which observe his wide emperiall seat,
 Like his immeasured self, are infinite and great.

Thus ended they their Song, and off th' assembly brake,
 When quickly towards the West, the Muse her way doth take ;
 Whereas the swelling soil, as from one bank doth bring 195
 This *Waveney** sung before, and *Ouse the Less*,* whose spring
 Towards *Ouse the Greater* points, and down by *Thetford* glides,
 Where she clear *Thet* receives, her glory that divides,
 With her new-naméd Town, as wondrous glad that she,

* The fountains of these rivers, not far asunder, yet one running Northward, the other to the East.

For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should be : 200
 Where since these confluent Floods, so fit for hawking lye,
 And store of fowl intice skill'd Falconers there to fly.

Now of a *Flight** at brook shall my description be :
 What subject can be found, that lies not fair to me ?
 Of simple Shepherds now, my Muse exactly sings, 205
 And then of courtly Loves, and the affairs of Kings.
 Then in a buskin'd strain, the warlike spear and shield,
 And instantly again of the disports of Field ;
 What can this Isle produce, that lies from my report ?
 Industrious Muse, proceed then to thy Hawking sport. 210

When making for the brook, the Falconer doth espy
 On river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl doth lie :
 Whence forcéd over land, by skilful Falconers' trade :
 A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.
 He whistleth off his hawks, whose nimble pinions straight,
 Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height : 216
 And if that after check,† the one or both do go,
 Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth water show ;
 The trembling fowl that hear the jiggling hawk-bells ring,
 And find it is too late to trust then to their wing, 220
 Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted hawks,
 Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,
 Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake ;
 Which when the Falconer sees, that scarce one plane‡ they
 make,

The gallant'st birds, saith he, that ever flew on wing, 225
 And swears there is a Flight, were worthy of a King.

Then making to the flood, to cause the fowls to rise,
 The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from the skies,
 Make sundry canceleers§ e'er they the fowl can reach,

* A description of a Flight at river.

† After Pigeons, Crows, or such like.

‡ When they soar as Kites do.

§ Crossing the air in their down-come.

Which then to save their lives, their wings do lively stretch.
 But when the whizzing bells the silent air do cleave, 231
 And that their greatest speed, them vainly do deceive,
 And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do view,
 Themselves for very fear they instantly ineawe.*

The hawks get up again into their former place, 235
 And ranging here and there, in that their airy race,
 Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
 With many a stooping brave, them in again they lay.
 But when the Falconers take their hawking-poles in hand,
 And crossing of the brook, do put it over land, 240
 The hawk gives it a souse, that makes it to rebound,
 Well-near the height of man, sometime above the ground ;
 Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
 And oft from neck to tail, the back in two doth shred.
 With many a *Wo-ho-ho*, and jocond lure again, 245
 When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plain.

But to my Floods again : when as this *Ouse the Less*
 Hath taken in clear *Thet*, with far more free access
 To *Ouse the Great* she goes, her Queen that cometh crown'd,
 As such a River fits, so many miles renown'd ; 250
 And pointing to the North, her crystal front she dashes
 Against the swelling sands of the surrounded *Washes* ;
 And *Neptune* in her arms, so amply doth imbrace,
 As she would rob his Queen, fair *Thetis*, of her place.
 Which when rich *Marsh-land* sees, lest she should lose her
 state, 255

With that fair River thus, she gently doth debate :

Disdain me not, dear Flood, in thy excessive pride,
 There's scarcely any soil that sitteth by thy side,
 Whose turf so batfull is, or bears so deep a swath ;
 Nor is there any Marsh in all *Great Britain*, hath 260
 So many goodly seats, or that can truly show

* Lay the fowls again into the water.

Such rarities as I: so that all Marshes owe
 Much honour to my name, for that exceeding grace,
 Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my place.
 Though *Rumney*, as some say, for fineness of her grass, 265
 And for her dainty site, all other doth surpass:
 Yet are those Seas but poor, and Rivers that confine
 Her greatness but mean Rills, be they compar'd with mine.
 Nor hardly doth she tithe th' abundant fowl and fish,
 Which Nature gives to me, as I myself can wish. 270
 As *Amphitrite* oft, calls me her sweet and fair,
 And sends the Northern winds to curl my braided hair,
 And makes the *Washes** stand, to watch and ward me still,
 Lest that rough God of Sea, on me should work his will.
 Old *Wisbitch* to my grace, my circuit sits within, 275
 And near my banks I have the neighbourhood of *Lyn*.
 Both Towns of strength and state, my profits still that vent:
 No Marsh hath more of sea, none more of continent.
 Thus *Marsh-land* ends her speech, as one that thoroughly knew,
 What was her proper praise, and what was *Ouze's* due. 280

With that the zealous Muse, in her poetic rage,
 To *Walsingham* would needs have gone a pilgrimage,
 To view those farthest shores, whence little *Niger* flows
 Into the Northern main, and see the glebe where grows
 That *saffron* (which men say), this land hath not the like, 285
 All *Europe* that excels: but here she sail doth strike.
 For that *Apollo* pluck'd her eas'ly by the ear;
 And told her in that part of *Norfolke*, if there were
 Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
 When for the greater *Ouze*, her wing she doth display. 290

* The *Washes*, lying between *Marsh-land*, and the Sea.



THE ONE-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Now from New-market comes the Muse,
Whose spacious Heath she wistly views,
Those ancient Ditches and surveys,
Which our first Saxons here did raise:
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And shows you Ring-taile's pleasant Vale.
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The Muses to her Town invites.
And lastly, Elie's praise she sings,
An end which to this Canto brings.*

5

10



Y this our little rest, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon *Newmarket-Heath*,
That great and ancient Ditch,* which us expected
long,

Inspired by the Muse, at her arrival song :
O Time, what earthly thing with thee itself can trust, 5
When thou in thine own course, art to thyself unjust !
Dost thou contract with death, and to oblivion give
Thy glories, after them, yet shamefully dar'st live ?
O Time, hadst thou preserv'd, what labouring man hath done,
Thou long before this day, might'st to thyself have won 10

* The Devil's Ditch.

A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
 But sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac'd ;
 For though the things themselves have sufferéd by thy theft,
 Yet with their ruins, thou, to ages might'st have left,
 Those Monuments who rear'd, and not have sufferéd thus 15
 Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us.

I, by th' *East Angles* first, who from this Heath arose,
 The long'st and largest Ditch,¹ to check their *Mercian* foes ;
 Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth exceed,
 Men's low and wretched thoughts, they constantly decreed,
 That by the Devil's help, I needs must raiséd be, 21
 Wherefore the *Devil's-Ditch* they basely naméd me :
 When ages long before, I bare Saint *Edmond's* name,
 Because up to my side (some have supposéd) came
 The Liberties bequeath'd to his more sacred Shrine. 25
 Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye ancient friends of mine,
 That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose minds were great,
 It is no marvel, though Oblivion do you threat.

First, *Flemditch** next myself, that art of greatest strength,
 That dost extend thy course full seven large mile in length ;
 And thou the *Fivemile*† call'd, yet not less dear to me ; 31
 With *Brenditch*,‡ that again is shortest of the three ;
 Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
 When you may see my truths belied, and so neglected ?
 Therefore dear Heath, live still in prosperous estate, 35
 And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to evening late,
 (By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with their praise ;
 And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
 Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lye, 39
 (Though of the world contemn'd) yet gracious in thine eye.

¹ The great Ditch cutting *Newmarket-Heath*, beginneth at *Rech*, and endeth at *Cowlidge*.

* Alias, *Seven-mile Ditch*, being so much in length from the East side of the River *Grant* to *Balsham*.

† From *Hinxston* to *Horsheath* five miles.

‡ From *Melburne* to *Fulmer*, the shortest of the four.

Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in their ground,
Through the sad agéd earth, sent out a hollow sound,
To gratulate her speech ; when as we met again,
With one whose constant heart, with cruel love was slain :
Old *Gogmagog*, a Hill of long and great renown, 45
Which near to *Cambridge* set, o'erlooks that learned Town.
Of *Balsham's* pleasant hills, that by the name was known,
But with the monstrous times, he rude and barbarous grown,
A Giant was become ; for man he caréd not,
And so the fearful name of *Gogmagog* had got : 50
Who long had borne good will to most delicious *Grant* :
But doubting lest some god his greatness might supplant.
For as that dainty Flood by *Cambridge* keeps her course,
He found the Muses left their old *Bœotian* source,
Resorting to her banks, and every little space, 55
He saw bright *Phœbus* gaze upon her crystal face,
And through th' exhaléd fogs, with anger lookéd red,
To leave his lovéd Nymph, when he went down to bed.
Wherefore this Hill with love, being foully overgone :
And one day as he found the lovely Nymph alone, 60
Thus wooes her : Sweetening mine, if thou mine own wilt be,
C' have many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for thee.
A nest of broad-fac'd Owls, and goodly Urchins too ;
Nay Nymph take heed of me, when I begin to woo :
And better yet than this, a Bulchin twa years old, 65
A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been sold :
And yet beside all this, c' have goodly Bear-whelps twa,
Full dainty for my Joy, when she's dispos'd to play ;
And twenty Sows of Lead, to make our wedding-ring ;
Bezides, at *Sturbridge Fayre*, chill buy thee many a thing : 70
Chill zmouch thee every morn, before the Sun can rise,
And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring eyes.

Thus said, he smug'd his beard, and strokéd up his hair,
As one that for her love he thought had offeréd fair :

Which to the Muses, *Grant* did presently report, 75
 Wherewith they many a year shall make them wondrous
 sport.

When *Ringdale** in herself a most delicious Dale,
 Who having heard too long the barbarous Mountain's tale,
 Thus thinketh in herself: Shall I be silenc'd, when
 Rude Hills, and Ditches, digg'd by discontented men, 80
 Are aided by the Muse, their minds at large to speak?
 Besides my sister Vales, supposing me but weak,
 Judge meanly of my state: when she no longer stay'd,
 But in her own behalf, thus to the other said: [thrown,

What though betwixt two Sheeres,† I be by Fortune
 That neither of them both can challenge me her own, 86
 Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be:

Your figures are but base, when they are set by me;
 For Nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,
 But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular. 90

Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,
 By him that would express my shape, as to a Ring:
 For Nature bent to sport, and various in her trade,
 Of all the *British* Vales, of me a circle made:
 For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground, 95
 About which *Ceres'* Nymphs dance many a wanton round.

The frisking Fairies there, as on the light air borne,
 Oft run at *Barley-break* upon the ears of corn;
 And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chases,
 Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces. 100

What they in largeness have, that bear themselves so high,
 In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I,
 For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my grass;
 This Isle scarce hath a Vale, that *Ringdale* doth surpass.

When more she would have said, but suddenly there sprung,

* The Vale of *Ringdale*, of the vulgar falsely called *Ringtaile*.

† This Vale standeth part in *Hartfordshire*, part in *Cambridgeshire*.

A confident report, that through the country rung, 106
 That *Cam* her daintiest Flood, long since entituled *Grant*,
 Whose fountain *Ashwell** crown'd, with many an upright
 In sallying on for *Ouze*, determin'd by the way, [plant,
 To intertain her friends the Muses with a lay. 110

Wherefore to show herself ere she to *Cambridge* came,
 Most worthy of that Town to which she gives the name,
 Takes in her second head, from *Linton* coming in,
 By *Shelford* having slid, which straightway she doth win :
 Than which, a purer Stream, a delicater Brook, 115
 Bright *Phœbus* in his course, doth scarcely overlook.
 Thus furnishing her banks ; as sweetly she doth glide
 Towards *Cambridge*, with rich Meads laid forth on either side ;
 And with the Muses oft, did by the way converse :

Wherefore it her behoves, that something she rehearse, 120
 The Sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her ear,
 Such things as only she, and they themselves should hear,
 A wondrous learned Flood ; and she that had been long,
 (Though silent, in herself, yet) vex'd at the wrong
 Done to *Apollo's* Priests, with heavenly fire infused, 125
 Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abused :
 With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen well,
 She meant to have a bout, even in despite of Hell,
 When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
 Thus like a *Satyr* she, deliberately begun : 130

My invective, thus quoth she, I only aim at you,
 (Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly crew,
 In all your brainless talk, that still direct your drifts
 Against the Muses' sons, and their most sacred gifts,
 That hate a Poet's name, your vileness to advance, 135
 For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
 Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and poor to be,
 Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.

* A famous Village in the confines of *Hartfordshire*.

Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,
 He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men. 140
 His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth dwell,
 Above those worldly cares, that sinks such sots to hell :
 A caitiff if there be more viler than thyself,
 If he through baseness light upon this worldly pelf,
 The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of night, 145
 Doth empty loathsome vaults, may purchase all your right :
 When not the greatest King, should he his treasure rain,
 The Muses' sacred gifts, can possibly obtain ;
 No, were he Monarch of the universal earth,
 Except that gift from heaven, be breath'd into his birth. 150
 How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
 Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest good !
 Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods ye leave,
 You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceive.
 Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of whose ground,
 Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand pound ; 155
 That in a little time, in a poor thread-bare coat,
 Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly groat ?
 When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods been left,
 Except poor widows' cries, to memorize your theft. 160
 That curse the Serpent got in Paradise for hire,
 Descend upon you all, from him your devilish Sire,
 Grovelling upon the earth, to creep upon your breast,
 And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorréd beast.
 But leave these hateful herds, and let me now declare, 165
 In th' *Heliconian* Fount, who rightly christ'ned are :
 Not such as basely soothe the humour of the Time,
 And slubberingly patch up some slight and shallow rhyme,
 Upon *Pernassus'* top, that strive to be install'd,
 Yet never to that place were by the Muses call'd. 170
 Nor yet our mimic Apes, out of their bragging pride,
 That fain would seem to be, what nature them denied ;

Whose Verses hobbling run, as with disjointed bones,
 And make a viler noise, than carts upon the stones ;
 And these forsooth must be, the Muses' only heirs, 175
 When they but bastards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
 Inforcing things in verse for poesy unfit,
 Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of wit :
 What Poet recks the praise upon such antics heap'd,
 Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept ? 180
 Though some fantastic fool promove their ragged rhymes,
 And do transcribe them o'er a hundred several times,
 And some fond women wins, to think them wondrous rare,
 When they lewd beggary trash, nay very gibb'rish are.
 Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear to please)
 That gliding flow in state, like swelling *Euphrates*, 186
 In which things natural be, and not in falsely wrong :
 The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong,
 Not bumbasted with words, vain ticklish ears to feed ;
 But such as may content the perfect man to read. 190
 What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,
 That he which doth express things nearest to the life,
 Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add thereto :
 For that the utmost is, that Art doth strive to do.

Had *Orpheus*, whose sweet Harp (so musically strung) 195
 Inticéd trees, and rocks, to follow him along :
 Th' morality of which, is that his knowledge drew
 The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rudeness knew,
 T' imbrace a civil life, by his inticing lays :
 Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these days, 200
 Which to be understood, do take in it disdain :
 Nay, *Ædipus* may fail, to know what they would mean.
 If *Orpheus* had so play'd, not to be understood, [wood ;
 Well might those men have thought the Harper had been
 Who might have sit him down, the trees and rocks among,
 And been a verier block, than those to whom he sung. 206

O noble *Cambridge* then, my most belovéd Town,
 In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown :
 In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem right,
 Whose one hand holds a Cup, the other bears a Light.¹ 210
Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from *Pernassus* fall,
 Let *Cirrha* seek to her, nor be you least of all,
 Ye fair *Bœotian Thebes*, and *Thespia*, still to pay
 My *Cambridge* all her rites : *Cirrhea* send this way.
 O let the thrice-three Maids, their dews upon thee rain, 215
 From *Aganippa's* fount, and hoof-plow'd *Hippocrene*.
 Mount *Pindus*, thou that art the Muses' sacred place
 In *Thessaly* ; and thou, O *Pimpla*, that in *Thrace*
 They chose for their own hill, then thou *Pernassus* high,
 Upon whose bi-clift top, the sacred company 220
 About *Apollo* sit ; and thou O Flood, with these
 Pure *Helicon*, belov'd of the *Pierides*.
 With *Tempe*, let thy walks, and shades, be brought to her,
 And all your glorious gifts upon my Town confer.

This said, the lovely *Grant* glides eas'ly on along, 225
 To meet the mighty *Ouze*, which with her wat'ry throng,
 The *Cantabrigian* fields had ent'red, taking in
 Th' in-isléd *Elie's* earth, which strongly she doth win [Isle,
 From *Grant's* soft-neighbouring grounds, when as the fruitful
 Much wond'ring at herself, thought surely all this while, 230
 That by her silence she had suff'réd too much wrong.
 Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the Island sung.

Of all the *Marshland* Isles, I *Ely* am the Queen :
 For Winter eachwhere sad, in me looks fresh and green.
 The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his own mass, 235
 Lies wallowing in my Fens, hid over head in grass :
 And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat,
 The turf which bears the hay, is wondrous needful peat :*

¹ The Emblem of *Cambridge*.

* Fuel cut out of the earth in squares, like bricks.

My full and batning earth, needs not the plowman's pains ;
 The rills which run in me, are like the branchéd veins 240
 In human bodies seen ; those ditches cut by hand,
 From the surrounding Meres, to win the measured land,
 To those choice waters, I most fitly may compare,
 Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties rare.
 Hath there a man been born in me, that never knew 245
 Of * *Watersey* the *Leame*, or th' other call'd the *New* ?
 The *Frithdike* near'st my midst ; and of another sort,
 Who ever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make report
 Of sundry Meres at hand, upon my Western way,
 As *Ramsey-Mere*, and *Ug*, with the great *Whittelsey* ? 250
 Of the abundant store of fish and fowl there bred,
 Which whilst of *Europe's* Isles Great *Britain* is the head,
 No Meres shall truly tell, in them, than at one draught,
 More store of either kinds hath with the net been caught :
 Which though some petty Isles do challenge them to be 255
 Their own, yet must those Isles likewise acknowledge me
 Their sovereign. Nor yet let that Islet *Ramsey* shame,
 Although to *Ramsey-Mere* she only gives the name ;
 Nor † *Huntingdon*, to me though she extend her grounds,
 Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds. 260
 Those Meres may well be proud, that I will take them in,
 Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might have been.
 Besides my tow'red Fane, and my rich Citied Seat, ‡
 With Villages and Dorps, to make me most compleat.

Thus broke she off her speech, when as the Muse awhile,
 Desirous to repose, and rest her with the Isle, 266
 Here consummates her Song, and doth fresh courage take,
 With war in the next Book, the Muses to awake.

* Famous Ditches, or Water-Draughts in the Isle.

† Though *Ely* be in part of *Cambridge* Shire, yet are these *Meres* for the most part in *Huntingdon* Shire.

‡ The Town and Church of *Ely*.





THE TWO-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse Ouze from her Fountain brings
 Along by Buckingham, and sings :
 The Earth that turneth wood to stone,
 And t' Holy Wells of Harlweston :
 Then shews wherefore the Fates do grant,
 That she the Civil Wars should chant ;
 By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,
 And thence the German Ocean greets.*

5

THE CONVENTION as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions rouse,
 Exactly to set down how the far-wand'ring *Ouze*,*
 Through the *Bedfordian* fields deliciously doth strain,
 As holding on her course, by *Huntingdon* again,
 How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth bear, 5
 E'er *Ely* she in-isle, a Goddess honoured there [sweet,
 From *Brackley* breaking forth, through soils most heavenly
 By *Buckingham* makes on, and crossing *Watling-Street*,
 She with her Lesser *Ouze*, at *Newport* next doth twin,
 Which from proud *Chiltern* near, comes eas'ly ambling in. 10
 The Brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone :

* The Progress of the River of *Ouze* to the *German Sea*.

(Which noted) of this Isle, converteth wood to stone.*

That little *Aspleye's* earth we anciently instyle,

'Mongst sundry other things, a Wonder of the Isle :

Of which the Lesser *Ouze* oft boasteth in her way,

15

As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously array.

Ouze having *Oulenev* pass'd, as she were waxéd mad,

From her first staid course immediately doth gad ;

And in meandred gyres doth whirl herself about,

That, this way, here, and there, back, forward, in, and

out,†

20

And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gait,

In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,

Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly in her pride,

The Shire's hospitious Town, she in her course divide,

Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth displays ;

25

And varying her clear form a thousand sundry ways,

Streaks through the verdant meads ; but far she hath not

gone,

When *Ivell* a clear Nymph from *Shefford* sallying on,

Comes deftly dauncing in through many a dainty slade,

Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at *Bickleswade*,

30

Encouragéd the more her Mistress to pursue,

In whose clear face the sun delights himself to view :

To mix herself with *Ouze*, as on she thus doth make,

And lovingly at last hath hapt to overtake ;

She in her crystal arms her sovereign *Ouze* doth cling,

35

Which Flood in her ally, as highly glorying,

Shoots forward to *Saint Neots*, into those nether grounds,

Towards *Huntingdon*, and leaves the lov'd *Bedfordian* bounds.

Scarce is she ent'red yet upon this second *Sheere*,

Of which she sovereign is, but that two Fountains clear,

40

* One of the Wonders of this Island.

† After this River hath entered *Bedfordshire*, there is scarce any River in this Island, that runneth with so many intricate gyres and turnings as this *Ouze*,

At *Harlweston** near hand, th' one salt, the other sweet,
At her first entrance, thus her greatness gently greet :

Once were we two fair Nymphs, who fortunately prov'd,
The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully belov'd
Of two such *Sylvan* gods, by hap that found us here ; 45
For then their *Sylvan* kind most highly honoured were,
When this whole Country's face was foresty, and we
Liv'd loosely in the weilds, which now thus peopled be.
Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we sent,
Oft whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft did we vent
Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did play, 51
And in our sports our joys, and sorrows did bewray.
Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then imbrac'd,
Still languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.
And, quoth the saltish Spring, as one day mine and I, 55
Set to recount our loves, from his more tender eye
The brinish tears dropp'd down, on mine impiercé'd breast,
And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,
That brackish I became : he finding me depriv'd
Of former freshness quite, the cause from him deriv'd, 60
On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to requite,
That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.
And, quoth the fresher Spring, the Wood-god me that woo'd,
As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love he stood,
On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I 65
Should cure the painful itch, and loathsome leprosy.

Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath run,
But that she is arriv'd at goodly *Huntingdon* ;
Where she no sooner views her darling and delight,
Proud *Portholme*,† but became so ravish'd with the sight, 70
That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw
About the Islet's waist, who b'ing imbracéd so,

* The Holy Springs of *Harlweston*.

† A little Island made by this River, lying near *Huntingdon*.

Her flow'ry bosom shews to the inamoured Brook ;
 On which when as the *Ouze* amazedly doth look 74
 On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with many a flow'r
 (That grace this goodly mead) as though the Spring did pour
 Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so thick,
 Are 'intermix'd as they by one another stick,
 That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they show
 Like those made by the sun in the celestial bow. 80

But now t' advance this Flood, the Fates had brought to
 pass,

As she of all the rest the only River was :
 That but a little while before that fatal war,
 Twixt that divided Blood of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
 Near *Harleswood*, above in her *Bedfordian* trace, 85
 By keeping back her stream, for near three furlongs space,*
 Laying her bosom bare unto the public view,
 Apparantly was prov'd by that which did ensue,
 In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee :
 Wherefore (even as her due) the Destinies agree, 90
 She should the glory have our Civil Fights to sing,
 When swelling in her banks, from her abundant spring,
 Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,
 In language fitting war, and thus to purpose speaks :

With that most fatal Field, I will not here begin, 95
 Where *Norman William* first the Conqueror, did win
 The day at *Hastings*,† where the valiant *Harold* slain,
 Resign'd his crown, whose soil the colour doth retain,
 Of th' *English* blood there shed, as th' earth still kept the scar :
 Which since not ours begot, but an invasive war, 100
 Amongst our home-fought Fields, hath no description here :

In *Normandy* nor that, that same day forty year,

* Prodigious signs forerunning the wars betwixt the Houses of *Lancaster* and *Yorke* in this River of *Ouze*.

† In *Sussex*, near the sea.

That Bastard *William* brought a conquest on this Isle,
 Twixt *Robert* his eld'st son, and *Henry*, who the while
 His brother's warlike tents in *Palestine* were pight, 105
 In *England* here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's right ;
 Which since it foreign was, not struck within this land,
 Amongst our Civil Fights here numb'red shall not stand.

*But *Lincolne* Battle now we as our first will lay,
 Where *Maud* the Empress stood to try the doubtful day, 110
 With *Stephen*, when he here had well-near three years reign'd,
 Where both of them their right courageously maintain'd,
 And marshalling their troops, the King his person put,
 Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and valiant foot :
 The wings that were his horse, in th' one of them he plac'd
 Young *Alan* that brave Duke of *Britaine*, whom he grac'd 116
 With th' Ears of *Norfolke*, and *Northampton*, and with those,
 He *Mellent* in that wing, and *Warren* did dispose.

The other no whit less, that this great day might sted,
 The Earl of *Arbemerle*, and valiant *Ipres* led. 120

The Empress' powers again, but in two squadrons were :
 The vaward *Chester* had, and *Gloucester* the rear ;
 Then were there valiant *Welsh*, and desperate men of ours,
 That when supplis should want, might reinforcetheir powers.
 The battles join, as when two adverse seas are dash'd 125
 Against each othe's waves, that all the plains were wash'd
 With showers of svelt'ring blood, that down the furrows ran,
 Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or wan.

Earl *Baldwin*, and *Fitzurse*, those valiant Knights, were seen
 To charge the Empress' Horse, as though dread *Mars* had been
 There in two sundry shapes ; the day that beauteous was, 131
 Twinkled as when you see the sunbeams in a glass,
 That nimbly being sirr'd, flings up the trembling flame
 At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.

With their resplendent swords, that glist' red 'gainst the sun ;

* The Battle at *Lincolne*.

The honour of the day, at length the Empress won. 136
 King *Stephen* prisoner was, and with him many a lord,
 The common soldiers put together to the sword.

The next,* the Battle near Saint *Edmundsbury* fought,
 By our *Fitz-Empress*' force, and *Flemings* hither brought 140
 By th' Earl of *Leister*, bent to move intestine strife,
 For young King *Henry*'s† cause, crown'd in his father's life;
 Which to his kingly sire much care and sorrow bred,
 In whose defiance then that Earl his ensigns spread,
 Back'd by *Hugh Bigot*'s power, the Earl of *Norfolke* then, 145
 By bringing to his aid the valiant *Norfolke* men.
 'Gainst *Bohun*, *England*'s great High Constable that sway'd
 The Royal forces, join'd with *Lucy* for his aid
 Chief Justice, and with them the *German* powers, to expell
 The Earls of *Cornewall* came, *Gloster*, and *Arunell*, 150
 From *Bury*, that with them Saint *Edmond*'s Banner bring,
 Their battles in array; both wisely ordering
 The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marshy ground,
 Betwixt Saint *Edmund*'s town, and *Fornham* (fitly found).
 The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the charge, 155
 The trumpets rend the air, the ensigns let at large,
 Like waving flames far off, to either host appear:
 The bristling pykes do shake, to threat their coming near;
 All clouded in a mist, they hardly could them view,
 So shadowed with the shafts from either side that flew. 160
 The Wings came wheeling in, at joining of whose forces,
 The either part were seen to tumble from their horses,
 Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with gleaves and piles,
 Lest else by running loose, they might dsrank their files.
 The Billmen come to blows, that with the cruel thwacks, 165
 The ground laystrew'd with mail, and sheds of tatter'd jacks;
 The plains like to a shop, look'd each where to behold,
 Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to be sold;

* The Battle at Saint *Edmund*'s *Bury*. † *Henry* the Second.

Stern discontented War did never yet appear
 With a more threat'ning brow, than it that time did there.

O *Leicester* (alas) in ill time wast thou won 171
 To aid this graceless youth, the most ingrateful son
 Against his natural sire, who crown'd him in his days,
 Whose ill-requited love did him much sorrow raise,
 As *Le'ster* by this war against King *Henry* show'd, 175
 Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow'd !
 Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thyself was skill'd
 In brave and martial feats, thou evermore hadst fill'd
 This Isle with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field :
 But *Bigot* and this Lord, inforc'd at length to yield 180
 Them to the other part, when on that fatal plain,
 Of th' *English* and the *Dutch*, ten thousand men lay slain.

As for the second Fight at *Lincolne*, betwixt those
 Who sided with the *French*, by seeking to depose
Henry the son of *John*, then young, and to advance 185
 The Daulphin *Lewes*, son to *Philip* King of *France*,
 Which *Lincolne* Castle, then most straitly did besiege ;
 And *William Marshall* Earl of *Pembroke* for his liege,
 (Who led the faithful Lords) although so many there,
 Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoner ; 190
 Yet for but a surprise, no field-appointed fight,
 'Mongst our set Battles here, may no way claim a right.

The Field at *Lewes** then, by our Third *Henry* fought,
 Who *Edward* his brave son unto that conflict brought ;
 With *Richard* then the King of *Almaine*, and his son 195
 Young *Henry*, with such Lords as to his part he won,
 With him their Sovereign Liege, their lives that durst engage.
 And the rebellious league of the proud Baronage,
 By *Symon Mountford* Earl of *Le'ster* their chief Head,
 And th' Earl of *Gloster*, *Clare*, against King *Henry* led ; 200
 For th' ancient freedoms here that bound their lives to stand,

* The Battle of *Lewes*.

The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
 Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs were meant;
 From *Edward* the young Prince, defiance were sent
 To *Mountford's* valiant sons, Lord *Henry*, *Sim*, and *Guy*, 205
 And calling unto him a herauld, quoth he, Fly
 To th' Earl of *Leister's* tents, and publicly proclaim
 Defiance to his face, and to the *Mountfords'* name,
 And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from me;
 That if they be the same, that they would seem to be, 210
 Now let them in the field be by their band-rolls known,
 Where as I make no doubt, their valour shall be shown.
 Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their pride,
 There will we vent our spleens, where swords shall it decide.

To whom they thus replied: Tell that brave man of hope,
 He shall the *Mountfords* find in t' head of all their troop, 216
 To answer his proud braves; our bilbows be as good
 As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find our blood
 Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
 Tell him we'll hold so fast, his Crown shall go withall. 220

The King into three fights his forces doth divide,
 Of which his princely son* the vaward had to guide:
 The second to the King of *Almaine*, and his son,
 Young *Henry* he betook; in the third legion
 Of knights, and men-of-arms, in person he appears. 225

Into four several fights, the desperate Barons theirs.
 I' th' first those valiant youths, the sons of *Leister* came,
 Of leading of the which, Lord *Henry* had the name;
 The Earl of *Gloster* brought the second battle on,
 And with him were the Lords *Mountchency*, and *Fitz-John*; 230
 The third wherein alone the *Londoners* were plac'd,
 The stout Lord *Segrave* led; the greatest, and the last,
 Brave *Leicéster* himself, with courage undertook.
 The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,

* Prince *Edward*, after called *Edward* the First.

To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter gave, 235
As though it with the roar, the thunder would out-brave.
Prince *Edward* all in gold, as he great *Jove* had been :
The *Mountfords* all in plumes, like estriges were seen,
To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death they go ;
The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and fro. 240
Friend falling by his friend, together they expire :
He breath'd, doth charge afresh ; he wounded, doth retire.
The *Mountfords* with the Prince vie valour all the day,
Which should for knightly deeds excell, or he, or they ;
To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he throws, 245
They waft him with their swords, as long with equal shows :
Now *Henry*, *Simon* then, and then the youngest *Guy*,
Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth reply :
What though I be but young, let death me overwhelm,
But I will break my sword upon his pluméd helm. 250
The younger *Bohun* there, to high achievements bent,
With whom two other Lords, *Lucy*, and *Hastings* went,
Which charging but too home, all sorely wounded were,
Whom living from the field, the Barons strove to bear,
Being on their party fix'd ; whilst still Prince *Edward* spurs,
To bring his forces up to charge the *Londoners*, 256
T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with their force,
Of heavy-arméd foot, with his light Northern horse,
He putting them to flight, four miles in chase them slew :
But ere he could return, the conquest wholly drew 260
To the stout Barons' side : his father fled the field,
Into the Abbey there, constrained thence to yield.
The Lords *Fitz-warren* slain, and *Wilton* that was then
Chief Justice (as some say) with them five thousand men ;
And *Bohun* that great Earl of *Her'ford* overthrown, 265
With *Bardolfe*, *Somery*, *Patshull*, and *Percie* known
By their coat-armours then, for Barons, prisoners ta'en ;
Though *Henry* ware the Crown, great *Le'ster* yet did reign.

Now for the Conflict next, at *Chesterfield* that chanc'd
 'Gainst *Robert* that proud Earl of *Darby*, who advanc'd 270
 His ensigns 'gainst the King (contrary to his oath),
 Upon the Barons' part, with the Lord *Deuell*, both
 Surpris'd by *Henry* Prince of *Almain* with his power,
 By coming at so strange an unexpected hour :

And taking them unarm'd ; since merely a defeat, 275
 With our well-ordered Fights we will not here repeat.

The fatal Battle then at fertile *Eusham** struck,
 Though with the self-same hands, not with the self-same luck :
 For both the King and Prince at *Lewes* prisoners taken,
 By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken ; 280
 But that the Prince was got from *Le'ster*, and doth gather
 His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his father ;
 And th' Earl of *Glo'ster* won, who through the *Mountfords*'
 pride

Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial side.
 When now those Lords, which late at *Lewes* won the day, 285
 The Sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to lay,
 Until the King should yield th' old Charter to maintain.
 King *Henry* and his son Prince *Edward* swore again,
 They would repeal those Laws that were at *Oxford* made,
 Or through this bloody war to their destruction wade. 290
 But since the King remain'd in puissant *Le'ster's* power,
 The remnant of his friends, whom death did not devour
 At *Lewes*' Battle late, and durst his part partake,
 The Prince excites again, an army up to make,
 Whom *Roger Bigot*, Earl of *Norfolke* doth assist, 295
England's High Marshal then, and that great martialist,
 Old *Henry Bohun*, Earl of *Her'ford*, in this war,
Gray, *Basset*, and *Saint-John*, *Lisle*, *Percie*, *Latimer*,
 All Barons, which to him their utmost strengths do lay,
 With many a Knight for power their equal every way ; 300

* The Battle at *Eusham*.

And *William Valence*, Earl of *Pembroke*, who had fled
 From *Lewes' Field*, to *France*, thence with fresh succour sped.
 Young *Humphrey Bohun* still, doth with great *Le'ster* go,
 Who for his country's cause becomes his father's foe. 304
Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Segrave, Vessey, Gifford,
Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Hastings, Clifford.

In that black night before his sad and dismal day,
 Were apparitions strange, as drad Heaven would bewray
 The horrors to ensue, O most amazing sight !
 Two armies in the air, discernéd were to fight, 310
 Which came so near to earth, that in the morn they found
 The prints of horses' feet remaining on the ground,
 Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,
 Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the bloody scene.

Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the air do fill, 315
 And not a word was heard from either side, but 'kill ;'
 The father 'gainst the son, the brother 'gainst the brother,
 With gleaves, swords, bills, and pykes, were murdering one
 another.

The full luxurious earth, seems surfeited with blood,
 Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew stood ; 320
 Whilst with their chargéd staves, the desperate horsemen
 meet,

They hear their kinsmen groan under their horses' feet.
 Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth abound ;
 The drums bedash'd with brains, do give a dismal sound.
 Great *Le'ster* there expir'd, with *Henry* his brave son, 325
 When many a high exploit they in that day had done.
 Scarce was there noble House, of which those times could tell,
 But that some one thereof, on this, or that side fell ;
 Amongst the slaughtered men, that there lay heap'd on piles,
Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, *Basets, and Mandeviles :* 330
Segraves, and Saint-Johns seek, upon the end of all,
 To give those of their names their *Christian* buriall.

Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en and slain that day :
 Prince *Edward* gets the goal, and bears the palm away.

All *Edward Longshanks'* time, her Civil Wars did cease, 335
 Who strove his country's bounds by conquest to increase.
 But in th' insuing reign of his most riotous son,
 As in his father's days, a Second War* begun ;
 When as the stubborn heirs of the stout Barons dead,
 Who for their country's cause, their blood at *Eusham* shed,
 Not able to endure the *Spencers'* hateful pride, 341
 The father and the son, whose counsels then did guide
 Th' inconsiderate King, conferring all his graces,
 On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold all places,
 Them raising, to debase the Baronage the more 345
 For *Gavaston*, whom they had put to death before.
 Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms they brake,
 And for a speedy war, they up their powers do make.

Upon King *Edward's* part, for this great Action bent,
 His brother *Edmund* came, the valiant Earl of *Kent*, 350
 With *Richmount*, *Arundell*, and *Pembroke*, who engage,
 Their powers, (three powerful Earls) against the Baronage.

And on the Barons' side, great Master of the war,
 Was *Thomas* (of the Blood) the Earl of *Lancaster*,
 With *Henry Bohun*, Earl of *Hereford*, his peer, 355
 With whom (of great command and martialists) there were
Lyle, *Darcy*, *Denvile*, *Teis*, *Beach*, *Bradburne*, *Bernvile*, *Knovile*,
 With *Badlesmer*, and *Bercks*, *Fitz-william*, *Leyburne*, *Lovell*,
Tuchet, and *Talbot* stout, do for the Barons stand,
Mandute, and *Mowbray*, with great *Clifford* that command 360
 Their tenants to take arms, that with their landlords run ;
 With these went also *Hugh*, and *Henry Willington* ;
 Redoubted *Damory*, as *Audley*, *Elmesbridge*, *Wither*,
 Earls, Barons, Knights, Esquiers, embodied all together,

* The Conflicts at *Burton* and *Burrough Bridge* in the Second Barons' Wars.

At *Burton upon Trent* who having gathered head, 365
Towards them with all his power the King in person sped ;
Who at his near approach (upon his march) descried,
That they against his power the bridge had fortified :
Which he by strong assault, assays from them to win,
Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin, 370
When he to beat them off, assays them first by shot ;
And they to make that good, which they before had got,
Defend them with the like, like hailstones from the sky,
From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd arrows fly :
But friends with the flood, the Barons hold their strength,
Forcing the King by boats, and piles of wood at length, 376
T' attempt to land his force upon the other side.
The Barons, that the more his stratagems defied,
Withstand them in the stream, when as the troubled flood,
(Within a little time) was turn'd all to blood ; 380
And from the boats and bridge, the mangled bodies fell'd,
The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks expell'd.
While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth abide,
The King had learnt to know, that by a skilful guide,
He by a ford not far might pass his power of horse, 385
Which quickly he performs, which drave the Barons' force
From the defended bridge, t' affront th' approaching foe,
Imbattelling themselves, when to the shock they go,
(On both sides so assail'd) till th' water and the shore
Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal gore. 390
Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven from their
ground,
That when by their much loss, too weak themselves they
found,
Th' afflicted Barons fly, yet still together keep.
The King his good success, not suff'ring so to sleep,
Pursues them with his power, which Northward still do bear;
And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge their rear: 396

Till come to *Burrough* Bridge, where they too soon were staid
 By *Andrew Herckley*, Earl of *Carleill*, with fresh aid
 Being lately thither come, King *Edward's* part to take.
 The Barons range their fights, still good their ground to make ;
 But with long marches tired, their wearied breath they draw,
 After the desperat'st fight the sun yet ever saw. 402

Brave *Bohun* there was slain, and *Lancaster* forsaken
 Of Fortune, is surpris'd ; the Barons prisoners taken.

For those Rebellions, Stirs, Commotions, Uproars, here
 In *Richard Burdeaux** reign, that long so usual were ; 406
 As that the first by *Straw*, and *Tyler*, with their rout
 Of rebels brought from *Kent*, most insolent and stout,
 By ent'ring *London*, thought the Island to subdue :
 †The first of which, the Mayor of *London* bravely slew, 410
Walworth, which won his name much honour by the deed :
 As they of *Suffolke* next, those rascals that succeed,
 By *Litster*‡ led about, their Captain, who enstil'd
 Himself the Commons' King, in hope to have exil'd
 The Gentry from those parts, by those that were his own,
 By that brave Bishop§ (then) of *Norwich* overthrown. 416
 By such unruly slaves, and that in *Essex* rais'd
 By *Thomas* that stout Duke of *Glo'ster*, strongly seiz'd,||
 As that at *Radcot* Bridge, where the last naméd Peer,
 With four brave Earls¶ his friends, encount'red *Robert Vere*,
 Then Duke of *Ireland* call'd, by *Richard* so created, 421
 And 'gainst those Lords maintain'd, whom they most deadly
 hated ;

Since they but garboyles were, in a deforméd mass,
 Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.

* *Richard* the Second, born at *Burdeaux*.

† *Jack Straw*, killed by the Mayor of *London* with his dagger.

‡ *John Litster*, a dyer of *Norwich*.

§ *Henry Spencer*, the warlike Bishop of *Norwich*.

|| At *Hatfield*.

¶ *Warwicke*, *Darby*, *Arundell*, and *Nottingham*.

*I chuse the Battle next of *Shrewsbury* to chant, 425
 Betwixt *Henry* the Fourth, the son of *John* of *Gant*,
 And the stout *Percies*, *Henry Hotspurre* and his Eame
 The Earl of *Wor'ster*, who the rightful Diadem
 Had from King *Richard* reft, and heav'd up to his seat
 This *Henry*, whom (too soon) they found to be too great, 430
 Him seeking to depose, and to the Rule prefer
Richard's proclaimed Heir, their cousin *Mortimer*,
 Whom *Owen Glendour* then in *Wales* a prisoner staid,
 Whom to their part they won, and thus their plot they laid:
 That *Glendour* should have *Wales*, along as *Severne* went, 435
 The *Percies* all the North, that lay beyond the *Trent*;
 And *Mortimer* from thence the South to be his share,
 Which *Henry* having heard, doth for the war prepare,
 And down to *Cheshire* makes (where gathering powers they
 were)

At *Shrewsbury* to meet, and doth affront them there: 440
 With him his peerless son, the princely *Henry* came,
 With th' Earl of *Stafford*, and of Gentlemen-of-name,
Blunt, *Shyrley*, *Clifton*, men that very powerful were,
 With *Cockayne*, *Calverly*, *Massy*, and *Mortimer*,
Gausell, and *Wendsley*, all in friends and tenants strong, 445
 Resorting to the King still as he pass'd along,
 Which in the open field before the rangéd fights,
 He with his warlike son, there dubb'd his maiden Knights.

Th' Earl *Dowglasse* for this day doth with the *Percies* stand,
 To whom they *Berwicke* gave, and in *Northumberland* 450
 Some Seigniories and Holds, if they the battle got,
 Who brought with him to field full many an angry *Scot*,
 At *Holmdon* Battle late that being overthrown,
 Now on the King and Prince hop'd to regain their own;
 With almost all the power of *Cheshire* got together, 455
 By *Venables* (there great), and *Vernon* must'rd thether.

* The Battle of *Shrewsbury*.

The vaward of the King, great *Stafford* took to guide.
 The vaward of the Lords upon the other side,
 Consisted most of *Scots*, which joining, made such spoil,
 As at the first constrain'd the *English* to recoil, 460
 And almost brake their ranks, which when King *Henry* found
 Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
 The *Percies* bring up theirs, again to make it good.
 Thus whilst the either Host in opposition stood,
 *Brave *Dowglas* with his spurs, his furious courser strake,
 His lance set in his rest, when desp'rately he brake 466
 In, where his eye beheld th' emperial ensign pight,
 Where soon it was his chance, upon the King to light,
 Which in his full career he from his courser threw ;
 The next Sir *Walter Blunt*, he with three other slew, 470
 All arm'd like the King, which he dead sure accounted ;
 But after when he saw the King himself remounted :
 This hand of mine, quoth he, four Kings this day hath slain,
 And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again,
 Or Fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd. 475
 When *Henry Hotspurre*, so with his high deeds inflam'd,
 Doth second him again, and through such dangers press,
 That *Dowglas* valiant deeds he made to seem the less,
 As still the people cried, A '*Percy Esperance*.'
 The King which saw then time, or never to advance 480
 His battle in the field, which near from him was won,
 Aided by that brave Prince, his most courageous son,
 Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them chase,
 It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the face ;
 Whom when out of the fight, his friends would bear away,
 He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say : 486
 Time never shall report, Prince *Henry* left the field,
 When *Harry Percy* staid, his trait'rous sword to wield.

* The high courage of *Dowglas* wan him that addition of *Doughty Dowglas*, which after grew to a proverb,

Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their bloods,
 And the main battles join, as do two adverse floods 499
 Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they would shove
 Each other from their path, or would their banks remove.
 The King his trait'rous foes, before him down doth hew,
 And with his hands that day, near forty persons slew :
 When conquest wholly turns to his victorious side, 495
 His power surrounding all, like to a furious tide ;
 That *Henry Hotspur* dead upon the cold earth lyes,
 Stout *Wor'ster* taken was, and doughty *Douglasse* flies.
 Five thousand from both parts left dead upon the ground,
 'Mongst whom the King's fast friend, great *Stafford's* corse
 was found ; 500

And all the Knights there dubb'd the morning but before,
 The evening's sun beheld there swelt'ed in their gore.

Here I at *Bramham Moor*, the Battle in should bring,
 Of which Earl *Percie* had the greatest managing,
 With the Lord *Bardolfe* there, against the County's power,
 Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost hour : 506
 In *Flanders*, *France*, and *Wales*, who having been abroad
 To raise them present powers, intending for a road
 On *England*, for the hate he to King *Henry* bore ;
 His son and brother's blood augmenting it the more, 510
 Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did remain,
 By his too much default, whom he imputed slain
 At *Shrewsbury* before, to whom if he had brought
 Supplies, (that bloody Field, when they so bravely fought)
 They surely it had won : for which to make amends, 515
 Being furnish'd with men, amongst his foreign friends,
 By *Scotland* ent'red here, and with a violent hand
 Upon those Castles seiz'd within *Northumberland*
 His Earldom (which the King, who much his truth did doubt,
 Had taken to himself, and put his people out), 520
 Toward *Yorkshire* coming on, where (soon repaid his own)

At *Bramham's* fatal *Moor*, was foully overthrown :
 Which though it were indeed a long and mortal fight,
 Where many men were maim'd, and many slain outright :
 Where that courageous Earl, all hopes there seeing past, 525
 Amongst his murthered troops (even) fought it to the last :
 Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,
 Which with *Ralfe Roksby* rose, the Shreefe of *Yorkshire* then,
 No well-proportion'd fight, we of description quit,
 Amongst our famous Fields ; nor will we here admit 530
 That of that rakehell *Cades*, and his rebellious crew,
 In *Kent* and *Sussex* rais'd, at *Senok*-fight that slew
 The *Staffords* with their power, that thither him pursu'd,
 Who twice upon *Black-heath*, back'd with the Commons rude,
 Incamp'd against the King : then goodly *London* took, 535
 There ransoming some rich, and up the prisons broke,
 His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,
 Beheaded the Lord *Say*, then *England's* Treasurer,
 And forc'd the King to flight, his person to secure,
 The Muse admits not here, a rabble so impure. 540

But brings that Battle* on of that long dreadful war,
 Of those two Houses nam'd of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
 In fair Saint *Alban's* fought, most fatally betwixt
Richard then Duke of *Yorke*, and *Henry* call'd the Sixt,
 For that ill-gotten Crown, which him his Grandsire† left, 545
 That likewise with his life, he from King *Richard* reft,
 When underhand the Duke doth but promove his claim,
 Who from the elder son, the Duke of *Clarence* came,
 For which he rais'd arms, yet seem'd but to abet
 The people, to pluck down the Earl of *Somerset*, 550
 By whom (as they gave out) we *Normandy* had lost,
 And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.

With *Richard* Duke of *Yorke* (into his faction won)
Salsbury and *Warwicke* came, the father and the son ;

* The first Battle of *Saint Alban's*.

† *Henry* the Fourth.

Since needsly I must stick upon my former text, 1146
 The bloody Battle fought, at **Barnet* followeth next,
 Twixt *Edward*, who before he settled was to reign,
 By *Warwicke* hence expuls'd ; but here arriv'd again,
 From *Burgundy*, brought in munition, men and pay,
 And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day. 1150

Whose brother *Georget* came in, with *Warwicke* that had stood,
 Whom Nature wrought at length t' adhere to his own blood :
 His brother *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*, and his friend ;
 Lord *Hastings*, who to him their utmost powers extend ;

And *Warwicke*, whose great heart so mortal hatred bore
 To *Edward*, that by all the Sacraments he swore, 1156
 Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had rac'd
 That proud King from his seat, that so had him disgrac'd :
 And Marquess *Mountacute*, his brother, that brave stem
 Of *Nevil's* noble stock, who join'd had to them, 1160
 The Dukes of *Somerset*, and *Excester*, and take
 The Earl of *Oxford* in ; the armies forward make,
 And meeting on the plain, to *Barnet* very near,
 That to this very day, is call'd *Gladmore* there.

Duke *Richard* to the field, doth *Edward's* vaward bring ;
 And in the middle came that most courageous King, 1166
 With *Clarence* his reclaim'd, and brother then most dear ;
 His friend Lord *Hastings* had the guiding of the rear,
 (A man of whom the King most highly did repute.)

On puissant *Warwick's* part, the Marquess *Mountacute* 1170
 His brother, and his friend the Earl of *Oxford* led
 The right wing ; and the left which most that day might sted,
 The Duke of *Excester* ; and he himself do guide
 The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)
 Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could get, 1175
 Directed by his friend, the Duke of *Somerset*.

O *Sabbath* ill-bestow'd, O dreary *Easter* day,

* The Battle of *Barnet*.

† *George* Duke of *Clarence*.

The Earl of *Stafford*, son to th' Duke of *Buckingham*,
 And *John Lord Clifford* then, which shed their noble gore
 Under the Castle's sign (of which not long before,
 A Prophet bad the Duke of *Somerset* beware)
 With many a valiant Knight, in death that had his share :
 So much great *English* blood, for others' lawless guilt, 591
 Upon so little ground before was never spilt.
 Proud *Yorke* hath got the goal, the King of all forsaken,
 Into a cottage got, a woeful prisoner taken.

*The Battle of *Blore-heath*, the place doth next supply, 595
 Twixt *Richard Nevill*, that great Earl of *Salisbury*,
 Who with the Duke of *Yorke*, had at Saint *Alban's* late,
 That glorious Battle got with uncontrolléd fate :
 And *James Lord Audley* stirr'd by that revengeful Queen,
 To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen 600
 She bare him, for that still he with the *Yorkists* held,
 Who coming from the North (by sundry wrongs compell'd
 To parley with the King) the Queen that time who lay
 In *Staffordshire*, and thought to stop him on his way,
 That valiant *Tuchet* stirr'd, in *Cheshire* powerful then, 605
 T' affront him in the field, where *Cheshire* Gentlemen
 Divided were, th' one part made valiant *Tuchet* strong,
 The other with the Earl rose as he came along,
 Incamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
 Whereby the prudent Earl, this strong advantage took : 610
 For putting in the field his army in array,
 Then making as (with speed) he meant to march away,
 He caus'd a flight of shafts to be dischargéd first.
 The enemy who thought that he had done his worst,
 And cowardly had fled in a disord'red rout, 615
 Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon) about,
 Set fiercely on that part, which then were passéd over ;
 Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover

* The Battle of *Blore-heath*.

The other rising bark, to lend the vaward aid.
 The Earl who four'd the plot take right that he had laid, 620
 On those that forward press'd, as those that did recoil,
 As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous spoil :
 There *Dutton*, *Dutton* kills ; A *Done* doth kill a *Done* ;
 A *Booth*, a *Booth* ; and *Leigh* by *Leigh* is overthrown ;
 A *Venables*, against a *Venables* doth stand ; 625
 And *Troutbeck* fighteth with a *Troutbeck* hand to hand ;
 There *Molineux* doth make a *Molineux* to die ;
 And *Egerton*, the strength of *Egerton* doth try.
 O *Cheshire* wert thou mad, of thine own native gore
 So much until this day thou never shedst before ? 630
 Above two thousand men upon the earth were thrown,
 Of which the greatest part were naturally thine own.
 The stout Lord *Audley* slain, with many a Captain there ;
 To *Salsbury* it sorts the palm away to bear. 634

*Then fair *Northampton* next, thy Battle place shall take,
 Which of th' imperial war, the third fought Field doth make,
 Twixt *Henry* call'd our Sixt, upon whose party came
 His near and dear allies, the Dukes of *Buckingham*,
 And *Somerset*, the Earl of *Shrewsbury* of account,
 Stout Viscount *Beaumont*, and the young Lord *Egremount*,
 'Gainst *Edward* Earl of *Murch*, son to the Duke of *Yorke*, 641
 With *Warwicke*, in that war, who set them all at work,
 And *Falkonbridge* with him, not much unlike the other ;
 A *Nevill* nobly born, his puissant father's brother,
 Who to the *Yorkists'* claim, had evermore been true, 645
 And valiant *Bourcher*, Earl of *Essex*, and of *Eau*.

The King from out the town, who drew his foot and horse,
 As willingly to give full field-roomth to his force,
 Doth pass the River *Nen*, near where it down doth run
 From his first fountain's head, is near to *Harsington*, 650
 Adviséd of a place, by Nature strongly wrought,

* The Battle of *Northampton*.

Doth there encamp his power: the Earl of *March* who sought
 To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain the day,
 From *Tawcester* train'd on his powers in good array.
 The vaward *Warwicke* led (whom no attempt could fear); 655
 The middle *March* himself, and *Falkonbridge* the rear.

Now *July* ent'red was, and ere the restless sun,
 Three hours' ascent had got, the dreadful fight begun
 By *Warwicke*, who a straight from Viscount *Beaumont* took,
 Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke 660
 In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious charge,
 He forc'd upon the field, itself more to enlarge.
 Now *English* bows, and bills, and battle-axes walk,
 Death up and down the field in ghastly sort doth stalk.
March in the flower of youth, like *Mars* himself doth bear;
 But *Warwicke* as the man, whom Fortune seem'd to fear, 666
 Did for him what he would, that wheresoe'er he goes,
 Down like a furious storm, before him all he throws:
 So *Shrewsbury* again of *Talbot's* valiant strain,
 (That fatal scourge of *France*) as stoutly doth maintain, 670
 The party of the King; so princely *Somerset*,
 Whom th' others' knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whet,
 Bears up with them again: by *Somerset* oppos'd
 At last King *Henry's* host being on three parts enclos'd,
 And aids still coming in upon the *Yorkists'* side, 675
 The Summer being then at height of all her pride,
 The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest was:
 But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-shorn grass,
 Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bodies there,
 When nothing could be seen, but horror everywhere: 680
 So that upon the banks, and in the stream of *Nen*,*
 Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout, native *English* men,
 Left breathless, with the rest great *Buckingham* is slain,
 And *Shrewsbury* whose loss those times did much complain,

* The River running by *Northampton*.

Egremont, and *Beaumont*, both found dead upon the field, 683
The miserable King, inforc'd again to yield.

*Then *Wakefield* Battle next, we in our bead-roll bring,
Fought by Prince *Edward*, son to that oft-conquered King,
And *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, still struggling for the Crown,
Whom *Salsbury* assists, the man with whose renown, 690
The mouth of Fame seem'd fill'd, there having with them
then

Some few selected *Welsh*, and Southern Gentlemen :
A handful to those powers, with which Prince *Edward* came ;
Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest name,
Were those two great-born Dukes, which still his right prefer,
His cousin *Somerset*, and princely *Excester*, 696
The Earl of *Wiltshire* still, that on his part stuck close :
With those two valiant Peers, Lord *Clifford*, and Lord *Rosse*,
Who made their march from *Yorke* to *Wakefield*, on their way
To meet the Duke, who then at *Sandall* Castle lay, 700
Whom at his (very) gate, into the Field they dar'd,
Whose long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,
That *March* his valiant son, should to his succours bring.
Wherefore that puissant Lord, by speedy mustering
His tenants and such friends, as he that time could get, 705
Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set [stay'd,
'Gainst their twice doubled strength ; nor could the Duke be
Till he might from the South be seconded with aid ;
As in his martial pride, disdaining his poor foes,
So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose. 710

The Prince, which still provok'd th' incens'd Duke to fight,
His main battalion rang'd in *Sandal's* lofty sight,
In which he, and the Dukes, were seen in all their pride :
And as *Yorke's* powers should pass, he had on either side
Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place assign'd 715
His rereward should inclose, which as a thing divin'd,

* The Battle of *Wakefield*.

Just caught as he forecast ; for scarce his army comes
 From the descending banks, and that his rattling drums
 Excite his men to charge ; but *Wiltshire* with his force,
 Which were of light-arm'd foot, and *Rosse* with his light horse,
 Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain thrown, 721
 In number to the Dukes, by being four to one.

Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance have caught
 A beast out of the herd, which long time they have sought,
 Upon him all at once courageously do set, 725

Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do get,
 Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their hold,
 Till falling on the ground, they have him as they would,
 With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to wend,
 What with their horns and hoofs, could then themselves
 defend. 730

Thus on their foes they fell, and down the *Yorkists* fall ;
 Red Slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.

The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,
 In which blind Fortune smil'd on woeful *Lancaster*. [last,

Here *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, down beaten, breath'd his
 And *Salsbury* so long with conquest still that past, 736

Inforc'd was to yield ; *Rutland* a younger son
 To the deceased Duke, as he away would run,
 (A child scarce twelve years old) by *Clifford* there surpris'd,
 Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to have suffic'd,
 By him was answer'd thus: Thy father hath slain mine, 741
 And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this blood of thine,
 And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the *Lancastrians* reign,
 The *Yorkist* in the field on heaps together slain.

*The Battle at that Cross, which to this day doth bear 745
 The great and ancient name of th' *English Mortimer*,
 The next shall here have place, betwixt that *Edward* fought,
 Entitled Earl of *March* (revengefully that sought

* The Battle at *Mortimer's Cross*.

To wreak his father's blood, at *Wakefield* lately shed,
 But then he Duke of *Yorke*, his father being dead), 750
 And *Jasper Tudor* Earl of *Pembroke*, in this war,
 That stood to underprop the House of *Lancaster*,
 Half-brother to the King, that strove to hold his Crown,
 With *Wiltshire*, whose high prowess had bravely beaten down
 The *Yorkists'* swelling pride in that successful war 755
 At *Wakefield*, whose great'st power of *Welsh* and *Irish* are.
 The Duke's were *Marchers* most, which still stuck to him close,
 And meeting on the plain, by that forenaméd Cross ;
 As either General there for his advantage found
 (For wisely they surveyed the fashion of the ground), 760
 They into one main fight their either forces make,
 When to the Duke of *Yorke* (his spirits as to awake)
 Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that shone,
 Which in a little space were joinéd all in one.
 Auspicious to the Duke, as after it fell out, 765
 Who with the weaker power (of which he seem'd to doubt)
 The proud *Lancastrian* part had quickly put to chase,
 Where plainly it should seem, the *Genius* of the place,
 The very name of *March* should greatly favour there,
 A title to this Prince deriv'd from *Mortimer* : 770
 To whom this trophy rear'd, much honouréd had the soil.
 The *Yorkists* here enrich'd with the *Lancastrian* spoil,
 Are Masters of the day ; four thousand being slain,
 The most of which were those, there standing to maintain
 The title of the King. Where *Owen Tudor's* lot 775
 Was to be taken then ; who this young Earl begot
 On *Katherine* the bright Queen, the Fifth King *Henry's* bride,
 Who too untimely dead, this *Owen* had affied.
 But he a prisoner then, his son and *Ormond* fled,
 At *Hereford* was made the shorter by the head ; 780
 When this most warlike Duke, in honour of that sign,
 Which of his good success so rightly did divine,

And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cause had care,
Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare.

*Thy Second Battle now, *Saint Alban's* I record,† 785
Struck twixt Queen *Marg'rets* power, to ransom back her
Lord,

Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those factions fought,
Whom now the part of *Yorke* had thither with them brought,
Whose force consisted most of Southern men, being led
By *Thomas Howard* Duke of *Norfolke*, and the head 790
Of that proud faction then, stout *Warwicke* still that sway'd,
In every bloody field (the *Yorkists'* only aid) [fixt,

When either's power approach'd, and they themselves had
Upon the South and North, the town them both betwixt,
Which first of all to take, the *Yorkists* had forecast, 795

Putting their vaward on, and their best archers plac'd
The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,

That when the foe came up, they with such terror play'd
Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.

The Northern mad with rage upon the first defeat, 800
Yet put for it again, to enter from the North,

Which when great *Warwicke* heard, he sent his vaward forth,
T' oppose them in what place so'er they made their stand,
Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at hand,

Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light, 805
Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.

But those of *Warwick's* part, which scarce four thousand were,
To th' vaward of the Queen's, that stood so stoutly there,
Though still with fresh supplies from her main battle fed ;

When they their courage saw so little them to sted, 810
Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,

By passages too strait, and close ambushments stay'd :
Their succours that foreslow'd, to flight themselves betake,
When after them again, such speed the Northern make,

* The Second Battle of *Saint Alban's*.

Being followed with the force of their main Battle strong, 815
 That this disord'red rout, these breathless men among,
 They ent'red *Warwick's* host, which with such horror strook
 The Southern, that each man began about to look
 A way how to escape, that when great *Norfolke* cried,
 Now as you favour *Yorke*, and his just cause, abide. 820
 And *Warwicke* in the front even off'ed to have stood,
 Yet neither of them both, should they have spent their blood,
 Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe :
 Where Fortune it should seem, to *Warwicke* meant to show,
 That she this tide of his could turn, whene'er she would. 825

Thus when they saw the day was for so little sold ;
 The King, which (for their ends) they to the field had brought,
 Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of nought,
 Which serv'd them to no use: who when his Queen and son,
 There found in *Norfolke's* tent, the battle being done, 830
 With many a joyful tear, each other they imbrace ;
 And whilst blind Fortune look'd with so well-pleas'd a face:
 Their swords with the warm blood of *Yorkists* so imbrued,
 Their foes but lately led, courageously pursued. [high,

* Now followeth that black scene, borne up so wondrous
 That but a poor dumb show before a tragedy, 836
 The former Battles fought, have seem'd to this to be ;
 O *Towton*, let the blood *Palm-Sunday* spent on thee,
 Affright the future times, when they the Muse shall hear,
 Deliver it so to them ; and let the ashes there 840
 Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,
 Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,
 To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were wrought
 In that most fatal field (with various fortunes fought)
 Twixt *Edward* Duke of *Yorke*, then late proclaimed King, 845
 Fourth of that royal name, and him accompanying,
 The *Nevills* (of that war maintaining still the stream),

* The Battle of *Towton*.

Great *Warwicke*, and with him his most courageous Eame,
 Stout *Falconbridge*, the third, a firebrand like the other,
 Of *Salisbury* surnam'd, that *Warwick's* bastard brother. 850

Lord *Fitzwater*, who still the *Yorkists'* power assists,
Blount, *Wenlock*, *Dinham*, Knights approv'd martialists.
 And *Henry* the late King, to whom they still durst stand,
 His true as powerful friend, the great *Northumberland*,
 With *Westmerland*, his claim who ever did prefer 855

His kinsman *Somerset*, his cousin *Excester*,
 Dukes of the Royal line, his faithful friends that were,
 And little less than those, the Earl of *Devonshire*, [wights,
 Th' Lord *Dacres*, and Lord *Wels*, both wise and warlike
 With him of great command, *Nevill* and *Trolop*, Knights. 860

Both armies then on foot, and on their way set forth,
 King *Edward* from the South, King *Henry* from the North.
 The later crown'd King doth preparation make,
 From *Pomfret* (where he lay) the passage first to take
 O'er *Aier* at *Ferybridge*, and for that service sends 865
 A most selected troop of his well chosen friends,
 To make that passage good, when instantly began
 The dire and ominous signs, the slaughter that foreran.
 For valiant *Clifford* there, himself so bravely quit,
 That coming to the Bridge (ere they could strengthen it) 870
 From the *Lancastrian* power, with his light troop of horse,
 And early in the morn defeating of their force,
 The Lord *Fitzwater* slew, and that brave bastard son
 Of *Salsbury*, themselves who into danger run :

For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all, 875
 But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to fall
 'Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarm'd rushing out,
 By *Clifford's* soldiers soon compass'd about,
 Were miserably slain : which when great *Warwicke* hears,
 As he had felt his heart transpers'd through his ears, 880
 To *Edward* mad with rage, immediately he goes,

And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner shows
The slaughter of those Lords: This day alone, quoth he,
Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.
When soon before the host, his glittering sword he drew, 885
And with relentless hands his sprightly courser slew,
Then stand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not to fly,
This day shall *Edward* win, or here shall *Warwicke* die.

Which words by *Warwicke* spoke, so deeply seem'd to sting
The much distemper'd breast of that courageous King, 890
That straight he made proclaim'd, that every fainting heart,
From his resolv'd host had licence to depart:
And those that would abide the hazard of the fight,
Rewards and titles due to their deserv'd right:
And that no man, that day, a prisoner there should take, 895
For this the upshot was, that all must mar or make.
A hundred thousand men in both the armies stood,
That native *English* were: O worthy of your Blood
What conquest had there been! But ensigns fly at large,
And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful charge. 900
Upon the *Yorkists'* part, there flew the ireful Bear:
On the *Lancastrian* side, the Cressant waving there.
The Southern on this side, for *Yorke* 'a *Warwicke*' cry,
'A *Percy* for the right,' the Northern men reply.
The two main battles join, the four large wings do meet; 905
What with the shouts of men, and noise of horses' feet,
Hell through the troubled earth, her horror seemed to breath;
A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt beneath:
As when the evening is with darkness overspread,
Her star-befreckled face with clouds envelop'd, 910
You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning fly,
Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,
Is vanish'd away, or doth so swiftly glide,
That with a trice it touch t' horizon's either side;
So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and fallows rais'd,

And breath of horse and men, that both together seiz'd 916
 The air on every part, sent by the glimmering sun,
 The splendour of their arms doth by reflection run :
 Till heaps of dying men, and those already dead,
 Much hind' red them would charge, and letted them that fled.
 Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far extends, 921
 That sullen night begins, before their fury ends. [hands,
 Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with murdering
 Expecting the next morn, the weak'st unconquer'd stands ;
 Which was no sooner come, but both begin again 925
 To wreak their friends' dear blood, the former evening slain.
 New battles are begun, new fights that newly wound,
 Till the *Lancastrian* part, by their much less'ning found
 Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
 When lastly to the foe, their recreant backs they turn. 930
 Thy channel then, O *Cock*,* was fill'd up with the dead,
 Of the *Lancastrian* side, that from the *Yorkists* fled,
 That those of *Edward's* part, that had the rear in chase,
 As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies pass.
 That *Wharfe* to whose large banks thou contribut'st thy store,
 Had her more crystal face discoloured with the gore 936
 Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,
Northumberland the great, and *Westmerland* there laid
 Their bodies : valiant *Wels*, and *Dacres* there do leave
 Their carcasses (whose hope too long did them deceive). 940
Trolop and *Nevill* found massacred in the field,
 The Earl of *Wiltshire* forc'd to the stern foe to yield.
 King *Henry* from fair *Yorke*, upon this sad mischance
 To *Scotland* fled, the Queen sail'd over into *France*,
 The Duke of *Somerset*, and *Excester* do fly, 945
 The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.

† Muse, turn thee now to tell the Field at *Hexam* struck,

* A little Rivulet near to *Towton*, running into *Wharfe*.

† The Battle at *Hexam*.

Upon the *Yorkists'* part, with the most prosp'rous luck
 Of any yet before, where to themselves they gain'd
 Most safety, yet their powers least damage there sustain'd, 950
 Twixt *John Lord Mountacute*, that *Nevill*, who to stand
 For *Edward*, gathered had out of *Northumberland*
 A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,
 Which were again supplied with a most puissant force,
 Sent thither from the South, and by King *Edward* brought
 In person down to *Yorke*, to aid if that in ought 956
 His General should have need, for that he durst not trust
 The Northern, which so oft to him had been unjust :
 Whilst he himself at *Yorke*, a second power doth hold,
 To hear in this rough war, what the *Lancastrians* would. 960

And *Henry* with his Queen, who to their powers had got,
 The lively daring *French*, and the light hardy *Scot*,
 To enter with them here, and to their part do get,
 Their faithful lov'd ally, the Duke of *Somerset*,
 And Sir *Ralfe Percie*, then most powerful in those parts, 965
 Who had been reconcil'd to *Edward*, but their hearts
 Still with King *Henry* stay'd, to him and ever true,
 To whom by this revolt, they many Northern drew :
 Sir *William Taylboys* (call'd of most) the Earl of *Kime*,
 With *Hungerford*, and *Rosse*, and *Mullins*, of that time 970
 Barons of high account, with *Nevill*, *Tunstall*, *Gray*,
Hussy, and *Finderne*, Knights, men bearing mighty sway.

As forward with his force, brave *Mountacute* was set,
 It happ'd upon his way at *Hegly More* he met
 With *Hungerford*, and *Rosse*, and Sir *Ralph Percy*, where, 975
 In sign of good success (as certainly it were)
 They and their utmost force were quickly put to flight ;
 Yet *Percy* as he was a most courageous Knight,
 Ne'er boudg'd till his last breath, but in the field was slain.
 Proud of this first defeat, then marching forth again, 980
 Towards *Livells*, a large waste, which other plains out-braves,

Whose verge fresh *Dowell** still is wat'ring with her waves,
 Whereas his posting scouts, King *Henry's* power descried,
 Tow'rd whom with speedy march, this valiant General hied,
 Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous event, 985
 That luckless *Henry* yet, had scarcely clear'd his tent,
 His Captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd
 Their squadrons on the field, but this great *Nevill* charg'd:
 Long was this doubtful fight on either side maintain'd,
 That rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst that gain'd:
 The ground which this part got, and there as conquerors
 stood, 991

The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
 To either as blind Chance, her favours will dispose;
 So to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.
 At last, till whether 'twere that sad and horrid sight, 995
 At *Saxton* that yet did their fainting spirits affright,
 With doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the aid
 That *Mountacute* receiv'd; King *Henry's* power dismay'd:
 And giving up the day, dishonourably fled,
 Whom with so violent speed the *Yorkists* follow'd, 1000
 That had not *Henry* spur'd, and had a courser swift,
 Besides a skilful guide, through woods and hills to shift,
 He sure had been surpris'd, as they his henchmen took,
 With whom they found his helm; with most disastrous luck,
 To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any strive, 1005
 And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive.

Now *Banbury*† we come thy Battle to report,
 And show th' efficient cause, as in what wondrous sort
 Great *Warwicke* was wrought in to the *Lancastrian* part,
 When as that wanton King so vex'd his mighty heart: 1010
 Whilst in the Court of *France*, that warrior he bestow'd,
 (As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)
 A marriage to intreat with *Bona* bright and sheen,

* A little River near *Hexam*.

† The Battle of *Banbury*.

Of the *Savoyan* Blood, and sister to the Queen,
 Which whilst this noble Earl negotiated there, 1015
 The widow Lady *Gray*, the King espoused here.
 By which the noble Earl in *France* who was disgrac'd,
 (In *England* his revenge doth but too quickly haste)
 T' excite the Northern men doth secretly begin,
 (With whom he powerful was) to rise, that coming in, 1020
 He might put in his hand (which only he desir'd),
 Which rising before *Yorke* were likely to have *fir'd
 The City, but repuls'd, and *Holdorn* them that led,
 Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the head.
 Yet would they not desist, but to their Captains drew 1025
Henry the valiant son of *John* the Lord *Fitz-Hugh*,
 With *Coniers* that brave Knight, whose valour they prefer,
 With *Henry Nevill*, son to the Lord *Latimer*,
 By whose allies and friends, they every day grew strong,
 And so in proud array tow'rds *London* march along. 1030
 Which when King *Edward* saw the world began to side
 With *Warwicke*, till himself he might of power provide,
 To noble *Pembroke* sends, those rebels to withstand.
 Six thousand valiant *Welsh*, who must'ring out of hand,
 By *Richard Harbert's* aid, his brother them doth bring, 1035
 And for their greater strength (appointed by the King)
 Th' Lord *Stafford* (of his house) of *Powick* naméd then,
 Eight hundred archers brought, the most selected men
 The Marches could make out : these having *Severne* crost,
 And up to *Cotswould* clome, they heard the Northern host, 1040
 Being at *Northampton* then, itself tow'rds *Warwicke* way'd,
 When with a speedy march, the *Harberts* that forlay'd
 Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two thousand
 horse,
 That the *Lancastrian* part suspecting all their force
 Had followed them again, their army bring about, 1045

* The City of *Yorke* like to have been fired by *Warwick's* faction.

Both with such speed and skill, that e'er the *Welsh* got out,
 By having charged too far, some of their vaward lost,
 Beat to their army back ; thus as these legions coast,
 On *Danemore* they are met, indifferent for this war,
 Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular, 1050
 Small *Edgcoat* overlook ; on that upon the West
 The *Welsh* encamp themselves ; the Northern them possest
 Of that upon the South, whilst (by war's strange event)
 Young *Nevill*, who would brave the *Harberts* in their tent,
 Leading a troop of youth (upon that fatal plain) 1055
 Was taken by the *Welsh*, and miserably slain ;
 Of whose untimely death, his friends the next day took
 A terrible revenge, when *Stafford* there forsook
 The army of the *Welsh*, and with his archers bad
 Them fight that would for him ; for that proud *Pembroke* had
 Displac'd him of his inn, in *Banbury* where he 1061
 His paramour had lodg'd ; where since he might not be,
 He backward shapes his course, and leaves the *Harberts* there,
 T' abide the brunt of all : with outcries everywhere
 The clamorous drums and fifes to the rough charge do sound,
 Together horse and man come tumbling to the ground, 1066
 Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from shoulders arms do
 fly ;
 They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as none could die.
 The ruffling Northern lads, and the stout *Welshmen* tried it ;
 Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must sore abide it. 1070
 The Northern men 'Saint George for *Lancaster*' do cry :
 'A *Pembroke* for the King,' the lusty *Welsh* reply ;
 When many a gallant youth doth desperately assay,
 To do some thing that might be worthy of the day :
 Where *Richard Harbert* bears into the Northern prease, 1075
 And with his poleaxe makes his way with such success,
 That breaking through the ranks, he their main battle past,
 And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,

That from the higher ground beheld him wade the crowd,
 As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud, 1080
 O'ertaken with a storm, some shell or little crea,
 Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working sea,
 Seems now as swallowed up, then floating light and free
 O' th' top of some high wave; then think that you it see
 Quite sunk beneath that waste of waters, yet doth clear 1085
 The main, and safely gets some creek or harbour near:
 So *Harbert* clear'd their host; but see th' event of war,
 Some spials on the hill discernéd had from far
 Another army come to aid the Northern side,
 When they which *Clapham's* craft so quickly not espied, 1090
 Who with five hundred men about *Northampton* rais'd,
 All discontented spirits, with *Edward's* rule displeas'd,
 Displaying in the field great *Warwick's* dreaded Bear:
 The *Welsh* who thought the Earl in person had been there,
 Leading a greater power (disheartenéd) turn the back 1095
 Before the Northern host, that quickly go to wrack.
 Five thousand valiant *Welsh* are in chase o'erthrown,
 Which but an hour before had thought the day their own.
 Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born *Harberts* ta'en,
 At *Banbury* must pay for *Henry Nevill* slain. 1100

Now **Stamford* in due course, the Muse doth come to tell,
 Of thine own naméd field, what in the fight befell,
 Betwixt brave youthful *Wells*, from *Lincolnshire* that led
 Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd *London* making head,
 Against the *Yorkists'* power, great *Warwicke* to abet, 1105
 Who with a puissant force preparéd forth to set,
 To join with him in arms, and jointly take their chance.
 And *Edward* with his friends, who likewise do advance
 His forces, to refell that desperate daring foe,
 Who for he durst himself in open arms to show, 1110
 Nor at his dread command them down again would lay.

* The Battle of *Stamford*, or *Loose-coat* field.

His father the Lord *Wells*, who he suppos'd might sway,
 His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made brother,
 Sir *Thomas Dymock*, thought too much to rule the other,
 He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the spleen 1115
 Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his teen
 Upon the cruel King, doth every way excite
 Him to an equal field, that com'n where they might smite
 The battle : on this plain it chanc'd their armies met :
 They rang'd their several fights, which once in order set, 1120
 The loudly-brawling drums, which seem'd to have fear'd
 The trembling air at first, soon after were not heard,
 For out-cries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth noise
 confound,
 No accents touch the ear, but such as death do sound :
 In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth guide : 1125
 As slaughter seems by turns to seise on either side.
 The Southern expert were, in all to war belong,
 And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and strong,
 Which to the battle stick, and if they make retreat,
 Yet coming on again, the foe they back do beat, 1130
 And '*Wells* for *Warwicke*' cry, and for the rightful crown ;
 The other call '*a Yorke*,' to beat the rebels down :
 The worst that war could do, on either side she shows,
 Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of bows ;
 But still by fresh supplies, the *Yorkists*' power increase : 1135
 And *Wells*, who sees his troops so overborne with prease,
 By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
 Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
 With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath expir'd :
 Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes desir'd, 1140
 Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
 No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
 Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed away,
 (Of them) which *Loose-coat* field is call'd (even) to this day.

Since needsly I must stick upon my former text, 1145
 The bloody Battle fought, at **Barnet* followeth next,
 Twixt *Edward*, who before he settled was to reign,
 By *Warwicke* hence expuls'd ; but here arriv'd again,
 From *Burgundy*, brought in munition, men and pay,
 And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day. 1150

Whose brother *Georget* came in, with *Warwicke* that had stood,
 Whom Nature wrought at length t' adhere to his own blood :
 His brother *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*, and his friend ;
 Lord *Hastings*, who to him their utmost powers extend ;

And *Warwicke*, whose great heart so mortal hatred bore
 To *Edward*, that by all the Sacraments he swore, 1155
 Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had rac'd
 That proud King from his seat, that so had him disgrac'd :
 And Marquess *Mountacute*, his brother, that brave stem
 Of *Nevil's* noble stock, who joinéd had to them, 1160
 The Dukes of *Somerset*, and *Excester*, and take
 The Earl of *Oxford* in ; the armies forward make,
 And meeting on the plain, to *Barnet* very near,
 That to this very day, is calléd *Gladmore* there.

Duke *Richard* to the field, doth *Edward's* vaward bring ;
 And in the middle came that most courageous King, 1165
 With *Clarence* his reclaim'd, and brother then most dear ;
 His friend Lord *Hastings* had the guiding of the rear,
 (A man of whom the King most highly did repute.)

On puissant *Warwick's* part, the Marquess *Mountacute* 1170
 His brother, and his friend the Earl of *Oxford* led
 The right wing ; and the left which most that day might sted,
 The Duke of *Excester* ; and he himself do guide
 The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)
 Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could get, 1175
 Directed by his friend, the Duke of *Somerset*.

O *Sabbath* ill-bestow'd, O dreary *Easter* day,

* The Battle of *Barnet*.

† *George* Duke of *Clarence*.

Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat again, 1211
That great battalion next approacheth the fair plain,
Wherein the King himself in person was to try,
Proud *Warwick's* utmost strength: when *Warwicke* by and by,
With his left wing came up, and charg'd so home and round,
That had not his light horse by disadvantageous ground 1216
Been hind'ed, he had struck the heart of *Edward's* host:
But finding his defeat, his enterprise so lost,
He his swift currens sends, to will his valiant brother,
And *Oxford*, in command, being equal to the other, 1220
To charge with the right wing, who bravely up do bear;
But *Hastings* that before raught thither with his rear,
And with King *Edward* join'd, the host too strongly arm'd.
When every part with spoil, with rape, with fury charm'd,
Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to swill 1225
Itself in human gore, and every one cries kill.
So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,
That those, which to and fro, twixt that and *London* ride,
That *Warwicke* wins the day for certain news do bring,
Those following them again, said certainly the King, 1230
Until great *Warwicke* found his army had the worse,
And sore began to faint, alighting from his horse,
In with the foremost puts, and wades into the throng;
And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd troops among,
He ventures, as the sun in a tempestuous day, 1235
With darkness threat'ned long, yet sometimes doth display
His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the clear eye,
But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds do fly,
Do muffle him again within them, till at length,
The storm (prevailing still with an unusual strength) 1240
His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up in night:
So mighty *Warwicke* fares in this outrageous fight.

The cruel Lions thus inclose the dreaded Bear,
Whilst *Montacute*, who strives (if any help there were)

To rescue his belov'd and valiant brother, fell : 1255
 The loss of two such spirits at once, time shall not tell ;
 The Duke of *Somerset*, and th' Earl of *Oxford* fled,
 And *Excester* being left for one amongst the dead,
 At length recovering life, by night escap'd away,
Yorke never safely sat, till this victorious day. 1250

Thus Fortune to his end this mighty *Warwicke* brings,
 This puissant setter up, and plucker down of Kings.
 He who those battles won, which so much blood had cost,
 At *Barnet's* fatal fight, both life and fortune lost.

Now **Tewksbury* it rests, thy story to relate, 1255
 Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that most direful fate
 Of the *Lancastrian* Line, which happ'ned on that day,
 Fourth of that fatal month, that still-rememb'red *May* :
 Twixt *Edmund* that brave Duke of *Somerset*, who fled
 From *Barnet's* bloody field (again there gathering head) 1260
 And Marquess *Dorset* bound in blood to aid him there,
 With *Thomas Courtney* Earl of powerful *Devonshire* :
 With whom King *Henry's* son, young *Edward* there was seen,
 To claim his doubtless right, with that undaunted Queen
 His mother, who from *France* with succours came on land 1265
 That day, when *Warwicke* fell at *Barnet*, which now stand,
 Their fortune yet to try, upon a second fight.
 And *Edward* who imploy'd the utmost of his might,
 The poor *Lancastrian* part (which he doth eas'ly feel,
 By *Warwicke's* mighty fall, already faintly reel) 1270
 By battle to subvert, and to extirp the Line ;
 And for the present act, his army doth assign
 To those at *Barnet* field so luckily that sped ;
 As *Richard* late did there, he here the vaward led,
 The main the King himself, and *Clarence* took to guide ; 1275
 The rearward as before by *Hastings* was supply'd.

The army of the Queen, into three battles cast,

* The Battle at *Tewksbury*.

The first of which the Duke of *Somerset*, and (fast
To him) his brother *John* do happily dispose ;
The second, which the Prince for his own safety chose 1280
The Barons of *Saint John*, and *Wenlocke* ; and the third,
To *Courtney* that brave Earl of *Devonshire* referr'd.
Where in a spacious field they set their armies down ;
Behind, hard at their backs, the Abbey, and the Town,
To whom their foe must come, by often banks and steep, 1285
Through quickset narrow lanes, cut out with ditches deep,
Repulsing *Edward's* power, constraining him to prove
By thund'ring cannon shot, and culvering to remove
Them from that chosen ground, so tedious to assail ;
And with the shot came shafts, like stormy show'rs of hail :
The like they sent again, which beat the other sore, 1291
Who with the ordnance strove the *Yorkists* to outroar,
And still make good their ground, that whilst the pieces play,
The *Yorkists* hasting still to hand-blows, do assay,
In strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the combrous dykes ;
But beaten down with bills, with poleaxes, and pykes, 1296
Are forced to fall off ; when *Richard* there that led
The vaward, saw their strength so little them to sted,
As he a Captain was, both politic and good,
The stratagems of war, that rightly understood, 1300
Doth seem as from the field his forces to withdraw.
His sudden, strange retire, proud *Somerset* that saw,
(A man of haughty spirit, in honour most precise ;
In action yet far more adventurous than wise)
Supposing from the field for safety he had fled, 1305
Straight giveth him the chase ; when *Richard* turning head,
By his incounter let the desperate Duke to know,
'Twas done to train him out, when soon began the show
Of slaughter everywhere ; for scarce their equal forces
Began the doubtful fight, but that three hundred horses, 1310
That out of sight this while on *Edward's* part had stay'd,

To see that near at hand no ambushes were lay'd,
 Soon charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite their ranks,
 Whilst this most warlike King had won the climbing banks,
 Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in 1315
 Upon the adverse power, there likewise doth begin
 A fierce and deadly fight, that the *Lancastrian* side,
 The first and furious shock not able to abide
 The utmost of their strength, were forcéd to bestow,
 To hold what they had got; that *Somerset* below, 1320
 Who from the second force, had still expected aid,
 But frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,
 Scarce shifts to save himself, his battle overthrown;
 But faring as a man that frantic had been grown,
 With *Wenlock* happ'd to meet (preparing for his flight) 1325
 Upbraiding him with terms of baseness and despight,
 That cow'rdly he had fail'd to succour him with men:
 Whilst *Wenlock* with like words requiteth him agen,
 The Duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the reins)
 With his too-ponderous axe pash'd out the Baron's brains.

The party of the Queen in every place are kill'd, 1331
 The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,
 And many in the flight, i' th' neighbouring rivers drown'd,
 Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering *Yorkists*
 crown'd.

Three thousand of those men, on *Henry's* part that stood, 1335
 For their presumption paid the forfeit of their blood.
John Marquess *Dorset* dead, and *Devonshire* that day
 Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody fray,
Delves, *Hamden*, *Whittingham*, and *Leuknor*, who had there
 Their several brave commands, all valiant men that were, 1340
 Found dead upon the earth. Now all is *Edward's* own,
 And through his enemies' tents he march'd into the town,
 Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth could bring
 Young *Edward*, a large fee, and as he was a King,

His person to be safe. Sir *Richard Crofts* who thought 1345
 His prisoner to disclose, before the King then brought
 That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud *Yorke*
 demands,

Why thus he had presum'd by help of trait'rous hands
 His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd
 His ensigns, the stout Prince, as not a jot dismay'd, 1350
 With confidence replies, To claim his ancient right,
 Him from his grandsires left; by tyranny and might,
 By him his foe usurp'd: with whose so bold reply,
 Whilst *Edward* throughly vex'd, doth seem to thrust him by;
 His second brother *George*, and *Richard* near that stood, 1355
 With many a cruel stab let out his princely blood;*
 In whom the Line direct of *Lancaster* doth cease,

And *Somerset* himself surpris'd in the prease,
 With many a worthy man, to *Gloster* prisoners led,
 There forfeited their lives: Queen *Margaret* being fled 1360
 To a religious Cell (to *Tewksbury*, too near),
 Discover'd to the King, with sad and heavy cheer,
 A prisoner was convey'd to *London*, woeful Queen,
 The last of all her hopes, that buried now had seen.

But of that outrage here, by that bold Bastard son† 1365
 Of *Thomas Nevill*, nam'd Lord *Falkonbridge*, which won
 A rude rebellious rout, in *Kent* and *Essex* rais'd,
 Who *London* here besieg'd, and *Southwarke* having seis'd,
 Set fire upon the Bridge: but when he not prevail'd,
 The suburbs on the East he furiously assail'd; 1370
 But by the City's power was lastly put to flight:
 Which being no set Field, not yet well-ord'red fight,
 Amongst our Battles here, may no way reckon'd be.

Then ‡*Bosworth* here the Muse now lastly bids for thee,

* The murder of Prince *Edward*.

† A brief passage of the Bastard *Falkonbridge* his Rebellion.

‡ The Battle of *Bosworth*.

Thy Battle to describe, the last of that long War, 1375
 Entit'led by the name of *Yorke* and *Lancaster* ;
 Twixt *Henry Tudor* Earl of *Richmond* only left
 Of the *Lancastrian* Line, who by the *Yorkists* reft
 Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,
 In *Britany* had liv'd ; but late at *Milford-Road*, 1380
 Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two thousand
 strong,
 Made out his way through *Wales*, where as he came along, 1385
 First *Griffith* great in blood, then *Morgan* next doth meet
 Him, with their several powers, as off'ring at his feet
 To lay their lands, and lives ; Sir *Rice ap Thomas* then, 1385
 With his brave band of *Welsh*, most choice and expert men,
 Comes lastly to his aid ; at *Shrewsbury* arriv'd,
 (His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)
 He on for *England* makes, and near to *Newport* town,
 The next ensuing night setting his army down, 1390
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot* still for *Lancaster* that stood,
 (To *Henry* near allied in friendship as in blood)
 From th' Earl of *Shrewsbury* his nephew (under age)
 Came with two thousand men, in warlike equipage,
 Which much his power increas'd ; when eas'ly setting on, 1395
 From *Lichfield*, as the way leads forth to *Atherston*,
 Brave *Bourcher* and his friend stout *Hungerford*, whose hopes
 On *Henry* long had lain, stealing from *Richard's* troops,
 (Wherewith they had been mix'd) to *Henry* do appear,
 Which with a high resolve, most strangely seem'd to cheer,
 His oft-appall'd heart, but yet the man which most, 1401
 Gave sail to *Henry's* self, and fresh life to his host,
 The stout Lord *Stanley* was, who for he had affied
 The mother of the Earl, to him so near allied :
 The King who fear'd his truth (which he to have, compell'd)
 The young Lord *Strange* his son, in hostage strongly held, 1406
 Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could find,

His son-in-law to meet ; yet he with him combin'd
 Sir *William Stanley*, known to be a valiant Knight,
 T' assure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rd's his height,
 A most selected band of *Cheshire* bow-men came, 1411
 By Sir *John Savage* led, besides two men of name :
 Sir *Brian Sanford*, and Sir *Simon Digby*, who
 Leaving the tyrant King, themselves expressly show 1414
 Fast friends to *Henry's* part, which still his power increas'd :
 Both armies well-prepar'd, towards *Bosworth* strongly preas'd,
 And on a spacious moor, lying Southward from the town ;
 Indifferent to them both, they set their armies down
 Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight :
 Where to the guilty King,* that black fore-running night, 1420
 Appear the dreadful ghosts of *Henry* and his son,
 Of his own brother *George*, and his two nephews done
 Most cruelly to death ; and of his wife, and friend,
 Lord *Hastings*, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
 Him piece-meal ; at which oft he roareth in his sleep. 1425

No sooner gan the dawn out of the East to peep,
 But drums and trumpets chide, the soldiers to their arms,
 And all the neighbouring fields are covered with the swarms
 Of those that came to fight, as those that came to see, 1429
 (Contending for a Crown) whose that great day should be.

First, *Richmond* rang'd his fights, on *Oxford* and bestows
 The leading, with a band of strong and sinewy bows
 Out of the army pick'd ; the front of all the field,
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot* next, he wisely took to wield, [were ;
 The right wing, with his strengths, most Northern men that
 And Sir *John Savage*, with the power of *Lancashire*, 1436
 And *Cheshire* (chief of men) was for the left wing plac'd :
 The middle battle he in his fair person grac'd,
 With him the noble Earl of *Pembroke*, who commands
 Their country-men the *Welsh* (of whom it mainly stands, 1440

* *Richard's* fearful dreams the night before the Battle.

For their great numbers found to be of greatest force),
Which but his guard of gleaves, consisted all of horse.

Into two several fights the King contriv'd his strength,
And his first battle cast into a wondrous length,
In fashion of a wedge, in point of which he set 1445
His archery, thereof and to the guidance let
Of *John* the noble Duke of *Norfolke*, and his son
Brave *Surrey*: he himself the second bringing on,
Which was a perfect square; and on the other side,
His horsemen had for wings, which by extending wide, 1450
The adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal pow'r.
The utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,
He to Lord *Stanley* sends, to bring away his aid;
And threats him by an oath, if longer he delay'd
His eldest son young *Strange* immediately should die, 1455
To whom stout *Stanley* thus doth carelessly reply:
Tell thou the King I'll come, when I fit time shall see,
I love the boy, but yet I have more sons than he.

The angry armies meet, when the thin air was rent,
With such re-echoing shouts, from either's soldiers sent, 1460
That flying o'er the field the birds down trembling dropp'd.
As some old building long that hath been underpropp'd,
When as the timber fails, by the unwieldy fall,
Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten wall,
And with confus'd clouds of smould'ring dust doth choke 1465
The streets and places near; so through the misty smoke,
By shot and ordnance made, a thundering noise was heard.
When *Stanley* that this while his succours had deferr'd,
Both to the cruel King, and to the Earl his son,
When once he doth perceive the battle was begun, 1470
Brings on his valiant troops, three thousand fully strong,
Which like a cloud far off, that tempest threat'ned long,
Falls on the tyrant's host, which him with terror strook,
As also when he sees, he doth but vainly look,

For succours from the great *Northumberland*, this while, 1475
 That from the battle scarce three-quarters of a mile,
 Stood with his power of horse, nor once was seen to stir :
 When *Richard* (that th' event no longer would defer)
 The two main battles mix'd, and that with wearied breath,
 Some labouréd to their life, some labouréd to their death, 1480
 (There for the better fought) even with a spirit elate,
 As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that Fate
 Could possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,
 Into the thick'st of death, through threat'ning peril prest,
 To where he had perceiv'd the Earl in person drew, 1485
 Whose Standard Bearer he, Sir *William Brandon*, slew,
 The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent ;
 When at a second shock, down Sir *John Cheney* went,
 Which scarce a lance's length before the Earl was plac'd,
 Until by *Richmond's* Guard, invironéd at last, 1490
 With many a cruel wound, was through the body gride.
 Upon this fatal field, *John Duke of Norfolk* died ;
 The stout Lord *Ferrers* fell, and *Ratcliffe*, that had long
 Of *Richard's* counsels been, found in the field among
 A thousand soldiers that on both sides were slain, 1495
 O *Red-more*, it then seem'd, thy name was not in vain,
 When with a thousand's blood the earth was colouréd red.
 Whereas th' Emperial Crown was set on *Henry's* head,
 Being found in *Richard's* tent, as he it there did win,
 The cruel tyrant stripp'd to the bare naked skin, 1500
 Behind a herauld truss'd, was back to *Le'ster* sent,
 From whence the day before he to the battle went.

The Battle then at *Stoke*,* so fortunately struck,
 (Upon King *Henry's* part, with so successful luck,
 As never till that day he felt his Crown to cleave 1505
 Unto his temples close, when *Mars* began to leave
 His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)

* The Battle of *Stoke*.

I come at last to sing, twixt that Seventh *Henry* fought ;
 With whom, to this brave Field the Duke of *Bedford* came,
 With *Oxford* his great friend, whose praise did him inflame
 To all achievements great, that fortunate had been 1511
 In every doubtful fight, since *Henry's* coming in,
 With th' Earl of *Shrewsbury*, a man of great command,
 And his brave son Lord *George*, for him that firmly stand.

And on the other side, *John* Duke of *Suffolk's* son, 1515
 (*John* Earl of *Lincolne* call'd) who this stern war begun,
 Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who,
 By *Simonds* a worse priest, instructed what to do,
 Upon him took the name of th' Earl of *Warwicke*, heir
 To *George* the murther'd Duke of *Clarence*, who (for fear 1520
 Lest some that favour'd *Yorke*, might under hand maintain)
 King *Henry* in the Tower, did at that time detain.

* Which practice set on foot, this Earl of *Lincolne* sail'd
 To *Burgundy*, where he with *Margaret* prevail'd,
 Wife to that warlike *Charles*, and his most lov'd Aunt, 1525
 Who vex'd that a proud *Lancastrian* should supplant
 The lawful line of *Yorke*, whence she her blood derived ;
 Wherefore for *Lincolne's* sake she speedily contriv'd,
 And *Lovell*,† that brave Lord, before him sent to land
 Upon the same pretence, to furnish them a band 1530
 Of *Almaines*, and to them for their stout Captain gave
 The valiant *Martin Swart*, the man thought scarce to have
 His match for martial feats, and sent them with a fleet
 For *Ireland*, where she had appointed them to meet,
 With *Simonds* that lewd clerk, and *Lambert*, whom they there
 The Earl of *Warwicke* call'd, and publish'd everywhere 1536
 His title to the Crown, in *Divelin*, and proclaim
 Him *England's* lawful King, by the Fifth *Edward's* name :

* The Duchess of *Burgundy* was sister to *Edward* the Fourth, and so was this Earl's mother.

† The Lord *Francis Lovell*.

Then joining with the Lord *Fitz-Gerald*,* to their aid
 Who many *Irish* brought, they up their anchors weigh'd 1540
 And at the rocky pyle of *Fowdray*† put to shore
 In *Lancashire*; their power increasing more and more,
 By soldiers sent them in from *Broughton*‡ (for supply)
 A Knight that long had been of their confederacy;
 Who making thence, direct their marches to the South. 1545

When *Henry* saw himself so far in danger's mouth,
 From *Coventry* he came, still gathering up his host,
 Made greater on his way, and doth the country coast,
 Which way he understood his enemies must pass:
 When after some few days (as it their fortunes was) 1550
 At *Stoke*, a village near to *Newarke-upon-Trent*,
 Each in the other's sight pitch'd down their warlike tent.
 Into one battle soon, the *Almains* had dispos'd
 Their army, in a place upon two parts inclos'd
 With dells, and fenc'd dykes (as they were expert men) 1555
 And from the open fields King *Henry's* host again,
 In three fair several fights came equally divided;
 The first of which, and fitt'st, was given to be guided
 By *Shrewsbury*, which most of soldiers choice consisted:
 The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they listed, 1560
 Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they found
 Just cause for their retire; when soon the troubled ground,
 On her black bosom felt the thunder, which awoke
 Her Genius, with the shock that violently shook
 Her intrails; this sad day when there ye might have seen 1565
 Two thousand *Almains* stand, of which each might have been
 A leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,
 That they could hardly see the very sun for shot,
 Yet they that motion kept that perfect soldiers should;
 That most courageous *Swart* there might they well behold,

* The Lord *Thomas Geraldine*. † On the coast of *Lancashire*.

‡ Sir *Thomas Broughton*.

With most unusual skill, that desperate fight maintain, 1571
 And valiant *De la Poole*, most like his princely strain,
 Did all that courage could, or noblesse might befit ;
 And *Lovell* that brave Lord, behind him not a whit, 1574
 For martial deeds that day: stout *Broughton* that had stood
 With *Yorke* (even) from the first, there lastly gave his blood
 To that well-foughten Field: the poor trowz'd *Irish* there,
 Whose mantles stood for mail, whose skins for corslets were,
 And for their weapons had but *Irish* skaines and darts,
 Like men that scornéd death, with most resolvéd hearts, 1580
 Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewn,
 Where first they fought, they fell; with them was overthrown
 The Leader *Gerald's* hope, amidst his men that fought,
 And took such part as they, whom he had thither brought.
 This of that field be told,* There was not one that fled, 1585
 But where he first was plac'd, there found alive or dead.
 If in a foughten field, a man his life should lose,
 To die as these men did, who would not gladly choose,
 Which full four thousand were. But in this tedious Song,
 The too laborious Muse hath tarried all too long. 1590

As for the *Black-Smith's*† Rout, who did together rise,
 Encamping on *Blackheath*, t' annul the subsidies
 By Parliament then given, or that of *Cornwall*‡ call'd,
 Inclosures to cast down, which overmuch enthrall'd
 The subject: or proud *Kets*, who with the same pretence 1595
 In *Norfolke* rais'd such stirs, as but with great expense
 Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in *Lent*
 By *Wyat*§ and his friends, the marriage to prevent,
 That *Mary* did intend with *Philip* King of *Spain*:
 Since these but riots were, nor fit the other's strain, 1600

* A Field bravely fought.

† *Michael Joseph* with the *Cornish* Rebels.

‡ The Rebellion of *Cornwall*, in the third year of *Edward* the Sixt.

§ Sir *Thomas Wyatt*.

She here her Battles ends : and as she did before,
 So travelling along upon her silent shore,
Waybridge a neighbouring Nymph, the only remnant left
 Of all that Forest-kind, by Time's injurious theft
 Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did abound, 1605
 And former times had seen the goodliest Forest-ground,
 This Island ever had : but she so left alone,
 The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
 The deep intrancéd Flood, as thinking to awake,
 Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake : 1610

O Flood in happy plight, which to this time remain'st,
 As still along in state to *Neptune's* Court thou strain'st,
 Revive thee with the thought of those forepasséd hours,
 When the rough Wood-gods kept, in their delightful bowers
 On thy embroideréd banks, when now this Country fill'd, 1615
 With villages, and by the labouring plowman till'd,
 Was Forest, where the fir, and spreading poplar grew.
 O let me yet the thought of those past times renew,
 When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous wild,
 Whence every living thing save only they exil'd, 1620
 In this their world of waste, the sovereign empire sway'd.
 O who would e'er have thought, that time could have decay'd
 Those trees whose bodies seem'd, by their so massy weight,
 To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous height
 To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to shoot, 1625
 As they in measuring were of acres, and their root,
 With long and mighty spurs to grapple with the land,
 As Nature would have said, that they should ever stand :
 So that this place where now this *Huntingdon* is set,
 Being an easy hill where mirthful Hunters met, 1630
 From that first took the name. By this the Muse arrives
 At *Elie's* isléd marge, by having pass'd *Saint Ives*,
 Unto the *German* Sea she hasteth her along,
 And here she shutteth up her Two-and-Twentieth Song,

In which she quite hath spent her vigour, and must now, 1635
As workmen often use, a while sit down and blow ;
And after this short pause, though less'ning of her height,
Come in another key, yet not without delight.





THE ^{*}THREE-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*From furious Fights Invention comes,
Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shows Whittlewood's, and Sacie's grounds ;*
Then to Mount Hellidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
*The Surface which of England sings,
And Nen down to the Washes brings ;*
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shows Rockingham her rich array :
A Course at Kelmarsh then she takes,
Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.

5

10



N tow'rs the Midlands now, th' industrious Muse
doth make, [take ;

The *Northamptonian* earth and in her way doth
As fruitful every way, as those by Nature, which

The Husbandman by art, with compost doth enrich,
This boasting of herself ; that walk her verge about, 5
And view her well within, her breadth, and length through-
out,

The worst foot of her earth, is equal with their best,
With most abundant store, that highest think them blest.

When *Whittlewood* betime th' unwearied Muse doth win
 To talk with her awhile ; at her first coming in, 10
 The Forest thus that greets : With more successful Fate,
 Thrive than thy fellow Nymphs, whose sad and ruinous state
 We every day behold, if anything there be,
 That from this general fall, thee happily may free,
 'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce 15
 More under-wood, and brake, than oak for greater use :
 But when this ravenous Age, of those hath us bereft,
 Time wanting this our store, shall seise what thee is left.
 For what base Avarice now inticeth men to do,
 Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to ; 20
 Which each divining spirit most clearly doth foresee.

Whilst at this speech perplex'd, the Forest seem'd to be,
 A Water-nymph, near to this goodly Wood-nymph's side,
 (As tow'rds her sovereign *Ouze*, she softly down doth slide)
Tea, her delightful stream by *Tawcester* doth lead ; 25
 And sporting her sweet self in many a dainty mead,
 She hath not sallied far, but *Sacy* soon again
 Salutes her ; one much grac'd amongst the Sylvan train :
 One whom the Queen of Shades, the bright *Diana* oft
 Hath courted for her looks, with kisses smooth and soft, 30
 On her fair bosom lean'd, and tenderly imbrac'd,
 And call'd her, her Dear Heart, most lov'd, and only chaste :
 Yet *Sacie* after *Tea*, her amorous eyes doth throw,
 Till in the banks of *Ouze* the Brook herself bestow.

Where in those fertile fields, the Muse doth hap to meet
 Upon that side which sits the West of *Watling-street*, 36
 With *Helidon** a Hill, which though it be but small, [call,
 Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our Mountains
 Yet hath three famous Floods, that out of him do flow,
 That to three several Seas, by their assistants go ; 40
 Of which the noblest, *Nen*, to fair *Northampton* hies,

* A Hill not far from *Daventry*.

By *Owndle* sallying on, then *Peterborough* plyes
 Old *Medhamsted*.* where her the Sea-maids intertain,
 To lead her through the Fen into the *German Main*,
 The second, *Charwell* is, at *Oxford* meeting *Thames*, 45
 Is by his King convey'd into the *Celtick*† streams.
 Then *Leame* as least, the last, to mid-land *Avon* hastes,
 Which Flood again itself, into proud *Severne* casts :
 As on th' *Iberian*‡ Sea, herself great *Severne* spends ;
 So *Leame* the dower she hath, to that wide Ocean lends. 50
 But *Helidon* wax'd proud, the happy Sire to be
 To so renownéd Floods, as these fore-naméd three,
 Besides the Hill of note, near *England's* midst that stands,
 Whence from his face, his back, or on his either hands,
 The Land extends in breadth, or lays itself in length. 55
 Wherefore, this Hill to show his state and natural strength,
 The surface of this part determineth to show,
 Which we now *England* name, and through her tracts to go.
 But being plain and poor, professeth not that height,
 As falcon-like to soar, till less'ning to the sight. 60
 But as the sundry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,
 As full expressions fit, or verses smooth and soft,
 Upon their several sites, as naturally to strain,
 And wisheth that these Floods, his tunes to entertain,
 The air with halcyon calms, may wholly have possest, 65
 As though the rough winds tired, were eas'ly laid to rest.
 Then on the worth'est tract up tow'rds the mid-day's sun,
 His undertaken task thus *Hellidon* begun. [charge,
 § From where the kingly *Thames* his stomach doth dis-
 To *Devonshire*, where the land her bosom doth inlarge ; 70
 And with the in-land air, her beauties doth relieve,
 Along the *Celtick* Sea, call'd oftentimes the *Sleeve* :

* The ancient name of *Peterborough*.

† The *French* Sea.

‡ The *Spanish* Sea.

§ A description of the surface of the sundry Tracts of *England*.

Although upon the coast, the Downs appear but bare,
Yet naturally within the Countries woody are.

Then *Cornwall* creepeth out into the Western Main, 75
As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at *Spain* :
Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,
Had laid herself along on *Neptune's* amorous breast.

With *Denshire*, from the firm, that Beak of land that fills,
What landskip lies in vales, and often rising hills, 80
So plac'd betwixt the *French*, and the *Sabrinian* Seas,
As on both sides adorn'd with many harborous Bays,
Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of tin,
From any other tract, the praise doth clearly win.

From *Denshire* by those shores, which *Severne* oft surrounds,
The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds 86
With sundry sort of fruits, as well-grown grass and corn,
That *Somerset* may say, her batning moors do scorn
Our *England's* richest earth, for burthen should them stain ;
And on the self-same tract, up *Severn's* stream again, 90
The Vale of *Eusham* lays her length so largely forth,
As though she meant to stretch herself into the North,
Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and low,
Till her rich soil itself to *Warwickshire* do show.

Hence somewhat South by East, let us our course incline,
And from these setting shores so merely maritime, 96
The Isle's rich in-land parts, let's take with us along,
To set him rightly out, in our well-ord'red Song ;
Whose prospects to the Muse their sundry sites shall show,
Where she from place to place, as free as air shall flow, 100
Their superficies so exactly to descry,
Through *Wiltshire*, pointing how the Plain of *Salisbury*
Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a train
So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to contain
Her vastness, North from her, himself proud *Cotswould*
vaunts,

And casts so stern a look about him that he daunts 106
The lowly Vales, remote that sit with humbler eyes.

In *Buckshire*, and from thence into the Orient lies
That most renownéd Vale of *White-horse*, and by her,
So *Buckingham* again doth *Alsbury* prefer, 110
With any *English* earth, along upon whose pale,
That mounting Country then, which maketh her a Vale,
The chalky *Chilterne*, runs with beeches crown'd about,
Through *Bedfordshire* that bears, till his bald front he shoot,
Into that foggy earth towards *Ely*, that doth grow 115
Much fenny, and surrounds with every little flow.

So on into the East, upon the in-land ground,
From where that crystal *Colne** most properly doth bound,
Rough *Chilterne*, from the soil, wherein rich *London* sits,
As being fair and flat it naturally befits 120
Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along
To the *Essexian* earth, which likewise in our Song,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Although the several Shires, by sundry soils do make
It different in degrees ; for *Middlesex* of sands 125
Her soil composéd hath ; so are th' *Essexian* lands,
Adjoining to the same, that sit by *Isis*' side,
Which *London* over-looks : but as she waxeth wide,
So *Essex* in her tides, her deep-grown marshes drowns,
And to inclosures cuts her drier upland grounds, 130
Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods did prize ;
Whence those fair Countries lie, upon the pleasant rise,
(Betwixt the mouth of *Thames*, and where *Ouze* roughly dashes
Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy washes)
Suffolke and *Norfolke* near, so naméd of their sites, 135
Adornéd every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that everywhere are seen,

* The River running by *Uxbridge*, falling into the *Thames* at *Colebrooke*.

Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and green,
 Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within them lie,
 As Nature in them strove to show variety. 140

From *Ely* all along upon that Eastern Sea,
 Then *Lincolneshire* herself, in state at length doth lay,
 Which for her fatning Fens, her fish, and fowl may have
 Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to out-brave
 All other Southern Shires, whose head the Washes feels, 145
 Till wantonly she kick proud *Humber* with her heels.

Up tow'rds the Navel then, of *England* from her flank,
 Which *Lincolneshire* we call, so levelléd and lank.
Northampton, *Rutland* then, and *Huntingdon*, which three
 Do show by their full soils, all of one piece to be, 150
 Of *Nottingham* a part, as *Lester* them is lent,
 From *Bever's* batning Vale, along the banks of *Trent*.
 So on the other side, into the Set again,

Where *Severne* tow'rds the sea from *Shrewsbury* doth strain,
 Twixt which and *Avon's* banks (where *Arden** when of old,
 Her bushy curléd front, she bravely did uphold, 156
 In state and glory stood) now of three several Shires,
 The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth appears
 That mighty Forest's foot, of *Worstershire* a part,
 Of *Warwickshire* the like, which sometime was the heart 160
 Of *Arden* that brave Nymph, yet woody here and there,
 Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel bear
 A turf more harsh and hard, where *Stafford* doth partake,
 In quality with those, as Nature strove to make
 Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they lie, 165
 Which likewise in this tract, we here together tie.

From these recited parts to th' North, more high and bleak,
 Extended ye behold, the *Mooreland* and the *Peake*,
 From either's several site, in either's mighty waste,
 A sterner low'ring eye, that every way do cast 170

* See to the Thirteenth Song.

On their beholding hills, and countries round about ;
 Whose soils as of one shape, appearing clean throughout.
 For *Moreland* which with heath most naturally doth bear,
 Her winter livery still, in summer seems to wear ;
 As likewise doth the *Peake*, whose dreadful caverns found,
 And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound, 176
 Her superficies makes more terrible to show :
 So from her natural fount, as *Severne* down doth flow,
 The high *Salopian* Hills lift up their rising sails ;
 Which Country as it is the near'st allied to *Wales*, 180
 In mountains so it most is to the same alike.

Now tow'rds the *Irish* Seas a little let us strike,
 Where *Cheshire* (as her choice) with *Lancashire* doth lie
 Along th' unlevell'd shores ; this former to the eye,
 In her complexion shows black earth with gravel mixt, 185
 A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
 A good fast-feeding grass, most strongly that doth breed :
 As *Lancashire* no less excelling for her seed,
 Although with heath, and fen, her upper parts abound ;
 As likewise to the Sea, upon the lower ground, 190
 With mosses, fleets, and fells, she shows most wild and
 rough,

Whose turf, and square-cut peat, is fuel good enough. .
 So, on the North of *Trent*, from *Nottingham* above,
 Where *Sherwood* her curl'd front, into the cold doth shove,
 Light forest-land is found, to where the floating *Don*, 195
 In making tow'rds the Main, her *Doncaster* hath won,
 Where *Yorkshire* 's laid abroad, so many a mile extent,
 To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,
 A Province, than a Shire, which rather seemeth : so
 It incidently most variety doth show. 200

Here stony sterile grounds, there wondrous fruitful fields,
 Here champaine, and there wood, it in abundance yields :
 Th' *West-riding*, and *North*, be mountainous and high,

But tow'rds the *German* Sea the East, more low doth lie.
 This Isle hath not that earth, of any kind elsewhere, 205
 But on this part or that epitomizéd here.

Tow'rds those *Scotch-Irish* Isles, upon that Sea again,
 The rough *Virgivan* call'd, that tract which doth contain
 Cold *Cumberland*, which yet wild *Westmerland* excells
 For roughness, at whose point lies rugged *Fournesse Fells*, 210
 Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which do make
 Her wild superfluous waste, as Nature sport did take
 In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threatning fronts
 do dare

Each other with their looks, as though they would out-stare
 The starry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they stand. 215

From these into the East, upon the other hand,
 The *Bishopricke*, and fair *Northumberland* do bear
 To *Scotland's* bordering *Tweed*, which as the North elsewhere,
 Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
 Upon the Ocean look; which kindly doth imbrace 220
 Those countries all along, upon the rising side,
 Which for the batfull glebe, by nature them deni'd,
 With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,
 By which this tract remains renown'd above the rest :
 For what from her rich womb, each harbourous road receives.

Yet *Hellidon* not here, his lov'd description leaves, 226
 Though now his darling Springs desir'd him to desist ;
 But say all what they can, he'll do but what he list.
 As he the Surface thus, so likewise will he show,
 The clownish Blazons, to each Country long ago, 230
 Which those unletteréd times, with blind devotion lent,
 Before the Learned Maids our fountains did frequent,
 To show the Muse can shift her habit, and she now,
 Of *Palatins* that sung, can whistle to the plow ;
 And let the curious tax his clownry, with their skill 235
 He reckes not, but goes on, and say they what they will.

**Kent* first in our account, doth to itself apply,
 (Quoth he) this Blazon first, *Long Tails and Liberty.*
Sussex with *Surrey* say, *Then let us lead home Logs.*
 As *Hamshire* long for her, hath had the term of *Hogs.* 240
 So *Dorsetshire* of long, they *Dorsers* us'd to call.
Cornwall and *Devonshire* cry, *We'll wrastle for a Fall.*
 Then *Somerset* says, *Set the Bandog on the Bull.*
 And *Glostershire* again is blazon'd, *Weigh thy Wooll.*
 As *Barkshire* hath for hers, *Lets to 't and toss the Ball.* 245
 And *Wiltshire* will for her, *Get home and pay for all.*
Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of *Bread and Beef,*
Where if you beat a Bush, 'tis odds you start a Thief.
 So *Hartford* blazon'd is, *The Club, and clowted Shoone,*
 Thereto, *I'll rise betime, and sleep again at Noon.* 250
 When *Middlesex* bids, *Up to London let us go,*
And when our Market's done, we'll have a pot or two.
 As *Essex* hath of old been naméd, *Calves and Stiles,*
Fair Suffolke, Maids and Milk, and Norfolke, Many Wiles.
 So *Cambridge* hath been call'd, *Hold Nets, and let us win;* 255
 And *Huntingdon*, *With Stilts we'll stalk through thick and thin.*
Northamptonshire of long hath had this Blazon, *Love*
Below the girdle all, but little else above.
 An outcry *Oxford* makes, *The Scholars have been here,*
And little though they paid, yet have they had good cheer. 260
 Quoth warlike *Warwickshire*, *I'll bind the sturdy Bear.*
 Quoth *Worstershire* again, *And I will squirt the Pear.*
 Then *Staffordshire* bids *Stay, and I will beat the Fire,*
And nothing will I ask, but good will for my hire.
Bean belly, Lestershire her attribute doth bear. 265
 And *Bells and Bagpipes* next, belong to *Lincolneshire.*
 Of *Malt-horse, Bedfordshire* long since the Blazon wan.
 And little *Rutlandshire* is terméd *Raddleman.*
 To *Darby* is assign'd the name of *Wool and Lead.*

* Here follow the Blazons of the Shires.

As *Nottingham's*, of old (is common) *Ale and Bread*. 270
 So *Hereford* for her says, *Give me Woof and Warp*.
 And *Shropshire* saith in her, *That Shins be ever sharp*,
Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my Harp,
And whilst the black Bowl walks, we merrily will carp.
 Old *Cheshire* is well-known to be the *Chief of Men*. 275
Fair Women doth belong to *Lancashire* agen.
 The lands that over *Ouze* to *Berwicke* forth do bear,
 Have for their *Blazon* had the *Snaffle, Spur, and Spear*.

Now *Nen* extremely griev'd those barbarous things to
 hear,

By *Helidon* her sire, that thus delivered were : 280
 For as his eld'st, she was to pass'd ages known,
 Whom by *Aufona's* name the *Romans* did renown.
 A word by them deriv'd of *Avon*, which of long,
 The *Britans* call'd her by, expressing in their tongue
 The full and general name of waters ; wherefore she 285
 Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,
 Lest things so low and poor, and now quite out of date,
 Should happily impair her dignity and state.
 Wherefore from him her sire immediately she hastes ;
 And as she forth her course to *Peterborough* casts, 290
 She falleth in her way with *Weedon*, where 'tis said,
 Saint *Werburge* princely-born, a most religious maid,
 From those peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geese drove,
 Thence through the champaine she lasciviously doth rove
 Tow'rds fair *Northampton*, which, whilst *Nen* was *Avon* call'd,
 Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd 296
 Upon her Northern* side, where taking in a rill,
 Her long-impoverish'd banks more plenteously to fill,
 She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields ;
 Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields,

* *Northampton*, for *North-avon-ton*, the Town upon the North of
Avon.

To *Wellingborough** comes, whose fountains in she takes, 301
 Which quickening her again, immediately she makes
 To *Owndle*, which receives contractedly the sound
 From *Avondale*, t' express that River's lowest ground :
 To *Peterborough* thence she maketh forth her way, 305
 Where *Welland* hand in hand, goes on with her to sea ;
 When *Rockingham*, the Muse to her fair Forest brings,
 Thence lying to the North, whose sundry gifts she sings :

O dear and dainty Nymph, most gorgeously array'd,
 Of all the *Dryads* known, the most delicious Maid, 310
 With all delights adorn'd, that any way beseem
 A Sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem
 A Deity in thee, in whose delightful bowres,
 The Fauns and Fayries make the longest days but hours,
 And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat, 315
 Thou to thy handmaid haste (thy pleasures to await),
 Fair *Benéfield*, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,
 Which bears a grass as soft, as is the dainty sleeve, [deer;
 And thrumm'd so thick and deep, that the proud palméd
 Forsake the closer woods, and make their quiet leyre 320
 In beds of platted fog, so eas'ly there they sit.

A Forest and a Chase in everything so fit
 This Island hardly hath, so near allied that be ;
 Brave Nymph, such praise belongs to *Benéfield* and thee. 324

Whilst *Rockingham* was heard with these reports to ring,
 The Muse by making on tow'rds *Welland's* ominous spring,
 With *Kelmarsh*† there is caught, for Coursing of the Hare,
 Which scorns that any place, should with her Plains com-
 pare :

Which in the proper terms the Muse doth thus report :

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport, 330

* So called of his many Wells or Fountains.

† A place in the North part of *Northamptonshire*, excellent for coursing with Greyhounds.

The Finder* sendeth out, to seek out nimble *Wat*,
 Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,
 Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,
 †Then viewing for the Course, which is the fairest ground,
 The Greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then in case,
 And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace ; 336
 The Finder puts her up, and gives her Coursers law.
 And whilst the eager dogs upon the Start do draw,
 She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,
 Forc'd by some yelping Cute‡ to give the Greyhounds view,
 Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go, 341
 As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,
 When each man runs his horse, with fixéd eyes, and notes
 Which dog first turns the Hare, which first the other cotes,§
 They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turn will take, 345
 What's off'red by the first, the other good doth make ;
 And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,
 Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility :
 A hard'ned ridge or way, when if the Hare do win,
 Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth spin, 350
 That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach her,
 This giving him a cote, about again doth fetch her
 To him that comes behind, which seems the Hare to bear ;
 But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear : 354
 Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
 The Greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to
 take her,
 Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things attends,
 And with my Course at Hare, my Canto likewise ends.

* The Hare-finder.

† A description of a Course at the Hare.

‡ A Cur.

§ When one Greyhound outstrips the other in the Course.



THE FOUR-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The fatal Welland from her springs,
This Song to th' Isle of Ely brings :
Our ancient English Saints revives,
Then in an oblique course contrives,
The Rarities that Rutland shows,
Which with this Canto she doth close.*

5

THIS way, to that fair Fount of *Welland* hath us led,
At *Nasby** to the North, where from a second head
Runs *Avon*, which along to *Severne* shapes her
course,

But pliant Muse proceed, with our new-handled source,
Of whom from Ages past, a prophecy there ran,† 5
(Which to this ominous Flood much fear and reverence wan)
That she alone should drown all *Holland*, and should see
Her *Stamford*, which so much forgotten seems to be ;
Renown'd for liberal Arts, as highly honour'd there,
As they in *Cambridge* are, or *Oxford* ever were ; 10
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,

* The Fountain of *Welland*.

† An ancient Prophecy of the River of *Welland*.

That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long inclos'd,
 Yet in her secret breast a Catalogue had kept
 Of our religious Saints, which though they long had slept,
 Yet through the Christ'ned world, for they had won such
 fame

15

Both to the *British* first, then to the *English* name,
 For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,
 Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,
 It much her Genius griev'd, to have them now neglected,
 Whose piety so much those zealous times respected. 20
 Wherefore she with herself resolv'd, when that she
 To *Peterborough* came, where much she long'd to be,
 That in the wish'd view of *Medhamsted*, that Town,
 Which he the great'st of Saints doth by his name renown,
 She to his glorious Fane an off'ring as to bring, 25
 Of her dear Country's Saints, the Martyrologe would sing :
 *And therefore all in haste to *Harborough* she hied,
 Whence *Lestershire* she leaves upon the Northward side,
 At *Rutland* then arriv'd, where *Stamford* her sustains,
 By *Deeping* drawing out, to *Lincolneshire* she leans, 30
 Upon her bank by North, against this greater throng,
Northamptonshire to South still lies with her along,
 And now approaching near to this appointed place, [brace;
 Where she and *Nen* make show as though they would im-
 But only they salute, and each holds on her way, 35
 When holy *Welland* thus was wisely heard to say :

I sing of Saints, and yet my Song shall not be fraught
 With Miracles by them but feign'd to be wrought,
 That they which did their lives so palpably belie,
 To times have much impeach'd their holiness thereby : 40
 Though fools (I say) on them, such poor impostures lay,
 Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than they,
 Which think they have by this so great advantage got

* The course of *Welland* to the Sea.

Their venerable names from memory to blot,
 Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art so pure, 45
 The name of such a Saint that no way canst endure;
 Know in respect of them to recompense that hate, [date:
 The wretched'st thing, and thou have both one death and
 From all vain worship too; and yet am I as free
 As is the most precise, I pass not who he be. 50
 Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despight,
 I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.
 This spoke, to her fair aid her sister *Nen* she wins,
 When she of all her Saints, now with that man begins:
 *The first that ever told Christ Crucified to us, 55
 (By *Paul* and *Peter* sent) just *Aristobulus*,
 Renown'd in Holy Writ, a Labourer in the Word,
 For that most certain Truth, opposing fire and sword,
 By th' *Britans* murder'd here, so unbelieving then.
 Next holy *Joseph* came, the mercifull'st of men, 60
 The Saviour of mankind in Sepulchre that laid,
 That to the *Britans* was th' Apostle; in his aid
 Saint *Duvian*, and with him Saint *Fagan*, both which were
 His scholars, likewise left their sacred Reliques here:
 All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian state, 65
 At *Glastenbury* long that were commemorate.
 When *Amphiball* again our Martyrdom began
 In that most bloody reign of *Dioclesian*:
 This man into the truth that blessed *Alban* led
 (Our Proto-Martyr call'd) who strongly discipl'd 70
 In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to appease:
 His fellow-martyrs then, *Stephen*, and *Socrates*,
 At holy *Alban's* Town, their Festival should hold;
 So of that Martyr nam'd (which *Ver'lam* was of old),
 A thousand other Saints, whom *Amphiball* had taught, 75
 Flying the Pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,

* Saints in the Primitive *British* Church.

Were slain where *Lichfield* is, whose name doth rightly sound,
(There of those Christians slain) Dead-field, or Burying-ground.

Then for the Christian faith, two other here that stood,
And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with their blood:
Saint *Julius*, and with him Saint *Aron*, have their room, 81
At *Carleon* suff'ring death by *Dioclesian's* doom :

Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,
'Gainst those here for the Faith, their utmost that ingag'd.
Saint *Angule* put to death, one of our holiest men, 85

At *London*, of that See, the godly Bishop then
In that our Infant Church, so resolute was he.

A second Martyr too grac'd *London's* ancient See,
Though it were after long, good *Voadine* who reprov'd
Proud *Vortiger* his King, unlawfully that lov'd 90

Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial bed ;
For which by that stern Prince unjustly murtheréd,
As he a Martyr died, is sainted with the rest.

The third Saint of that See (though only he confest)
Was *Guithelme*, unto whom those times that reverence gave,
As he a place with them eternally shall have. 96

So *Melior* may they bring, the Duke of *Cornwall's* son,
By his false brother's hands, to death who being done
In hate of Christian Faith, whose zeal lest time should taint,
As he a Martyr was, they justly made a Saint. 100

Those godly *Romans* then (who as mine Author saith)
Wan good King *Lucius* first t' imbrace the Christian Faith,
Fugatius, and his friend Saint *Damian*, as they were
Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance here :
As two more (near that time, *Christ Jesus* that confess'd, 105
And that most lively faith, by their good works express'd)
Saint *Elvan* with his peer Saint *Midwin*, who to win
The *Britans* (com'n from *Rome*, where *Christ'ned* they had
bin),

Converted to the Faith their thousands, whose dear grave,
That *Glastenbury* grac'd, there their memorial have. 110

As they their sacred bones in *Britain* here bestow'd,
So *Britain* likewise sent her Saints to them abroad :*
Marsellus that just man, who having gather'd in
The scatter'd Christian Flock, instructed that had bin
By holy *Joseph* here ; to congregate he wan 115
This justly-nam'd Saint, this never-wearied man,
Next to the *Germans* preach'd, till (void of earthly fear)
By his courageous death, he much renown'd *Trevere*.

Then of our Native Saints, the first that died abroad ;
Beatus, next to him shall fitly be bestow'd, 120
In *Switzerland* who preach'd, whom there those Paynims slew,
When greater in their place, though not in faith, ensue
Saint *Lucius* (call'd of us) the primer-christ'ned King,
Of th' ancient *Britons* then, who led the glorious ring
To all the *Saxon* Race, that here did him succeed, 125
Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
His rule in *Britain* left, and to *Helvetia* hied,
Where he a Bishop liv'd, a Martyr lastly died :
As *Constantine* the Great, that godly Emperor,
Here first the Christian Church that did to peace restore, 130
Whose ever-blessed birth (as by the power Divine),
The *Roman* Empire brought into the *British* Line,
Constantinople's Crown, and th' ancient *Britans'* glory.
So other here we have to furnish up our Story,
Saint *Melon* well-near, when the *British* Church began, 135
(Even early in the reign of *Rome's Valerian*)
Here leaving us for *Rome*, from thence to *Roan* was call'd,
To preach unto the *French*, where soon he was install'd
Her Bishop : *Britain* so may of her *Gudwall* vaunt,
Who first the *Flemings* taught, whose Feast is held at *Gaunt*.
So others forth she brought, to little *Britain* vow'd, 141

* *Britain* sendeth her holy men to other countries.

Saint *Wenlocke*, and with him Saint *Sampson*, both allow'd
 Apostles of that place, the first the Abbot sole
 Of *Tawrac*, and the last sate on the See of *Dole* :
 Where dying, *Maglor* then thereof was Bishop made, 145
 Sent purposely from hence, that people to persuade,
 To keep the Christian Faith : so *Golvin* gave we thither,
 Who sainted being there, we set them here together.

As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin'd
 Amongst the *British* dames, and worthily divin'd : 150
 The Finder of the Cross Queen *Helena* doth lead ;
 Who though *Rome* set a Crown on her imperial head,
 Yet in our *Britain* born, and bred up choicely here.
Emerita the next, King *Lucius*' sister dear,
 Who in *Helvetia* with her martyred brother died. 155
 Bright *Ursula* the third, who undertook to guide
 Th' Eleven Thousand Maids to *Little Britain* sent,
 By seas and bloody men devour'd as they went :
 Of which we find these four have been for Saints preferr'd,
 (And with their Leader still do live incalender'd) 160
 Saint *Agnes*, *Cordula*, *Odillia*, *Florence*, which
 With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did enrich
 At *Cullen*, where their lives most clearly are exprest,
 And yearly Feasts observ'd to them and all the rest.

But when it came to pass the *Saxon* powers had put 165
 The *Britans* from these parts, and them o'er *Severne* shut,
 The Christian Faith with her, then *Cambria* had alone,*
 With those that it receiv'd (from this now *England*) gone,
 Whose *Cambrobritans* so their Saints as duly brought,
 T' advance the Christian Faith, effectually that wrought, 170
 Their *David* (one deriv'd of th' royal *British* blood),
 Who 'gainst *Pelagius*' false and damn'd opinions stood,
 And turn'd *Menenia*'s name to *David*'s sacred See,
 Th' Patron of the *Welsh* deserving well to be : . 174

* The *Cambro-British* Saints.

With *Cadock*, next to whom comes *Canock*, both which were
 Prince *Brechan's* sons, who gave the name to *Brecknocksheere*;
 The first a Martyr made, a Confessor the other.

So *Clintanck*, *Brecknock's* Prince, as from one self-same mother,
 A Saint upon that seat, the other doth ensue,
 Whom for the Christian Faith a Pagan soldier slew. 180

So Bishops can she bring, which of her Saints shall be,
 As *Asaph*, who first gave that name unto that See;
 Of *Bangor*, and may boast Saint *David* which her wan
 Much reverence; and with these *Owdock* and *Telean*,
 Both Bishops of *Landaff*, and Saints in their succession; 185
 Two other following these, both in the same profession,
 Saint *Dubric* whose report old *Carleon* yet doth carry,
 And *Elery* in *Northwales*, who built a Monastery,
 In which himself became the Abbot, to his praise,
 And spent in alms and prayer the remnant of his days. 190

But leaving these Divin'd, to *Decuman* we come,
 In *Northwales* who was crown'd with glorious Martyrdom.
Justinian, as that man a Sainted place deserv'd,
 Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body sterv'd:
 And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain, 195
 There by his fellow-Monks most cruelly was slain.

So *Cambria*, *Benô* bare; and *Gildas*, which doth grace
 Old *Bangor*, and by whose learn'd writings we imbrace,
 The knowledge of those times; the fruits of whose just pen,
 Shall live for ever fresh, with all truth-searching men: 200

Then other, which for hers old *Cambria* doth aver,
 Saint *Senan*, and with him we set Saint *Deiferre*,
 Then *Tather* will we take, and *Chyned* to the rest,
 With *Baruk*, who so much the Isle of *Bardsey* blest
 By his most powerful prayer, to solitude that liv'd, 205
 And of all worldly care his zealous soul depriv'd.

Of these, some liv'd not long, some wondrous agéd were,
 But in the mountains liv'd, all Hermits here and there.

O more than mortal men, whose faith and earnest prayers,
 Not only bare ye hence, but were those mighty stairs 210
 By which you went to heaven, and GOD so clearly saw,
 As this vain earthly pomp had not the power to draw
 Your elevated souls, but once to look so low,
 As those depressed paths, wherein base worldlings go.
 What mind doth not admire the knowledge of these men ? 215
 But zealous Muse return unto thy task agen.

These holy men at home, as here they were bestow'd,
 So *Cambria* had such too, as famous were abroad.
Sophy King *Gulick's* son of *Northwales*, who had seen
 The Sepulchre three times, and more, seven times had been
 On pilgrimage at *Rome*, of *Beniventum* there 221
 The painful Bishop made ; by him so place we here,
 Saint *Macklove*, from *Northwales* to *Little Britaine* sent,
 That people to convert, who resolutely bent,
 Of *Athelney* in time the Bishop there became, 225
 Which her first title chang'd, and took his proper name.
 So she her Virgins had, and vow'd as were the best :
 Saint *Keyne* Prince *Brechan's* child (a man so highly blest,
 That thirty born to him all Saints accounted were).
 Saint *Inthwar* so apart shall with these other bear, 230
 Who out of false suspect was by her brother slain.
 Then *Winifrid*, whose name yet famous doth remain,
 Whose Fountain in *Northwales* intitled by her name,
 For moss, and for the stones that be about the same,
 Is sounded through this Isle, and to this latter age 235
 Is of our *Romists* held their latest pilgrimage.

But when the *Saxons* here so strongly did reside,
 And surely seated once, as owners to abide ;
 When nothing in the world to their desire was wanting,
 Except the Christian Faith, for whose substantial planting,
 *Saint *Augustine* from *Rome* was to this Island sent ; 241

* Those that came from foreign parts into this Isle, and were canonized here for Saints.

And coming through large *France*, arriving first in *Kent*,
 Converted to the faith King *Ethelbert*, till then
 Unchristened that had liv'd, with all his *Kentishmen*,
 And of their chiefest Town, now *Canterbury* call'd, 245
 The Bishop first was made, and on that See install'd.
 Four other, and with him for knowledge great in name,
 That in this mighty work of our conversion came,
Lawrence, Melitus then, with *Justus*, and *Honorius*,
 In this great Christian work, all which had been laborious, 250
 To venerable age, each coming in degree,
 Succeeded him again in *Canterbury* See,
 As *Peter* born in *France*, with these and made our own,
 And *Pauline* whose great zeal, was by his preaching shown.
 The first to Abbot's state, wise *Austen* did prefer, 255
 And to the latter gave the See of *Rochester* ;
 All canoniz'd for Saints, as worthy sure they were,
 For establishing the Faith, which was received here.
 Few Countries where our Christ had e'er been preached then,
 But sent into this Isle some of their godly men. 260
 From *Persia* led by zeal, so *Ive* this Island sought,
 And near our Eastern fens a fit place finding, taught
 The Faith : which place from him the name alone derives,
 And of that sainted man since call'd is *Saint-Ives* ;
 Such reverence to herself that time Devotion wan. 265

So sun-burnt *Affrick* sent us holy *Adrian*,
 Who preach'd the Christian Faith here nine and thirty year,
 An Abbot in this Isle, and to this Nation dear,
 That in our Country two Provincial Synods call'd,
 T' reform the Church that time with Heresies enthrall'd. 270
 So *Denmarke Henry* sent t' encrease our holy store,
 Who falling in from thence upon our Northern shore
 In th' Isle of *Cochet** liv'd, near to the mouth of *Tyne*,
 In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,

* An Islet upon the coast of *Scotland*, in the *German Sea*.

That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed, 275
 And three times in the week himself he silenc'd,
 That in remembrance of this most abstenious man,
 Upon his blessed death the *English* men began,
 By him to name their babes,* which it so frequent brings,
 Which name hath honoured been by many *English* Kings. 280

So *Burgundy* to us three men most reverend bare,
 Amongst our other Saints that claim to have their share,
 Of which was *Felix* first, who in th' East-Saxon reign,
 Converted to the faith King *Sigbert* : him again
 Ensueth *Anselme*, whom *Augusta* sent us in, 285
 And *Hugh*, whose holy life to *Christ* did many win,
 By *Henry*† th' Empress' son help hither, and to have
 Him wholly to be ours, the See of *Lincolne* gave.

So *Lumbardy* to us, our reverend *Lanfranc* lent,
 For whom into this land King *William* Conqueror sent, 290
 And *Canterbury's* See to his wise charge assign'd.

Nor *France* to these for hers was any whit behind,
 For *Grimbald* she us gave (as *Peter* long before,
 Who with Saint *Austen* came, to preach upon this shore)
 By *Alfred* hither call'd, who him an Abbot made, 295
 Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade,
 The *Saxons* to believe the true and quick'ning Word :
 So after long again she likewise did afford,
 Saint *Osmond*, whom the See of *Salsbury* doth own
 A Bishop once of hers, and in our conquest known, 300
 When hither to that end their *Norman William* came ;
Remigius then, whose mind, that work of ours of fame,
 Rich *Lincolne* Minster shows, where he a Bishop sat,
 Which (it should seem) he built for men to wonder at.
 So potent were the powers of Church-men in those days. 305

Then *Henry* nam'd of *Blois*, from *France* who cross'd the
 Seas,

* How the name of *Henry* came so frequent among the *English*.

† *Henry* the Second.

With *Stephen* Earl of *Blois* his brother, after King,
 In *Winchester's* rich See, who him establishing,
 He in those troublous times in preaching took such pain,
 As he by them was not canonizéd in vain. 310

As other Countries here, their holy men bestow'd ;
 So *Britain* likewise sent* her Saints to them abroad,
 And into neighbouring *France*, our most religious went,
 Saint *Clare* that native was of *Rochester* in *Kent*,
 At *Volcasyne* came vow'd the *French* instructing there, 315
 So early ere the truth amongst them did appear,
 That more than half a God they thought that reverend man.
 Our *Judock*, so in *France* such fame our Nation wan
 For holiness, where long an Abbot's life he led
 At *Pontoyse*, and so much was honouréd, that being dead, 320
 And after threescore years (their latest period dated)
 His body taken up, was solemnly translated.

As *Ceofrid*, that sometime of *Wyremouth* Abbot was,
 In his return from *Rome*, as he through *France* did pass,
 At *Langres* left his life, whose holiness even yet, 325
 Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.
 Saint *Alkwin* so for ours, we *English* boast again,
 The Tutor that became to mighty *Charlemaigne*.
 That holy man, whose heart was so with goodness fill'd,
 As out of zeal he wan that mighty King to build 330
 That Academy now at *Paris*, whose foundation [Nation,
 Through all the Christian world hath so renown'd that
 As well declares his wealth, that had the power to do it,
 As his most lively zeal, persuading him unto it.
 As *Simon* call'd the Saint of *Burdeux*, which so wrought, 335
 By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought
 The people of those parts, from Paganism, wherein
 Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzled bin.
 So in the *Norman* Rule, two most religious were,

* Native *English* sent into foreign parts, canonized.

Amongst ours that in *France* disperséd here and there, 340
 Preach'd to that Nation long, Saint *Hugh*, who born our own,
 In our First *Henry's* rule sate on the See of *Roan*,
 Where reverenc'd he was long. Saint *Edmund* so again,
 Who banishéd from hence in our Third *Henry's* reign,
 There led an Hermit's life near *Pontoyse* (where before, 345
 Saint *Judock* did the like), whose honour to restore,
 Religious *Lewes* there interr'd with wondrous cost,
 Of whose rich funeral *France* deservedly may boast.
 Then *Main* we add to these, an Abbot here of ours,
 To *Little Britain* sent, imploying all his pow'rs 350
 To bring them to the Faith, which he so well effected,
 That since he as a Saint hath ever been respected.

As these of ours in *France*, so had we those did show
 In *Germany*, as well the Higher, as the Low,
 Their faith: In *Freezeland* first Saint *Boniface* our best, 355
 Who of the See of *Mentz*, whilst there he sate possest,
 At *Dockum* had his death, by faithless *Frizians* slain,
 Whose Anniversaries there did after long remain.
 So *Wigbert* full of faith, and heavenly wisdom went
 Unto the self-same place, as with the same intent; 360
 With *Eglemond* a man as great with God as he;
 As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
 Both by *Radbodius* slain, who rul'd in *Frizia* then:
 So in the sacred roll of our Religious men,
 In *Freeze* that preach'd the Faith, we of Saint *Lullus* read, 365
 Who in the See of *Mentz* did *Boniface* succeed;
 And *Willihad* that of *Bren*, that sacred Seat supplied,
 So holy that him there, they halfly deified;
 With *Marchelme*, and with him our *Plechelme*, holy men,
 That to the *Freezes* now, and to the *Saxons* then, 370
 In *Germany* abroad the glorious Gospel spread,
 Who at their lives' depart, their bodies gatheréd,
 Were at old-*Seell* enshrin'd, their Obiits yearly kept:

Such as on them have had as many praises heapt,
 That in their lives the truth as constantly confest, 375
 As th' other that their faith by Martyrdom exprest.

In *Freeze*, as these of ours, their names did famous leave,
 Again so had we those as much renown'd in *Cleave*;
 Saint *Swibert*, and with him Saint *Willick*, which from hence,
 To *Cleeve-land* held their way, and in the Truth's defence 380
 Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went together,
 So one and self-same place allotted was to either:
 For both of them at *Wert* in *Cleaveland* seated were,
 Saint *Swibert* Bishop was, Saint *Willick* Abbot there.

So *Guelderland* again shall our most holy bring, 385
 As *Edilbert* the son of *Edilbald* the King
 Of our *South-Saxon* Rule, incessantly that taught
 The *Guelders*, whose blest days unto their period brought,
 Unto his reverend corpse, old *Harlem* harbour gave;
 So *Werenfrid* again, and *Otger* both we have, 390
 Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that country tells.
 What Nation names a Saint, for virtue that excells
 Saint *German* who for Christ his Bishopric forsook,
 And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,
 From place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal, 395
 Of our dear Saviour's Death, and last of all to seal
 His doctrine with his blood; In *Belgia* so abroad,
 Saint *Wynock* in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
 Whose reliques *Wormshault* (yet) in *Flanders* hath reserv'd.

Of these, th' rebellious flesh (to win them heaven) that
 sterv'd, 400
 Saint *Menigold*, a man, who in his youth had been
 A soldier, and the *French*, and *German* wars had seen,
 A Hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,
 To whom good *Arnulph*, that most godly Emperor gave
 Some ground not far from *Leedge*, his Hermitage to set, 405
 Whose floor when with his tears, he many a day had wet,

He for the Christian Faith upon the same was slain :
 So did th' *Erwaldi* there most worthily attain
 Their Martyrs' glorious types, to *Ireland* first approv'd,
 But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd remov'd, 410
 They to *Westphalia* went, and as they brothers were,
 So they, the Christian Faith together preaching there,
 Th' old Pagan *Saxons* slew, out of their hatred deep
 To the true Faith, whose Shrines brave *Cullen* still doth keep.

So *Adler* one of ours, by *England* set apart 415
 For *Germany*, and sent that people to convert,
 Of *Erford* Bishop made, there also had his end.
 Saint *Liphard* likewise to our Martyrologe shall lend,
 Who having been at *Rome* on pilgrimage, to see
 The Reliques of the Saints, suppos'd there to be, 420
 Returning by the way of *Germany*, at last,
 Preaching the Christian Faith, as he through *Cambray* past,
 The Pagan people slew, whose Reliques *Huncourt* hath ;
 These others so we had, which trode the self-same path
 In *Germany*, which she most reverently imbrac'd. 425
 Saint *John* a man of ours, on *Salzburg's* See was plac'd ;
 Saint *Willibald* of *Eist* the Bishop so became,
 And *Burchard* English-born, the man most great of name,
 Of *Witzburg* Bishop was, at *Hohemburg* that rear'd
 The Monastery, wherein he richly was interr'd. 430

So *Mastreight* unto her Saint *Willibord* did call,
 And seated him upon her See Episcopall,
 As two Saint *Lebwins* there amongst the rest are brought ;
 Th' one o'er *Isell's* banks the ancient *Saxons* taught :
 At Over-*Isell* rests, the other did apply, 435
 The *Gueldres*, and by them interr'd at *Deventry*.
 Saint *Wynibald* again, at *Hidlemayne* enjoy'd
 The Abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
 In their conversion there, which long time him withstood.
 Saint *Gregory* then, with us sprung of the Royal blood, 440

And son to him whom we the elder *Edward* style,
Both court and country left, which he esteem'd vile,
Which *Germany* receiv'd, where he at *Myniard* led
A strict monastic life, a Saint alive and dead.

So had we some of ours for *Italy* were prest, 445
As well as these before, sent out into the East.

King *Inas* having done so great and wondrous things,
As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry Kings,
Erecting beauteous fanes, and monuments so fair,
As Monarchs have not since been able to repair, 450

Of many that he built, the least, in time when they
Have (by weak men's neglect) been fall'n into decay :
This Realm by him enrich'd, he poverty profess'd,
In pilgrimage to *Rome*, where meekly he deceas'd.

As *Richard* the dear son to *Lothar* King of *Kent*, 455

When he his happy days religiously had spent,
And feeling the approach of his declining age,
Desirous to see *Rome* in holy pilgrimage,

Into thy country com'n at *Leuca*, left his life,
Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are rife. 460

The Patron of that place, so *Thuscany* in thee,
At fair *Mount-flascon* still the memory shall be
Of holy *Thomas* there most reverently interr'd,
Who sometime to the See of *Hereford* preferr'd ;

Thence travelling to *Rome*, in his return bereft 465
His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.

Yet *Italy* gave not these honours all to them
That visited her *Rome*, but from *Jerusalem*,
Some coming back through thee, and yielding up their spirits,
On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserv'd merits. 470
O *Naples*, as thine own, in thy large territory,
Though to our country's praise, yet to thy greater glory,
Even to this day the Shrines religiously dost keep,
Of many a bless'd Saint which in thy lap doth sleep !

As *Eleutherius*, com'n from visiting the Tomb, 475
 Thou gav'st to him at *Arke* in thy *Apulia* room
 To set his holy cell, where he an hermit died,
 Canonizéd her Saint ; so hast thou glorified
 Saint *Gerrard*, one of ours (above the former grac'd),
 In such a sumptuous shrine at *Galinaro* plac'd ; 480
 At *Sancto Padro* so, Saint *Fulke* hath ever fame, [name,
 Which from that reverend man 't should seem deriv'd the
 His reliques there reserv'd ; so holy *Ardwin's* shrine
 Is at *Ceprano* kept, and honoured as divine,
 For miracles, that there by his strong faith were wrought. 485
 'Mongst these selected men, the Sepulchre that sought,
 And in thy realm arriv'd, their blesséd souls resign'd :
 Our *Bernard's* body yet at *Arpine* we may find,
 Until this present time, her patronizing Saint.

So countries more remote, with ours we did acquaint, 490
 As *Richard* for the fame his holiness had won, [done,
 And for the wondrous things that through his prayers were
 From this his native home into *Calabria* call'd,
 And of Saint *Andrew's* there the Bishop was install'd,
 For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to this land :
 Saint *William* with this man, a parallel may stand, 496
 Through all the Christian world accounted so divine,
 That travelling from hence to holy *Palestine*,
 Desirous that most blest *Jerusalem* to see,
 (In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to be) 500
 Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,
 To th' Sepulchre of *Christ*, which there was dedicated ;
 To *Tyre* in *Syria* thence remov'd in little space,
 And in less time ordain'd Archbishop of that place ;
 That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness fill'd, 505
 A Saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.

Yet *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Germany*, those times
 Imploy'd not all our men, but into colder climes,

They wand'red through the world, their countries that for-
sook.

So *Sigfrid* sent from hence, devoutly undertook 510
Those Pagans wild and rude, of *Gothia* to convert,
Who having labouréd long, with danger oft ingirt,
Was in his reverend age for his deservéd fee,
By *Olaus* King of *Goths*, set on *Vexovia's* See.
To *Norway*, and to those great North-East countries far ; 515
So *Gotebald* gave himself holding a Christian war
With Paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites that
knew.

As *Suethia* to herself these men most reverend drew,
Saint *Ulfrid* of our Saints, as famous there as any,
Nor scarcely find we one converting there so many. 520
And *Henry* in those days of *Oxsto* Bishop made,
The first that *Swethen* King, which ever did persuade,
On *Finland* to make war, to force them by the sword,
When nothing else could serve to hear the powerful Word ;
With *Eskill* thither sent, to teach that barbarous nation, 525
Who on the Passion-day, there preaching on the Passion,
T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking pain,
By cruel Paynims' hands was in the pulpit slain,
Upon that blesséd day *Christ* died for sinful man,
Upon that day for *Christ*, his Martyr's crown he wan. 530
So *David* drawn from hence into those farther parts,
By preaching, who to pierce those Paynims' hard'ned hearts,
Incessantly proclaim'd *Christ Jesus*, with a cry
Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
Into those colder climes to people beastly rude, 535
So others that were ours courageously pursued,
The planting of the Truth, in zeal three most profound,
The relish of whose names by likeness of sound,
Both in their lives and deaths, a likeness might show,
As *Unaman*.we name, and *Shunaman* that go, 540

With *Wynaman* their friend, which gladly, martyréd were
In *Gothland*, whilst they taught with Christian patience there.

Nor those from us that went, nor those that hither came
From the remotest parts, were greater yet in name,
Than those residing here on many a goodly See, 545
(Great Bishops in account, now greater Saints that be)
Some such selected ones for piety and zeal,
As to the wretched world, more clearly could reveal,
How much there might of GOD in mortal man be found
In charitable works, or such as did abound, 550
Which by their good success in after-times were blest,
Were then related Saints, as worthier than the rest.

*Of *Canterbury* here with those I will begin,
That first Archbishop's See, on which there long hath bin
So many men devout, as rais'd that Church so high, 555
Much reverence and have won their holy hierarchy :
Of which he first that did with goodness so inflame
The hearts of the devout (that from his proper name)
As one (even) sent from GOD, the souls of men to save,
The title unto him, of *Deodat* they gave. 560
The Bishops *Brightwald* next and *Tatwin* in we take,
Whom time may say, that Saints it worthily did make
Succeeding in that See directly ever as they,
Here by the Muse are plac'd, who spent both night and day
By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing good, 565
In raising them were fall'n, or strength'ning them that stood.

Then *Odo* the Severe, who highly did adorn
That See (yet being of unchristenéd parents born,
Whose country *Denmarke* was, but in East *England* dwelt),
He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt 570
The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd long ;
But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing strong :
And as the Christian Faith this holy man had taught,

* Bishops of this land canonized Saints.

He likewise for that Faith in sundry battles fought.
 So *Dunstan* as the rest arose through many Sees, 575
 To this Arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
 There by his power confirm'd, and strongly credit won,
 To many wondrous things, which he before had done.
 To whom when (as they say) the Devil once appear'd,
 This man so full of faith, not once at all afeard, 580
 Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most great.
 As *Egelnoth* again much grac'd that sacred seat,
 Who for his godly deeds surnam'd was the Good,
 Not boasting of his birth, though com'n of Royal blood :
 For that, nor at the first, a Monk's mean cowl despis'd, 585
 With winning men to GOD, who never was suffic'd.
 These men before exprest : so *Eadsine* next ensues,
 To propagate the Truth, no toil that did refuse ;
 In *Harald's* time who liv'd, when *William* Conqueror came,
 For holiness of life, attain'd unto that fame, 590
 That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never knew,
 Were suddenly made mild, as chang'd in his view.
 This man with those before, most worthily related
 Arch-saints, as in their Sees Arch-bishops consecrated.
 Saint *Thomas Becket* then, which *Rome* so much did hery, 595
 As to his Christ'ned name it added *Canterbury* ;
 There to whose sumptuous Shrine the near succeeding ages,
 So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrimages,
 Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent much
 breath,
 And many questions made both of his life and death : 600
 If he were truly just, he hath his right ; if no,
 Those times were much to blame, that have him reckon'd so.
 Then these from *Yorke* ensue, whose lives as much have
 grac'd
 That See, as these before in *Canterbury* plac'd :
 Saint *Wilfrid* of her Saints, we then the first will bring, 605

Who twice by *Egfrid's* ire, the stern *Northumbrian* King,
 Expuls'd his sacred Seat, most patiently it bare,
 The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
 Then *Bosa* next to him as meek and humble-hearted,
 As the other full of grace, to whom great GOD imparted 610
 His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
 And next him followeth *John*, who likewise bare the name
 Of *Beverley*, where he most happily was born,
 Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
 Whose vigils had by those devouter times bequests 615
 The ceremonies due to great and solemn Feasts.
 So *Oswald* of that seat, and *Cedwall* sainted were,
 Both reverenc'd and renown'd Archbishops, living there,
 The former to that See, from *Worcester* transferr'd,
 Deceas'd, was again at *Worcester* interr'd: 620
 The other in that See a sepulchre they chose,
 And did for his great zeal amongst the Saints dispose.
 As *William* by descent com'n of the Conqueror's strain,
 Whom *Stephen* ruling here did in his time ordain
 Archbishop of that See, among our Saints doth fall, 625
 Deriv'd from those two Seats, styl'd Archiepiscopall.
 Next these Arch-Sees of ours, now *London* place doth take,
 Which had those, of whom time Saints worthily did make.
 As *Ceda* (brother to that reverend Bishop *Chad*,
 At *Lichfield* in those times, his famous seat that had), 630
 Is sainted for that See amongst our reverend men,
 From *London* though at length remov'd to *Lestingen*,
 A monastery, which then he richly had begun.
 Him *Erkenwald* ensues th' East *English* *Offa's* son,
 His father's kingly court, who for a crosier fled, 635
 Whose works such fame him won for holiness, that dead,
 Time him enshrin'd in *Paul's* (the mother of that See),
 Which with revenues large, and privileges he
 Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so affected,

That he those Abbeys great, from his own power erected 640
At *Chertsey* near to *Thames*, and *Barking* famous long.

So *Roger* hath a room in these our Sainted throng,
Who by his words and works so taught the way to heaven,
As that great name to him sure was not vainly given.

With *Winchester* again proceed we, which shall store 645
Us with as many Saints, as any See (or more)
Of whom we yet have sung; as *Heada* there we have,
Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,
As teaching that the way to make men to live well,
Example us assur'd, did preaching far excell. 650

Our *Swithen* then ensues, of him why ours I say,
Is that upon his Feast, his dedicated day,
As it in harvest haps, so plow-men note thereby,
Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,
As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we 655
Believe those former times, he well might sainted be.

So *Frithstan* for a Saint incalendred we find,
With *Brithstan* not a whit the holiest man behind,
Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect 660
To sit upon his See, who likewise dying there,
To *Ethelbald* again succeeding did appear,
The honour to a Saint, as challenging his due.

These formerly express'd, then *Elpheg* doth ensue;
Then *Ethelwald*, of whom this alms-deed hath been told, 665
That in a time of dearth his Church's plate he sold,
T' relieve the needy poor; the Church's wealth (quoth he)
May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.

With these before express'd, so *Britwald* forth she brought,
By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that wrought, 670
That such against the Faith, that were most stony-hearted,
By his religious life, have lastly been converted.
This man, when as our Kings so much decayéd were,

As 'twas suppos'd their Line would be extinguish'd here,
 Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom All-doing Heaven, 675
 The Sceptre of this land in after-times had given ;
 Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,
 And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.

So other Southern Sees, here either less or more,
 Have likewise had their Saints, though not alike in store. 680
 Of *Rochester*, we have Saint *Ithamar*, being then
 In those first times, first of our native *English* men
 Residing on that Seat ; so as an aid to her,
 But singly sainted thus, we have of *Chichester*,
 Saint *Richard*, and with him Saint *Gilbert*, which do stand 685
 Enroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred Band,
 Of whom such wondrous things, for truths deliver'd are,
 As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too far.

And *Cimbert*, of a Saint had the deserv'd right,
 His yearly Obiits long, done in the Isle of *Wight* ; 690
 A Bishop, as some say, but certain of what See,
 It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.

Whilst *Sherburne* was a See, and in her glory shone,
 And *Bodmin* likewise had a Bishop of her own,
 Whose Diocese that time contain'd *Cornwall* ; these 695
 Had as the rest their Saints, deriv'd from their Sees :
 The first, her *Adelme* had, and *Hamond*, and the last
 Had *Patrock*, for a Saint that with the other past ;
 That were it fit for us but to examine now
 Those former times, these men for Saints that did allow, 700
 And from our reading urge, that others might as well
 Related be for Saints, as worthy every deal.
 This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world thereby,
 And show it to be void of partiality,
 That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd here, 705
 But such whose lives by death had trial many a year.

That See at *Norwich* now establish'd (long not stirr'd)

At *Eltham* planted first, to *Norwich* then transferr'd
Into our bead-roll here, her *Humbert* in doth bring,
(A counsellor that was to that most martyred King 710
Saint *Edmund*) who in their rude massacre then slain,
The title of a Saint, his Martyrdom doth gain.

So *Hereford* hath had on her Cathedral Seat,
Saint *Leofgar*, a man by Martyrdom made great,
Whom *Griffith* Prince of *Wales*, that town which did subdue,
(O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully slew. 716

So *Worster* (as those Sees here sung by us before),
Hath likewise with her Saints renown'd our native shore :
Saint *Egwin* as her eld'st, with *Woolstan* as the other,
Of whom she may be proud, to say she was the Mother, 720
The Church's champions both, for her that stoutly stood.

Lichfield hath those no whit less famous, nor less good :
The first of whom is that most reverend Bishop *Chad*,
In those religious times for holiness that had,
The name above the best that liv'd in those days, 725
That stories have been stuff'd with his abundant praise ;
Who on the See of *Yorke* being formerly install'd,
Yet when back to that place Saint *Wilfrid* was recall'd,
The Seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
And to the quiet Close of *Lichfield* him confin'd. 730
So *Sexulfe* after him, then *Owen* did supply,
Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.

As *Lincolne* to the Saints, our *Robert Grosted* lent,
A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
Than whom no Bishop yet walk'd in more upright ways, 735
Who durst reprove proud *Rome*, in her most prosperous days,
Whose life, of that next age the justice well did show,
Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly know,
Had *Innocent* the Fourth the Church's suffrage led,
This man could not at *Rome* have been canoniz'd. 740

Her sainted Bishop *John*, so *Ely* adds to these,

Yet never any one of all our several Sees
Northumberland like thine, have to these times been blest,
 Which sent into this Isle so many men profest,
 Whilst *Hagustald* had then a Mother-Church's style, 745
 And *Lindisferne* of us now call'd the *Holy-Isle*,
 Was then a See before that *Durham* was so great,
 And long ere *Carleill* came to be a Bishop's seat.
Aidan, and *Finan* both, most happily were found
Northumberland in thee, even whilst thou didst abound 750
 With Paganism, which them thy *Oswin* that good King,
 His people to convert did in from *Scotland* bring :
 As *Etta* likewise hers, from *Malrorse* that arose,
 Being Abbot of that place, whom the *Northumbers* chose
 The Bishopric of *Ferne*, and *Hagustald* to hold. 755
 And *Cuthbert* of whose life such Miracles are told,
 As Story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
 Of th' old *Scotch-Irish* Kings descended from the strain,
 To whom since they belong, I from them here must swerve,
 And till I thither come, their holiness reserve, 760
 Proceeding with the rest, that on those Sees have shone,
 As *Edbert* after these born naturally our own.
 The next which in that See Saint *Cuthbert* did succeed,
 His Church then built of wood, and thatch'd with homely
 reed,
 He builded up of stone, and cover'd fair with lead, 765
 Who in Saint *Cuthbert's* grave they buried being dead,
 As his sad people he at his departure will'd.
 So *Higbald* after him a Saint is likewise held,
 Who when his proper See, as all the Northern shore,
 Were by the *Danes* destroy'd, he not dismay'd the more, 770
 But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
 His Clergy carrying forth, preach'd wheresoe'er he came.
 And *Alwyn* who the Church at *Durham* now, begun,
 Which place before that time was strangely over-run

With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had lately ear'd, 775
 Where he that goodly Fane to after ages rear'd,
 And thither his late Seat from *Lindisferne** translated,
 Which his Cathedral Church by him was consecrated.

So *Acca* we account 'mongst those which have been call'd
 The Saints of this our See, which sate at *Hagenstald*, 780
 Of which he Bishop was, in that good age respected,
 In Calendars preserv'd, in th' Catalogues neglected,
 Which since would seem to show the Bishops as they came:
 Then *Edilwald*, which some (since) *Ethelwoolph* do name,
 At *Durham* by some men supposed to reside 785
 More rightly, but by some at *Carleill* justified,
 The first which rul'd that See, which *Beauclerke*† did prefer,
 Much gracing him, who was his only Confessor.
 Nor were they Bishops thus related Saints alone ;
Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many a one, 790
 Religious Abbots, Priests, and holy Hermits then,
 Canonizéd as well as thy great Mitred men :
 Two famous Abbots first are in the rank of these,
 Whose Abbeys touch'd the walls of thy two ancient Sees.

Thy *Roy sill* (in his time the tutelage that had 795
 Of *Cuthbert* that great Saint, whose hopes then but a lad,
 Express'd in riper years how greatly he might merit
 The man who had from GOD a prophesying spirit,
 Foretelling many things ; and growing to be old,
 His very hour of death, was by an Angel told. 800
 At *Malroyes* this good man his Sainting well did earn,
 Saint *Oswald* his again at holy *Lindisferne*,
 With *Ive* a godly Priest, suppos'd to have his lere
 Of *Cuthbert*, and with him was *Herbert* likewise there
 His fellow-pupil long (who as mine Author saith) 805

* An Isle near to *Scotland*, lying into the *German Ocean*, since that
 called *Holy Island*, as you may read in the next page following.

† *Henry* the First.

So great opinion had, of *Cuthbert* and his faith,
That at one time and place, he with that holy man,
Desir'd of GOD to die, which by his prayer he wan.

Our venerable *Bede* so forth that country brought,
And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages sought
The truth to understand, impartially which he
Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we,
Things left so far behind, before us still may read,
'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who call'd is Saint *Bede*.

810

A sort of Hermits then, by thee to light are brought, 815
Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world respecting nought.
Our *Edilwald* the Priest, in *Ferne* (now *Holy Isle*)
Which standeth from the firm to sea nine *English* mile,
Sate in his reverend Cell, as *Godrick* thou canst show,
His head and beard as white as swan or driven snow, 820
At *Finchall* threescore years, a Hermit's life to lead;
Their solitary way in thee did *Abriek* tread,
Who in a forest near to *Carleill*, in his age,
Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet Hermitage.
Of *Wilgusse*, so in thee *Northumberland* we tell, 825
Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
(Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royal strain)
That *Alkwin*, Master to that mighty *Charlemaigne*,
In verse his Legend writ, who of our holy men,
He him the subject chose for his most learn'd pen. 830
So *Oswyn*, one of thy dear country thou canst show,
To whom as for the rest for him we likewise owe
Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gave,
Whose reliques that great House of *Lesting* long did save,
To cinders till it sank: so *Benedict* by thee, 835
We have amongst the rest, for Saints that reckon'd be,
Of *Wyremouth* worshipp'd long, her Patron buried there,
In that most goodly Church, which he himself did rear.
Saint *Thomas* so to us *Northumberland* thou lent'st,

Whom up into the South, thou from his country sent'st ; 840
 For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
 Who since that of his name so many Saints there are,
 This man from others more, that times might understand,
 They to his Christenéd name added *Northumberland*.

Nor in one country thus our Saints confinéd were, 845
 But through this famous Isle disperséd here and there :
 As *Yorkshire* sent us in Saint *Robert* to our store,
 At *Knarsborough* most known, whereas he long before
 His blesséd time bestow'd ; then one as just as he,
 (If credit to those times attributed may be) 850
 Saint *Richard* with the rest deserving well a room,
 Which in that country once, at *Hampoole* had a tomb.
 Religious *Alred* so, from *Rydale* we receive,
 The Abbot, who to all posterity did leave,
 The fruits of his staid faith, deliveréd by his pen. 855
 Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,
 One *Eusac* then we had, but where his life he led,
 That doubt I, but am sure he was canonizéd,
 And was an Abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.

Then *Woolsey* will we bring, of *Westminster* so nam'd, 860
 And by that title known, in power and goodness great ;
 And meriting as well his Sainting, as his Seat.
 So have we found three *Johns*, of sundry places here,
 Of which (three reverend men) two famous Abbots were.
 The first Saint *Alban's* show'd, the second *Lewes* had, 865
 Another godly *John* we to these former add,
 To make them up a trine (the name of Saints that won)
 Who was a *Yorkshire* man, and Prior of *Berlington*.

So *Biren* can we boast, a man most highly blest
 With the title of a Saint, whose ashes long did rest 870
 At *Dorchester*, where he was honouréd many a day ;
 But of the place he held, books diversely dare say,
 As they of *Gilbert* do, who founded those Divines,

Monasticks all that were, of him nam'd *Gilbertines* :
 To which his Order here, he thirteen Houses built, 875
 When that most thankful time, to show he had not spilt
 His wealth on it in vain, a Saint hath made him here,
 At *Sempringham* enshrin'd, a town of *Lincolnshire*.

Of sainted Hermits then, a company we have,
 To whom devouter times this veneration gave : 880
 As *Gwir* in *Cornwall* kept his solitary Cage,
 And *Neoth* by *Hunstock* there, his holy Hermitage,
 As *Guthlake*, from his youth, who liv'd a soldier long,
 Detesting the rude spoils, done by the arméd throng,
 The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsook, 885
 And to his quiet Cell by *Crowland* him betook,
 Free from all public crowds, in that low fenny ground.

As *Bertiline* again, was near to *Stafford* found :
 Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,
 Blest in a Hermit's life, by there enjoying it. 890

An Hermit *Arnulph* so in *Bedfordshire* became,
 A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,
 Time after built a town, where this good man did live,
 And did to it the name of *Arnulphsbury* give.

These men, this wicked world respected not a hair, 895
 But true professors were of poverty and pray'r. [style

Amongst these men which times have honouréd with the
 Of Confessors (made Saints), so every little while,
 Our Martyrs have com'n in, who sealéd with their blood,
 That Faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them that it
 withstood ; 900

As *Alnoth*, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his seat,
 Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his neat,
 And leaving that his charge, he left the world withall,
 An Anchorite and became, within a cloyst'red wall,
 Inclosing up himself, in pray'r to spend his breath, 905
 But was too soon (alas) by Pagans put to death.

Then *Woolstan*, one of these, by his own kinsman slain
 At *Eusham*, for that he did zealously maintain
 The verity of *Christ*. As *Thomas*, whom we call
 Of *Dover*, adding Monk, and Martyr therewithall ; 910
 For that the barbarous *Danes* he bravely did withstand,
 From ransacking the Church, when here they put on land,
 By them was done to death, which rather he did choose,
 Than see their heathen hands those holy things abuse.

Two Boys of tender age, those elder Saints ensue, 915
 Of *Norwich William* was, of *Lincolne* little *Hugh*,
 Whom th' unbelieving *Jews* (rebellious that abide)
 In mockery of our *Christ* at *Easter* crucified,
 Those times would every one should their due honour have,
 His freedom or his life, for *Jesus Christ* that gave. 920

So *Wiltshire* with the rest her Hermit *Ulfrick* hath
 Related for a Saint, so famous in the Faith,
 That sundry ages since, his Cell have sought to find,
 At *Hasselburg*, who had his Obiits him assign'd.

So had we many Kings* most holy here at home, 925
 As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd that room :
Northumberland, thy seat with Saints did us supply
 Of thy religious Kings ; of which high hierarchy
 Was *Edwin*, for the Faith by heathenish hands intrall'd,
 Whom *Penda* which to him the *Welsh Cadwallyn* call'd, 930
 Without all mercy slew : But he alone not died
 By that proud *Mercian* King, but *Penda* yet beside,
 Just *Oswald* likewise slew, at *Oswaldstree*, who gave
 That name unto that place, as though time meant to save
 His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the Faith, 935
 As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
 So likewise in the Roll of these *Northumbrian* Kings,
 With those that Martyrs were, so forth that country brings
 Th' anointed *Oswin* next, in *Deira* to ensue,

* *Saxon* Kings canonized for Saints.

Whom *Osway* that brute King of wild *Bernitia* slew : 940
 Two kingdoms, which whilst then *Northumberland* remain'd
 In greatness, were within her larger bounds contain'd ;
 This kingly Martyr so, a Saint was rightly crown'd.
 As *Alkmond* one of hers for sanctity renown'd,
 King *Alred's* Christ'ned son, a most religious Prince, 945
 Whom when the Heathenish here by no means could con-
 vince,
 (Their Paganism apace declining to the wane)
 At *Darby* put to death, whom in a goodly Fane,
 Call'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Christians laid.
 What fame deserv'd your faith (were it but rightly weigh'd),
 You pious Princes then, in godliness so great ; 951
 Why should not full-mouth'd Fame your praises oft repeat ?
 So *Ethelwulph* her King, *Northumbria* notes again,
 In Martyrdom the next, though not the next in reign,
 Whom his false subjects slew, for that he did deface 955
 The heathenish *Saxon* gods, and bound them to embrace
 The lively quick'ning Faith, which then began to spread.
 So for our Saviour *Christ*, as these were martyred :
 There other holy Kings were likewise, who confest,
 Which those most zealous times have sainted with the rest,
 King *Alfred* that his *Christ* he might more surely hold, 961
 Left his *Northumbrian* Crown, and soon became encow'd,
 At *Malroyse*, in the land, whereof he had been King.
 So *Egbert* to that Prince, a parallel we bring,
 To *Oswoolph* his next heir, his kingdom that resign'd, 965
 And presently himself at *Lindisferne* confin'd,
 Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools adore :
 So *Ceonulph* again as this had done before,
 In that religious House, a cloist'ed man became,
 Which many a blessed Saint hath honour'd with the name.
 Nor those *Northumbrian* Kings the only Martyrs were, 971
 That in this Seven-fold Rule the sceptres once did bear,

But that the *Mercian* reign, which Pagan Princes long
 Did terribly infest, had some her Lords among,
 To the true Christian Faith much reverence which did add
 Our Martyrologe to help : so happily she had 976
Rufin, and *Ulfad*, sons to *Wulphere*, for desire
 They had t' imbrace the Faith, by their most cruel sire
 Were without pity slain, long ere to manhood grown,
 Whose tender bodies had their burying rites at *Stone*.^{*} 980
 So *Kenelme*, that the King of *Mercia* should have been,
 Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
 Was slain by his own Guard, for fear lest waxing old,
 That he the Christian Faith undoubtedly would hold.
 So long it was ere truth could Paganism expell. 985

Then *Fremund*, *Offa's* son, of whom times long did tell,
 Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
 His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
 An hermit's life in *Wales*, where long he did remain
 In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain 990
 By cruel *Osway's* hands, the most inveterate foe,
 The Christian Faith here found : so *Etheldred* shall go
 With these our martyréd Saints, though only he confest,
 Since he of *Mercia* was, a King who highly blest
 Fair *Bardney*, where his life religiously he spent, 995
 And meditating *Christ*, thence to his Saviour went.

Nor our *West-Saxon* reign was any whit behind
 Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeal we find,
 Amongst those sainted Kings, whose fames are safeliest kept ;
 As *Cedwall*, on whose head such praise all times have heapt,
 That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim turn'd, 1001
 Repenting in his heart against the Truth t' have spurn'd,
 To *Rome* on his poor feet his patience exercis'd,
 And in the Christian Faith there humbly was baptiz'd.
 So *Ethelwoolph*, who sat on *Cedwall's* ancient seat, 1005

* A town in *Staffordshire*.

For charitable deeds, who almost was as great,
 As any *English* King, at *Winchester* enshrin'd,
 A man amongst our Saints, most worthily divin'd.
 Two other Kings as much our Martyrologe may sted,
 Saint *Edward*, and with him comes in Saint *Ethelred*, 1010
 By *Alfreda*, the first, his stepmother was slain,
 That her most lovéd son young *Ethelbert* might reign :
 The other in a storm, and deluge of the *Dane*,
 For that he Christ'néd was, receiv'd his deadly bane ;
 Both which with wondrous cost, the *English* did inter, 1015
 At *Wynburne* this first Saint, the last at *Winchester*,
 Where that *West-Saxon* prince, good *Alfred* buried was,
 Among our Sainted Kings, that well deserves to pass.

Nor were these Western Kings, of the old *Saxon* strain,
 More studious in those times, or stoutlier did maintain 1020
 The Truth, than these of ours, the *Angles* of the East,
 Their near'st and dear'st allies, which strongly did invest
 The Island* with their name, of whose most holy Kings,
 Which justly have deserv'd their high canonizings,
 Arc *Sigfrid*, whose dear death him worthily hath crown'd, 1025
 And *Edmund* in his end, so wondrously renown'd, [*Dane*,
 For Christ's sake suff'ring death, by that blood-drowning
 To whom those times first built that City† and that Fane,
 Whose ruins *Suffolke* yet can to her glory show,
 When she will have the world of her past greatness know. 1030
 As *Ethelbert* again allur'd with the report
 Of more than earthly pomp, than in the *Mercian* court,
 From the *East-Angles* went, whilst mighty *Offa* reign'd ;
 Where for he Christ'néd was, and Christian-like abstain'd
 To idolatrize with them, fierce *Quenred*, *Offa's* Queen 1035
 Most treacherously him slew out of th' inveterate spleen
 She bare unto the Faith, whom we a Saint adore.

* A people of the *Saxons*, who gave the name to *England* of
Angles' land.

† *Saint Edmunds-bury*.

So *Edwald* brother to Saint *Edmund*, sung before,
 A Confessor we call, whom past times did inter,
 At *Dorcester* by *Tame* (now in our Calendar). 1040

Amongst those kingdoms here, so *Kent* account shall yield
 Of three of her best blood, who in this Christian field
 Were mighty, of the which, King *Ethelbert* shall stand
 The first; who having brought Saint *Augustine* to land,
 Himself first Christ'ned was, by whose example then, 1045
 The Faith grew after strong amongst his *Kentishmen*.

As *Ethelbrit* again, and *Ethelred* his peer,
 To *Edbald* King of *Kent*, who natural nephews were,
 For *Christ* there suff'ring death, assume them places high,
 Amongst our martyréd Saints, commemorate at *Wye*. 1050
 To these two brothers, so two others come again,
 And of as great descent in the *Southsexian* strain:

Arwaldi of one name, whom ere King *Cedwall* knew
 The true and lively Faith, he tyrannously slew :
 Who still amongst the Saints have their deserved right, 1055
 Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the Isle of *Wight*.

Rememb'rd too the more, for being of one name,
 As of th' *East-Saxon* line, King *Sebba* so became
 A most religious monk, at *London*, where he led
 A strict retiréd life, a Saint alive and dead. 1060
 Related for the like, so *Edgar* we admit,

That King, who over eight did solely monarch sit,
 And with our holiest Saints for his endowments great,
 Bestow'd upon the Church. With him we likewise seat
 That sumptuous-shrinéd King, good *Edward*, from the rest
 Of that renownéd name, by Confessor exprest. 1066

To these our sainted Kings, rememb'rd in our Song,
 *Those Maids and widowed Queens, do worthily belong,
 Incloyst'rd that became, and had the self-same style,
 For fasting, alms, and prayer, renownéd in our Isle, 1070

* Holy women canonized Saints.

As those that forth to *France*, and *Germany* we gave,
 For holy charges there ; but here first let us have
 Our Maid-made-Saints at home, as *Hilderlie*, with her
 We *Theorid* think most fit, for whom those times aver,
 A virgin strictlier vow'd, hath hardly livéd here. 1075
 Saint *Wulfshild* then we bring, all which of *Barking* were,
 And reckon'd for the best, which most that House did
 grace,

The last of which was long the Abbess of that place.
 So *Werbung*, *Wulphere's* child (of *Mercia* that had been
 A persecuting King), by *Ermineld* his Queen, 1080
 At *Ely* honouréd is, where her dear mother late,
 A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state :
 Of which good *Audry* was King *Ina's* daughter bright,
 Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light,
 As many a virgin-breast she firéd with her zeal, 1085
 The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still reveal
 The glory of those times, by liberties* she gave,
 By which those Eastern Shires their privileges have.
 Of holy *Audry's* too, a sister here we have,
 Saint *Withburg*, who herself to contemplation gave, 1090
 At *Deerham* in her cell, where her due hours she kept,
 Whose death with many a tear in *Norfolke* was bewept.

And in that Isle again, which beareth *Ely's* name,
 At *Ramsey*, *Merwin* so a veiled maid became
 Amongst our Virgin-Saints, where *Elfled* is enroll'd, 1095
 The daughter that is nam'd of noble *Ethelwold*,
 A great *East-Anglian* Earl, of *Ramsey* Abbess long,
 So of our Maiden-Saints, the female sex among.
 With *Milburg*, *Mildred* comes, and *Milwid*, daughters dear,
 To *Mervald*, who did then the *Mercian* sceptre bear. 1100
 At *Wenlock*, *Milburg* died (a most religious maid,
 Of which great Abbey she the first foundation laid :

* Saint *Audrie's* Liberties.

And *Thanet* as her Saint (even to this age) doth hery
Her *Mildred*. *Milwid* was the like at *Canterbury*.

Nor in this utmost Isle of *Thanet* may we pass, 1105
Saint *Eadburg* Abbess there, who the dear daughter was,
To *Ethelbert* her lord, and *Kent's* first Christened King,
Who in this place most fitt'st we with the former bring,
Translated (as some say) to *Flanders*: but that I,
As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify. 1110

King *Edgar's* sister so, Saint *Edith*, place may have
With these our Maiden-Saints, who to our *Powlsworth* gave
Immunities most large, and goodly livings laid.
Which *Modwen*, long before, a holy *Irish* maid,
Had founded in that place, with most devout intent. 1115
As *Eanswine*, *Eadwald's* child, one of the Kings of *Kent*,
At *Foulkston* found a place (given by her father there)
In which she gave herself to abstinence and prayer.

Of the *West-Saxon* rule, born to three several Kings,
Four holy virgins more the Muse in order brings : 1120
Saint *Ethelgive* the child to *Alfred*, which we find,
Those more devouter times at *Shaftsbury* enshrin'd.
Then *Tetta* in we take, at *Winburne* on our way,
Which *Cuthred's* sister was, who in those times did sway
On the *West-Saxon* seat, two other sacred Maids, 1125
As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their beads.
Saint *Cuthburg*, and with her Saint *Quinburg*, which we here
Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,
And Abbesses again of *Wilton*, which we gather
Our Virgin-Band to grace, both having to their father 1130
Religious *Ina*, red with those which rul'd the West,
Whose mother's sacred womb with other Saints was blest,
As after shall be show'd : another virgin vow'd,
And likewise for a Saint amongst the rest allow'd,
To th' elder *Edward* born, bright *Eadburg*, who for she 1135
(As five related Saints of that blest name there be),

Of *Wilton* Abbess was, they her of *Wilton* styl'd :
 Was ever any Maid more merciful, more mild,
 Or sanctimonious known? But Muse, on in our Song,
 With other princely Maids, but first with those that sprung
 From *Penda*, that great King of *Mercia*; holy *Tweed*, 1141
 And *Kinisred*, with these their sisters, *Kinisweed*,
 And *Eadburg*, last not least, at *Godmanchester* all
 Incloyst'red; and to these Saint *Tibba* let us call,
 In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight, 1145
 In *Godmanchester* made a constant Anchorite.

Amongst which of that House, for Saints that reckon'd be,
 Yet never any one more grac'd the same than she.
 Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other *Elfled* then
 Niece to that mighty King, our *English Athelstan*. 1150
 At *Glastenbury* shrin'd; and one as great as she,
 Being *Edward Out-lawe's* child, a Maid that liv'd to see
 The *Conqueror* enter here, Saint *Christian* (to us known)
 Whose life by her clear name divinely was foreshown.

For holiness of life, that as renown'd were, 1155
 And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we here,
 Saint *Hilda*, and Saint *Hien*, the first of noble name,
 At *Strenshalt*, took her vow, the other sister came
 To *Colchester*, and grac'd the rich *Essexian* shore :
 Whose reliques many a day the world did there adore. 1160
 And of our sainted Maids, the number to supply,
 Of *Eadburg* we allow, sometime at *Alsbury*,
 To *Redwald* then a King of the *East-Angles* born,
 A votress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.
 Then *Pandwine* we produce, whom this our native Isle, 1165
 As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did instyle,
 The holiest *English* Maid, whose vigils long were held
 In *Lincolneshire*; yet not Saint *Frideswid* excell'd,
 The Abbess of an House in *Oxford*, of her kind
 The wonder; nor that place, could hope the like to find. 1170

Two sisters so we have ; both to devotion plight,
 And worthily made Saints ; the elder *Margarite*,
 Of *Katsby* Abbess was, and *Alice*, as we read,
 Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed,
 At *Abington*, which first receiv'd their living breath. 1175
 Then those *Northumbrian* Nymphs, all veil'd, as full of faith,
 That country sent us in, t' increase our Virgin-Band,
 Fair *Elfled*, *Oswald's* child, King of *Northumberland*,
 At *Strenshalt* that was veil'd. As 'mongst those many were,
 O *Ebba*, whose clear fame, time never shall out-wear, 1180
 At *Coldingham*, far hence within that country plac'd ;
 The Abbess, who to keep thy veiled virgins chaste,
 Which else thou fear'st the *Danes* would ravish, which possess
 This Isle, first of thyself and then of all the rest,
 The nose and upper lip from your fair faces kerv'd, 1185
 And from pollution so your hallow'd House preserv'd.
 Which when the *Danes* perceiv'd, their hopes so far deluded,
 Setting the House on fire, their martyrdom concluded.
 As *Leofron*, whose faith with others rightly weigh'd,
 Shall show her not out-match'd by any *English* maid : 1190
 Who likewise when the *Dane* with persecution storm'd,
 She here a martyr's part most gloriously perform'd.
 Two holy Maids again at *Whitby* were renown'd,
 Both Abbesses thereof, and Confessors are crown'd ;
 Saint *Ethelfrid*, with her Saint *Congill*, as a pair 1195
 Of Abbesses therein, the one of which by pray'r
 The wild-geese thence expell'd, that Island which annoy'd,
 By which their grass and grain was many times destroy'd,
 Which fall* from off their wings, nor to the air can get
 From the forbidden place, till they be fully set. 1200

As these within this Isle in cloysters were inclos'd :
 So we our Virgins had to foreign parts expos'd ;
 As *Eadburg*, *Ana's* child, and *Sethred* born our own,

* Wild-geese falling down, if they fly over the place.

Were Abbesses of *Bridge*, whose zeal to *France* was known :
 And *Ercongate* again we likewise thither sent 1205

(Which *Ercombert* begot, sometime a King of *Kent*),

A Prioress of that place ; *Burgundosora* bare,

At *Evreux* the chaste rule, all which renownéd are

In *France*, which as this Isle of them may freely boast,

So *Germany* some grac'd, from this their native coast. 1210

Saint *Walburg* here extract from th' Royal *English* Line,

Was in that country made Abbess of *Heydentine*.

Saint *Tecla* to that place at *Ochenford* they chose ;

From *Wynburne* with the rest (in *Dorsetshire*) arose

Chaste *Agatha*, with her went *Lioba* along. 1215

From thence, two not the least these sacred Maids among,

At *Biscopsen*, by time encloyst'red and became.

Saint *Lewen* so attain'd an ever-living name

For martyrdom, which she at *Wynokebergin* wan,

Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest man. 1220

Nor had our Virgins here for sanctity the prize,

But widowed Queens as well, that being godly wise,

Forsaking second beds, the world with them forsook,

To strict retiréd lives, and gladly them betook

To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd. 1225

As when the Fates of life King *Ethelwold* depriv'd,

That o'er the *East-Angles* reign'd, bright *Heriswid* his wife,

Betaking her to lead a strait monastic life,

Departing hence to *France*, receiv'd the holy veil,

And livéd many a day incloyst'red there at *Kale*. 1230

Then *Keneburg* in this our Sainted front shall stand,

To *Alfred* the lov'd wife, King of *Northumberland*,

Daughter to *Penda* King of *Mercia*, who though he

Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age to see

Four virgins, and this Queen, his children, consecrated 1235

Of *Godmanchester* all, and after Saints related.

As likewise of this sex, with Saints that doth us store,

Of the *Northumbrian* Line so have we many more ;
 Saint *Eanfled* widowed left, by *Osway* reigning there,
 At *Strenshalt* took her veil, as *Ethelburg* the peer 1240
 To *Edwin* (rightly nam'd) the holy, which possest
Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
 At *Lymming* far in *Kent*, which country gave her breath.
 So *Edeth* as the rest after King *Sethrick's* death,
 Which had the self-same rule of *Wilton* Abbess was, 1245
 Where two *West-Saxon* Queens for Saints shall likewise pass,
 Which in that self-same House, Saint *Edeth* did succeed,
 Saint *Ethelwid*, which here put on her hallowéd weed,
 King *Alred's* worthy wife, of *Westsex* ; so again
 Did *Wilfrid*, *Edgar's* Queen (so famous in his reign), 1250
 Then *Eadburg*, *Ana's* wife, receivéd as the other,
 Who as a Saint herself, so likewise was she mother
 To two most holy Maids, as we before have show'd
 At *Wilton* (which we say), their happy time bestow'd,
 Though she of *Barking* was, a holy nun profest, 1255
 Who in her husband's time, had reigné in the West :
 Th' *East-Saxon* Line again, so others to us lent,
 As *Sexburg* sometime Queen to *Ercombert* of *Kent*,
 Though *Ina's* lovéd child, and *Audry's* sister known,
 Which *Ely* in those days did for her Abbess own. 1260
 Nor to Saint *Osith* we less honour ought to give,
 King *Sethred's* widowed Queen, who (when death did deprive
 Th' *Essexian* King of life) became encowl'd at *Chich*,
 Whose Shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.
 Two holy *Mercian* Queens so widowed, Saints became, 1265
 For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
 King *Wulphere's* widowed peer, Queen *Ermineld*, whose life
 At *Ely* is renown'd, and *Ermenburg*, the wife
 To *Mervald* reigning there, a Saint may safely pass,
 Who to three Virgin-Saints the virtuous mother was, 1270
 The remnant of her days, religiously that bare,

Immonast'red in *Kent*, where first she breath'd the air.
 King *Edgar's* mother so, is for a Saint preferr'd,
 Queen *Algyve*, who (they say) at *Shipston* was interr'd.
 So *Edward Outlawe's* wife, Saint *Agatha*, we bring, 1275
 By *Salomon* begot, that great *Hungarian* King ;
 Who when she saw the wrong to *Edgar* her dear son,
 By cruel *Harold* first, then by the *Conqueror* done,
 Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to recover,
 A Vestal habit took, and gave the false world over. 1280
 Saint *Maud* here not the least, though she be set the last,
 And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,
 Our *Beaucheark's* Queen, and born to *Malcolme* King of *Scots*,
 Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
 Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster fled, 1285
 And chastely gave herself to her lov'd husband's bed,
 Whom likewise for a Saint those reverend ages chose,
 With whom we at this time our Catalogue will close.

Now *Rutland* all this time, who held her highly wrong'd,
 That she should for the Saints thus strangely be prolong'd,
 As that the Muse such time upon their praise should spend,
 Sent in her ambling *Wash*, fair *Welland* to attend 1292
 At *Stamford*, which her Stream doth eas'ly overtake,
 Of whom her mistress Flood seems wondrous much to make ;
 For that she was alone the darling and delight 1295
 Of *Rutland*, ravish'd so with her belovéd sight,
 As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be :
 Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitfull'st Shire should see,
 The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,
 The ever-labouring Muse her beauties thus exprest : 1300

Love not thyself the less, although the least thou art ;
 What thou in greatness want'st, wise Nature doth impart
 In goodness of thy soil ; and more delicious mould,
 Surveying all this Isle, the sun did ne'er behold.
 Bring forth that *British* Vale, and be it ne'er so rare, 1305

But *Catmus* with that Vale, for richness shall compare :
 What Forest-Nymph is found, how brave soe'er she be,
 But *Lyfield* shows herself as brave a Nymph as she ?
 What River ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,
 Than *Rutland's* wandring *Wash*, a delicater rill ? 1310
 Small Shire that can produce to thy proportion good,
 One Vale of special name, one Forest, and one Flood.
 O *Catmus*, thou fair Vale, come on in grass and corn,
 That *Bever* ne'er be said thy sister-hood to scorn,
 And let thy *Ocham* boast, to have no little grace, 1315
 That her the pleaséd Fates, did in thy bosom place,
 And *Lyfield*, as thou art a Forest, live so free,
 That every Forest-Nymph may praise the sports in thee.
 And down to *Welland's* course, O *Wash*, run ever clear,
 To honour, and to be much honoured by this Shire. 1320

And here my Canto ends, which kept the Muse so long,
 That it may rather seem a Volume than a Song.







THE FIVE-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Tow'rd's Lincolnshire our progress laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fishing in the Fen;
Then come we next to Kestiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light we last of all,
Her site and pleasures to attend,
And with the Isle of Axholme end.*

NOW in upon thy earth, rich *Lincolnshire*, I strain,
At *Deeping*, from whose street, the plenteous
 ditches drain, ; [fall
Hemp-bearing *Holland's Fen*, at *Spalding*, that do
Together in their course, themselves as emptying all
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide, 5
Low *Holland* from the High,* which on their Eastern side
Th' in-bending Ocean holds, from the *Norfolcean* lands,
To their more Northern point, where *Wainfleet†* drifted
 stands,

* *Holland* divided into two parts, the Lower and the Higher.

† The length of *Holland* by the seashore, from the coast of *Norfolke* to *Wainfleet*.

Do shoulder out those seas, and *Lindsey* bids her stay,
 Because to that fair part, a challenge she doth lay. 10
 From fast and firmer earth, whereon the Muse of late,
 Trod with a steady foot, now with a slower gait, [wade,
 Through quicksands,* beach, and ooze, the *Washes* she must
 Where *Neptune* every day doth powerfully invade
 The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallowing waves, 15
 From whose impetuous force, that who himself not saves,
 By swift and sudden flight, is swallowéd by the deep,
 When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges sweep,
 The sands which lay all nak'd, to the wide heaven before,
 And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore, 20
 From this our Southern part of *Holland*, call'd the Low,
 Where *Crowland's* ruins yet, (though almost buried) show
 Her mighty Founder's power, yet his more Christian zeal,
 She, by the Muse's aid, shall happily reveal
 Her sundry sorts of Fowl, from whose abundance she 25
 Above all other tracts, may boast herself to be
 The Mistress, (and indeed) to sit without compare,
 And for no worthless soil, should in her glory share,
 From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,
 With her just proper praise, thus *Holland* doth proceed: 30
 † Ye *Acherusian* Fens, to mine resign your glory,
 Both that which lies within the goodly territory
 Of *Naples*, as that Fen *Thesposia's* earth upon,
 Whence that infernal Flood, the smuttéd *Acheron*,
 Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal Fen, 35
 Of which *Hetruria* tells, the wat'ry *Thrasimen*
 In history, although thou highly seemst to boast,
 That *Hannibal* by thee o'erthrew the *Roman* host.
 I scorn th' *Egyptian* Fen, which *Alexandria* shows,
 Proud *Mareotis*, should my mightiness oppose, 40

* The description of the *Washes*.

† *Holland's* Oration.

Or *Scythia*, on whose face the sun doth hardly shine,
Should her *Meotis* think to match with this of mine,
That cover'd all with snow continually doth stand.
I stinking *Lerna* hate, and the poor *Libyan* Sand.

*Marica** that wise Nymph, to whom great *Neptune* gave 45
The charge of all his shores, from drowning them to save,
Abideth with me still upon my service prest,
And leaves the looser Nymphs to wait upon the rest :
In summer giving earth, from which I square my peat,†
And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and neat. 50
My various Fleets‡ for fowl, O who is he can tell,
The species that in me for multitudes excell?
The *Duck*, and *Mallard* first, the falconer's only sport,
(Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort,
They only green-fowl term) in every mere abound, 55
That you would think they sat upon the very ground,
Their numbers be so great, the waters covering quite,
That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with their flight ;
Yet still the dangerous dykes, from shot do them secure,
Where they from flash to flash, like the full epicure 60
Waft, as they lov'd, to change their diet every meal ;
And near to them ye see the lesser dibbling *Teal*
In bunches,§ with the first that fly from mere to mere,
As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.
The *Gossander* with them, my goodly Fens do show 65
His head as ebon black, the rest as white as snow,
With whom the *Widgeon* goes, the *Golden-Eye*, the *Smeath*,
And in odd scatt' red pits, the flags, and reeds beneath ;
The *Coot*, bald, else clean black, that whiteness it doth bear

* A Nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.

† Fuel cut out of the marsh.

‡ Brooks and pools worn by the water, into which the rising floods have recourse.

§ The word in falconry for a company of *Teal*.

Upon the forehead starr'd, the *Water-Hen* doth wear 70
 Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.
 The *Water-woosell* next, all over black as jet,
 With various colours, black, green, blue, red, russet, white,
 Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
 As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes they be. 75
 The diving *Dob-chick*, here among the rest you see,
 Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove,
 Whether under water most it liveth, or above :
 With which last little fowl, (that water may not lack,
 More than the *Dob-chick* doth, and more doth love the
 brack*) 80

The *Puffing* we compare, which coming to the dish,
 Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.

But wherefore should I stand upon such toys as these,
 That have so goodly fowls, the wandering eye to please.
 Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or milk, 85
 (In water black as *Stix*) swims the wild *Swan*, the *Ilke*,
 Of *Hollanders* so term'd, no niggard of his breath,
 (As poets say of *Swans*, which only sing in death)
 But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,
 Which like a trumpet comes, from his long archéd throat, 90
 And tow'rds this wat'ry kind, about the flash's brim,
 Some cloven-footed are, by Nature not to swim.
 There stalks the stately *Crane*, as though he march'd in war,
 By him that hath the *Herne*, which (by the fishy car)
 Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush and reed, 95
 Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often feed :
 And under them again; (that water never take,
 But by some ditch's side, or little shallow lake,
 Lie dabbling night and day) the palate-pleasing *Snite*,
 The *Bidcocke*, and like them the *Redshanke*, that delight 100

* Salt water.

Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,
 In which these little fowls in summer's time were bred.
 The buzzing *Bitter* sits, which through his hollow bill,
 A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth fill
 The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a bull did
 roar ; 105

But scarcely have I yet recited half my store :
 And with my wondrous flocks of *Wild-geese* come I then,
 Which look as though alone they peopled all the fen,
 Which here in winter time, when all is overflow'd,
 And want of solid sward enforceth them abroad, 110
 Th' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do yield,
 That almost through the Isle, do pester every field.
 The *Barnacles* with them, which wheresoe'er they breed,
 On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed
 Continually they come, and chief abode do make, 115
 And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake :
 Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine own,
 Whose like I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly known.
 For sure, unless in me, no one yet ever saw
 The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they draw : 120
 From which to many a one, much profit doth accrue.

Now such as flying feed, next these I must pursue ;
 The *Sea-mew*, *Sea-pye*, *Gull*, and *Curlew* here do keep,
 As searching every shoal, and watching every deep,
 To find the floating fry, with their sharp-piercing sight, 125
 Which suddenly they take, by stooping from their height.
 The *Cormorant* then comes, (by his devouring kind)
 Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth find
 The fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his wings at full,
 As though he shot himself into the thick'ned skull, 130
 He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,
 Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth choose,
 The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying feeds.

The *Ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
 Which over them the fish no sooner do espy, 135
 But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
 Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
 They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw.

*The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net :

The fowler is employ'd his liméd twigs to set. 140
 One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth stalk ;
 Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk :
 There other with their spades, the peats are squaring out,
 And others from their cars, are busily about,
 To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and stover fit, 145
 That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
 Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes be stor'd,
 Than *Germany*, or *France*, or *Thuscan* can afford :
 And for that part of me, which men High *Holland* call,
 Where *Boston* seated is, by plenteous *Wytham's* fall, 150
 I peremptory am, large *Neptune's* liquid field,
 Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
 For that of all the Seas invironing this Isle,
 Our *Irish*, *Spanish*, *French*, howe'er we them enstyle,
 The *German* is the great'st, and it is only I, 155
 That do upon the same with most advantage lie.
 What fish can any shore, or *British* sea-town show,
 That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
 Abundantly thereon? the *Herring*, King of Sea,
 The faster-feeding *Cod*, the *Mackrell* brought by May, 160
 The dainty *Sole*, and *Plaice*, the *Dabb*, as of their blood ;
 The *Conger* finely'sous'd, hot summer's coolest food ;
 The *Whiting* known to all, a general wholesome dish ;
 The *Gurnet*, *Rochet*, *Mayd*, and *Mullet*, dainty fish ;
 The *Haddock*, *Turbet*, *Bert*, fish nourishing and strong ; 165

* The pleasures of the *Fens*.

The *Thornback*, and the *Scate*, provocative among :
 The *Weaver*, which although his prickles venom be,
 By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see,
 Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad ;
 The *Sea-Flounder* is here as common as the *Shad* ; 170
 The *Sturgeon* cut to keggs, (too big to handle whole)
 Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jole.
 Yet of rich *Neptune's* store, whilst thus I idly chat,
 Think not that all betwixt the *Wherpoole* and the *Sprat*,
 I go about to name, that were to take in hand, 175
 The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand ;
 But on the *English* coast, those most that usual are,
 Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us for far ;
 Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am in,
 I'll of our Shell-Fish speak, with these of scale and fin : 180

The sperm-increasing *Crab*, much cooking that doth ask,
 The big-legg'd *Lobster*, fit for wanton *Venus'* task,
 Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
 And that the same effect which worketh in the blood
 The rough long *Oyster* is, much like the *Lobster* limb'd : 185
 The *Oyster* hot as they, the *Mussel* often trimm'd
 With Orient pearl within, as thereby Nature show'd,
 That she some secret good had on that shell bestow'd :
 The *Scallop* cordial judg'd, the dainty *Wilk* and *Limp* ;
 The *Periwinkle*, *Prawn*, the *Cockle*, and the *Shrimp*, 190
 For wanton women's tastes, or for weak stomachs bought.

When *Kestiven* this while that certainly had thought,
 Her tongue would ne'er have stopp'd, quoth she,* O how I
 hate,

Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude *Holland* prate,
 That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a coil, 195
 As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome soil,

* *Kestiven's* Oration.

For these of which she boasts, the more might suffred be ;
 When those her featheréd flocks she sends not out to me,
 Wherein clear *Witham* they, and many a little Brook,
 (In which the sun itself may well be proud to look) 200
 Have made their flesh more sweet by my refinéd food,
 From that so ramish taste of her most fulsome mud,
 When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen brings,
 The cook doth cast them out, as most unsavoury things.
 Besides, what is she else, but a foul woosy Marsh, 205
 And that she calls her grass, so blady is, and harsh,
 As cuts the cattle's mouths, constrain'd thereon to feed,
 So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush and reed,
 For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
 Doth like the *Penny-grass*, or the pure *Clover* show, 210
 Comparéd with her best : and for her sundry fish,
 Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
 Did not full *Neptune's* fields so furnish her with store,
 Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy moor,
 Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow 215
 Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than bestow.

From *Stamford* as along my tract tow'rd *Lincolne* strains,
 What Shire is there can show more valuable veins
 Of soil than is in me ? or where can there be found,
 So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks ne'er so sound? 220
 Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter breath ?
 What country can produce a delicater heath,
 Than that which her fair name from *Ancaster** doth hold ?
 Through all the neighbouring Shires, whose praise shall still
 be told,
 Which *Flora* in the spring doth with such wealth adorn, 225
 That *Bever* needs not much her company to scorn,
 Though she a Vale lie low, and this a Heath sit high,
 Yet doth she not alone, allure the wond'ring eye

* *Ancaster Heath.*

With prospect from each part, but that her pleasant ground
 Gives all that may content, the well-breath'd horse and hound:
 And from the *Britans* yet, to show what then I was, 231
 One of the *Roman* Ways near through my midst did pass :
 Besides to my much praise, there hath been in my mould
 Their painted Pavements found, and Arms of perfect gold.
 They near the *Saxons'* reign, that in this tract did dwell, 235
 All other of this Isle, for that they would excell
 For Churches* everywhere, so rich and goodly rear'd
 In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
 T' attempt so mighty works ; yet one above the rest,
 In which it may be thought, they strove to do their best, 240
 Of pleasant *Grantham* is, that piramis so high,
 Rear'd (as it might be thought) to overtop the sky,
 The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
 As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to gaze.

When *Wytham* that this while a list'ning ear had laid, 245
 To hearken (for herself) what *Kestiven* had said,
 Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was the earth
 From whom she only had her sweet and seasonéd birth,
 From *Wytham*† which that name derivéd from her springs,
 Thus as she trips along, this dainty Rivelet sings : 250

Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er you run,
 Or tow'rds the pleasant rise, or tow'rds the mid-day sun :
 By which (as some suppose by use that have them tried)
 Your waters in their course are neatly purified.
 Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear, 255
 When *Neptune* shall command the *Naiades* t' appear.
 In River what is found, in me that is not rare :
 Yet for my well-fed *Pykes*, I am without compare. [source,

From *Wytham* mine own Town, first wat'red with my
 As to the Eastern Sea, I hasten on my course. 260

* No tract can show so brave churches.

† A town so called.

Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen, [green,
 Whose swains in shepherds' gray, and girls in *Lincolne**
 Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bag-pipes ply,
 Dance many a merry round, and many a hydegry?
 I envy, any Brook should in my pleasure share, 265
 Yet for my dainty *Pykes*, I am without compare.

No land-floods can me force to over-proud a height;
 Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too straight:
 My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too broad,
 My fords with pebbles, clear as Orient pearls, are strow'd;
 My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers are drest, 271
 The higher rising Heaths, hold distance with my breast.
 Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she bare,
 'Yet for my dainty *Pykes*, I am without compare.'

By this to *Lincolne* com'n, upon whose lofty site, 275
 Whilst wistly *Wytham* looks with wonderful delight,
 Enamoured of the state, and beauty of the place,
 That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
 Leaving her former course, in which she first set forth,
 Which seeméd to have been directly to the North: 280
 She runs her silver front into the muddy Fen,
 Which lies into the East, in her deep journey, when
 Clear *Ban* a pretty Brook, from *Lyndsey* coming down,
 Delicious *Wytham* leads to holy *Botulph's* town,†
 Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort, 285
 That their appearance make in *Neptune's* wat'ry court.

Now *Lyndsey* all this while, that duly did attend,
 Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
 Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies:
 ‡Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states defies. 290
 Fair *Lincolne* is mine own, which lies upon my South,
 As likewise to the North, great *Humber's* swelling mouth

* *Lincolne* anciently dyed the best green of *England*.

† *Botulph's* town, contractedly *Boston*.

‡ *Lyndsie's* oration.

Encircles me, twixt which in length I bravely lie :
 O who can me the best, before them both deny ?
 Nor *Britain* in her bounds, scarce such a tract can show, 295
 Whose shore like to the back of a well-bended bow,
 The Ocean beareth out, and everywhere so thick,
 The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,
 That it is very hard for any to define,
 Whether up-land most I be, or most am maritime. 300
 What is there that complete can any country make,
 That in large measure I (fair *Lindsey*) not partake,
 As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and pleasant
 hills,

All wat'red here and there, with pretty creeping rills,
 Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind what can 305
 Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,
 As *Kestiven* doth boast, her *Wytham* so have I,
 My *Ancum* (only mine) whose fame as far doth fly,
 *For fat and dainty *Eels*, as hers doth for her *Pyke*,
 Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not the like.
 From *Razin* her clear springs, where first she doth arrive, 311
 As in an even course, to *Humber* forth doth drive,
 Fair *Barton* she salutes, which from her site out-braves
 Rough *Humber*, when he strives to show his sternest waves.

Now for my bounds† to speak, few tracts (I think)
 there be 315

(And search through all this Isle) to parallel with me :
 Great *Humber* holds me North (as I have said before),
 From whom (even) all along, upon the Eastern shore,
 The *German* Ocean lies ; and on my Southern side,
 Clear *Wytham* in her course, me fairly doth divide 320
 From *Holland* ; and from thence the *Fosdyke* is my bound,

* *Wytham Eele*, and *Ancum Pyke*,
 In all the world there is none syke.

† The Bounds of *Kestiven*.

Which our First *Henry* cut from *Lincolne*, where he found,
 Commodities by *Trent*, from *Humber* to convey :
 So Nature, the clear *Trent* doth fortunately lay,
 Toward me on the West, though farther I extend, 325
 And in my larger bounds do largely comprehend
 Full *Axholme* (which those near, the fertile do instyle),
 Which *Idle*, *Don*, and *Trent*, imbracing make an Isle.

But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I boast,
 When that which *Holland* seems to vaunt her on the most,
 By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth breed : 331
 She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,
 That physic oft forbids the patient them for food,
 But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits and blood :
 For near this batning Isle, in me is to be seen, 335
 More than on any earth, the *Plover* gray, and green,
 The corn-land-loving *Quayle*, the daintiest of our bits,
 The *Rayle*, which seldom comes but upon rich men's spits :
 The *Puet*, *Godwin*, *Stint*, the palate that allure,
 The miser and do make a wasteful epicure : 340
 The *Knot*, that calléd was *Canutus'* bird of old,
 Of that great King of *Danes*, his name that still doth hold,
 His appetite to please, that far and near was sought,
 For him (as some have said) from *Denmarke* hither brought.
 The *Dotterell*, which we think a very dainty dish, 345
 Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more can
 wish ;

For as you creep, or cow'r, or lie, or stoop, or go,
 So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth do,
 And acting everything, doth never mark the net,
 Till he be in the snare, which men for him have set. 350
 The big-bon'd *Bustard* then, whose body bears that size,
 That he against the wind must run, ere he can rise :
 The *Shouler*, which so shakes the air with saily wings,
 That ever as he flies, you still would think he sings.

These fowls, with other soils, although they frequent be, 355
Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me.

Thus whilst she seems t' extol in her peculiar praise,
The Muse which seem'd too slack, in these too low-pitch'd
lays,
For nobler height prepares, her oblique course, and casts
A new Book to begin, an end of this she hastes. 360







THE SIX-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Three Shires at once this Song assays,
By various and unusual ways.
At Nottingham first coming in,
The Vale of Bever doth begin ;
Tow'rs Lester then her course she holds, 5
And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,
By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,
Then shows the braveries of that Flood,
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood ; 10
Then rouses up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her speak :
Thence Darwin down by Darby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.*

NOW scarcely on this tract the Muse had entrance made,

Inclining to the South, but *Bever's* batning slade
Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too long
Put off her rightful praise, when thus herself she sung :

Three Shires there are (quoth she) in me their parts that
claim,*

* The Vale of *Bever* bordereth upon three Shires.

Large *Lincolne*, *Rutland* rich, and th' North's eye *Nottingham*.
 But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,
 To that my most-lov'd Shire myself I must apply.

*Not *Eusham* that proud Nymph, although she still pretend
 Herself the first of Vales, and though abroad she send 10
 Her awful dread command, that all should tribute pay
 To her as our great Queen; nor *White-horse*, though her clay
 Of silver seem to be, new-melted, nor the Vale
 Of *Alsbury*, whose grass seems given out by tale,
 For it so silken is, nor any of our kind, 15
 Or what, or where they be, or howsoe'er inclin'd,
 Me *Bever* shall out-brave, that in my state do scorn,
 By any of them all (once) to be overborne,
 With theirs, do but compare the country where I lie,
 My hill, and oulds will say, they are the Island's eye. 20
 Consider next my site, and say it doth excell;
 Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it swell,
 With every grass and grain, that *Britain* forth can bring:
 I challenge any Vale, to show me but that thing
 I cannot show to her (that truly is mine own), 25
 Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,
 As any of them all, the South their names doth sound,
 The spacious North doth me, that there is scarcely found
 A roomth for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,
 Which but a little wants of making me divine: 30
 Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain
 Two neat and dainty Rills, the little *Snyte*, and *Deane*,
 That from the lovely oulds, their beauteous parent sprong
 From the *Lecestrian* fields, come on with me along,
 Till both within one bank, they on my North are meint, 35
 And where I end, they fall, at *Newarck*, into *Trent*.

Hence wand'ring as the Muse delightfully beholds
 The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd oulds,

* Not a more pleasant Vale in all Great *Britain*, than *Bever*.

She on the left hand leaves old *Leicester*, and flies,
 Until the fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes, 40
 From rich to richer still, that riseth her before,
 Until she come to cease upon the head of *Soare*,
 Where *Fosse*,* and *Watling** cut each other in their course
 At *Sharnford*,† where at first her soft and gentle source,
 To her but shallow banks, beginneth to repair, 45
 Of all this beauteous Isle, the delicatest air ;
 Whence softly sallying out, as loth the place to leave,
 She *Sence* a pretty Rill doth courteously receive :
 For *Swift*, a little Brook, which certainly she thought
 Down to the banks of *Trent*, would safely her have brought,
 Because their native springs so nearly were allied, 51
 Her sister *Soare* forsook, and wholly her applied
 To *Avon*, as with her continually to keep,
 And wait on her along to the *Sabrinian* deep.

Thus with her hand-maid *Sence*, the *Soare* doth eas'ly slide
 By *Leicester*, where yet her ruins show her pride, 56
 Demolish'd many years, that of the great foundation
 Of her long-buried walls, men hardly see the station ;
 Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement locks
 The stones, that they remain like perdurable rocks : 60
 Where whilst the lovely *Soare*, with many a dear imbrace,
 Is solacing herself with this delightful place,
 The Forest,‡ which the name of that brave town doth bear,
 With many a goodly wreath, crowns her dishevell'd hair,
 And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows 65
 Herself to this fair Flood, which mildly as she flows,
 Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
 As also how she keeps her fertile purlieus free :
 The herds of fallow deer she on the launds doth feed,
 As having in herself to furnish every need. 70

* The two famous Ways of *England*. See to the Thirteenth Song.

† A little village at the rising of *Soare*.

‡ *Leicester* Forest.

But now since gentle *Soare*, such leisure seems to take,
 The Muse in her behalf this strong defence doth make,
 Against the neighbour Floods, for that which tax her so,
 And her a Channel call, because she is so slow.
 The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat, 75
 Where Nature most of all befriended her in that,
 The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess :
 For had those (with such speed that forward seem to press)
 So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to be,
 They then would wish themselves to be as slow as she, 80
 *Who well may be compar'd to some young tender maid,
 Ent'ring some Prince's court, which is for pomp array'd,
 Who led from room to room amaz'd is to see
 The furnitures and states, which all imbroideries be ;
 The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester-covering plumes,
 And various as the suits, so various the perfumes ; 86
 Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem to strive,
 Of pictures done to life, landskip, and perspective ;
 Thence goodly gardens sees, where antique statues stand
 In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand ; 90
 Where everything to gaze, her more and more entices,
 Thinking at once she sees a thousand Paradises,
 Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
 She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past.
 So the enticing soil the *Soare* along doth lead, 95
 As wond'ring in herself, at many a spacious mead ;
 When *Charnwood* from the rocks salutes her wish'd sight,
 (Of many a Wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,
 Whose beauty whilst that *Soare* is pausing to behold
 Clear *Wreakin* coming in, from *Waltham on the ould*, 100
 Brings *Eye*, a pretty Brook, to bear her silver train,
 Which on by *Melton* make, and tripping o'er the plain,
 Here finding her surpris'd with proud *Mount-Sorrel's* sight,

* A Simile of *Soare*.

By quick'ning of her course, more eas'ly doth invite
 Her to the goodly *Trent*, where as she goes along 105
 By *Loughborough*, she thus of that fair Forest sung :

O *Charnwood*, be thou call'd the choicest of thy kind,
 The like in any place, what Flood hath hapt to find ?
 No tract in all this Isle, the proudest let her be,
 Can show a sylvan Nymph, for beauty like to thee : 110
 The satyrs, and the fauns, by *Dian* set to keep,
 Rough hills, and forest-holts, were sadly seen to weep,
 When thy high-palméd harts the sport of bows and hounds,
 By gripple borderers' hands, were banishéd thy grounds.
 The *Dryads* that were wont about thy lawns to rove, 115
 To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove to grove,
 On *Sharpley** that were seen, and *Cadman's** aged rocks,
 Against the rising sun, to braid their silver locks ;
 And with the harmless elves, on heathy *Bardon's*† height,
 By *Cynthia's* colder beams to play them night by night, 120
 Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled,
 They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks are dead.
 Who will describe to life, a Forest, let him take
 Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
 Another form at all, where oft in thee is found 125
 Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are crown'd
 With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and sheep,
 (To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,
 To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that grow ;
 Upon whose other part, on some descending brow, 130
 Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down would
 drop,

Where under-growing oaks, on their old shoulders prop
 The others' hoary heads, which still seem to decline,
 And in a dimble near (even as a place divine,

* Two mighty rocks in the Forest.

† A hill in the Forest.

For contemplation fit), an ivy-seal'd bower, 135
 As Nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power ;
 *As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
 Where many of most choice, and wond'red beauties be :
 For stature one doth seem the best away to bear ;
 Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare ; 140
 Another for the fine composure of a face ;
 Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
 Before them all preferr'd ; amongst the rest yet one,
 Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,
 That all those parts in her together simply dwell, 145
 For which the other do so severally excell.
 My *Charnwood* like the last, hath in herself alone,
 What excellent can be in any Forest shown,
 On whom when thus the *Soare* had these high praises spent,
 She easily slid away into her sovereign *Trent*, 150
 Who having wand'red long, at length began to leave
 Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth receive
 The lesser *Tame*, and *Messe*, the *Messe* a dainty Rill,
 Near *Charnwood* rising first, where she begins to fill
 Her banks, which all her course on both sides do abound 155
 With heath and finnyoulds, and often gleaby ground,
 Till *Croxa's* fertile earth doth comfort her at last
 When she is entring *Trent* ; but I was like t' have past
 The other *Sence*, whose source doth rise not far from hers,
 By *Ancor*, that herself to famous *Trent* prefers, 160
 The second of that name, allotted to this Shire,†
 A name but hardly found in any place but here ;
 Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.
 But Muse return at last, attend the princely *Trent*,
 Who straining on in state, the North's imperious Flood, 165
 The third of *England* call'd, with many a dainty wood,

* A simile of *Charnwood* Forest.

† Two rivers of one name in one Shire.

Being crown'd to *Burton* comes, to *Needwood* where she shows
 Herself in all her pomp ; and as from thence she flows,
 She takes into her train rich *Dove*, and *Darwin* clear,
Darwin, whose fount and fall are both in *Darbysheere* ; 170
 And of those thirty Floods, that wait the *Trent* upon,
 Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.

Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroll'd she ranges,
 Her often-varying form, as variously and changes,
 First *Erwash*, and then *Lyne*, sweet *Sherwood* sends her in ;
 Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had bin, 176
 Saluted from the North, with *Nottingham's* proud height,
 So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
 That she from running wild, but hardly can refrain,
 To view in how great state, as she along doth strain, 180
 That brave exalted seat, beholdeth her in pride,
 As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
 All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries drest,
 In which she sees herself above her neighbours blest.
 As rapt with the delights, that her this prospect brings, 185
 In her peculiar praise, lo thus the River sings :

What should I care at all, from what my name I take,
 That *Thirty** doth import, that thirty rivers make,
 My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
 That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat : 190
 Or thirty kinds of fish, that in my streams do live,
 To me this name of *Trent* did from that number give.
 What reck I : let great *Thames*, since by his fortune he
 Is Sovereign of us all that here in *Britain* be,
 From *Isis*, and old *Tame*, his pedigree derive : 195
 And for the second place, proud *Severne* that doth strive,
 Fetch her descent from *Wales*, from that proud Mountain
 sprung,

* Whence *Trent* is supposed to derive her name. See to the
 Twelfth Song.

His daintiness to keep (each curious palate's proof),
 From his vile ravenous foe : next him I name the *Ruffe*,
 His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
 In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin ;
 The pretty slender *Dare*, of many call'd the *Dace*, 235
 Within my liquid glass, when *Phæbus* looks his face,
 Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
 But with such nimble sleight, that ere ye can disclose
 His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot.
 The *Trout* by Nature mark'd with many a crimson spot, 240
 As though she curious were in him above the rest,
 And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best ;
 The *Roche*, whose common kind to every flood doth fall ;
 The *Chub* (whose neater name), which some a *Chevin* call,
 Food to the tyrant *Pike* (most being in his power), 245
 Who for their numerous store he most doth them devour ;
 The lusty *Salmon* then, from *Neptune's* wat'ry realm,
 When as his season serves, stemming my tideful stream,
 Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
 (For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes) 250
 Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
 Above the forc'd wears, himself doth nimbly fling,
 And often when the net hath dragg'd him safe to land,
 Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderers' hand ;
 Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded, 255
 Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
 And *Humber*, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry store,
 Me of her *Sturgeons* sends, that I thereby the more [sent :
 Should have my beauties grac'd, with something from him
 Not *Ancum's* silvered *Eel* exceedeth that of *Trent* ; 260
 Though the sweet-smelling *Smelt* be more in *Thames* than me,
 The *Lamprey*, and his less,* in *Severne* general be ;
 The *Flounder* smooth and flat, in other rivers caught,

* The *Lamparne*.

Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought :
 The dainty *Gudgeon*, *Loche*, the *Minnow*, and the *Bleake*, 265
 Since they but little are, I little need to speak
 Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reckon,
 Which everywhere are found in every little beck ;
 Nor of the *Crayfish* here, which creeps amongst my stones,
 From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones : 270
 For *Carpe*, the *Tench*, and *Bream*, my other store among,
 To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
 Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
 Are muddy fishing ponds to that which they are here.

From *Nottingham*, near which this River first begun, 275
 This song, she the meanwhile, by *Newarke* having run,
 Receiving little *Snyte*, from *Bever's* bathing grounds,
 At *Gaynsborough* goes out, where the *Lincolnian* bounds.
 Yet *Sherwood* all this while not satisfi'd to show
 Her love to princely *Trent*, as downward she doth flow, 280
 Her *Meden* and her *Man*, she down from *Mansfield* sends
 To *Idle* for her aid, by whom she recommends
 Her love to that brave Queen of waters, her to meet,
 When she tow'rds *Humber* comes, do humbly kiss her feet,
 And clip her till she grace great *Humber* with her fall. 285
 When *Sherwood* somewhat back, the forward Muse doth call ;
 For she was let to know, that *Soare* had in her song
 So chanted *Charnwood's* worth, the Rivers that along,
 Amongst the neighbouring Nymphs, there was no other lays,
 But those which seem'd to sound of *Charnwood*, and her
 praise : 290

Which *Sherwood* took to heart, and very much disdain'd,
 (As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd
 The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)
 To fall so far below, one wretchedly confin'd
 Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compar'd : 295
 Wherefore she as a Nymph that neither fear'd, nor car'd

For ought to her might chance, by others' love or hate,
 With resolution arm'd, against the power of Fate,
 All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
 That lusty *Robin Hood*, who long time like a king 300
 Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
 For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
 To *Sherwood* still retir'd, his only standing court,
 Whose praise the Forest thus doth pleasantly report :
 *The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell, 305
 And the adventures strange that *Robin Hood* befell,
 When *Mansfield* many a time for *Robin* hath been laid,
 How he hath coz'ned them, that him would have betray'd ;
 How often he hath come to *Nottingham* disguis'd,
 And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpris'd. 310
 In this our spacious Isle, I think there is not one,
 But he hath heard some talk of him and *Little John* ;
 And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
 Of *Scarlock*, *George a Greene*, and *Much the Miller's son*,
 Of *Tuck the merry Friar*, which many a sermon made, 315
 In praise of *Robin Hood*, his out-laws, and their trade.
 An hundred valiant men had this brave *Robin Hood*,
 Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
 All clad in *Lincolne* green, with caps of red and blue,
 His fellows' winded horn, not one of them but knew, 320
 When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
 The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and hill :
 Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
 To which under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast,
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span, 325
 Who strook below the knee, not counted then a man :
 All made of *Spanish* yew, their bows were wondrous strong ;
 They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,

* *Robin Hood's* Story.

With broad-arrow, or butt, or prick, or roving shaft, 330
 At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick, and rove,
 Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove ;
 Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win : [pin :
 At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the
 Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather, 335
 With birch and brazill piec'd, to fly in any weather ;
 And shot they with the round, the square, or forkéd pile,
 The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
 And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
 But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon, 340
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
 From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store, 345
 What often-times he took, he shar'd amongst the poor :
 No lordly bishop came in lusty *Robin's* way,
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :
 The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd : 350
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
 But to his mistress dear, his lovéd *Marian*
 Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
 Was Sovereign of the Woods, chief Lady of the Game :
 Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair, 355
 With bow and quiver arm'd, she wand'red here and there,
 Amongst the forests wild ; *Diana* never knew
 Such pleasures, nor such harts as *Mariana* slew.

Of merry *Robin Hood*, and of his merrier men,
 The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the Muse again 360
 Wades *Erwash** that at hand, on *Sherwood's* setting side,
 The *Nottinghamian* fields, and *Derbian* doth divide,

* A Riveret parting the two Shires.

And Northward from her springs, haps *Scardale* forth to find,
 Which like her Mistress *Peake*, is naturally inclin'd
 To thrust forth ragged cleeves, with which she scatt' red lies,
 As busy Nature here could not herself suffice, 366
 Of this oft-alt'ring earth the sundry shapes to show,
 That from my entrance here, doth rough and rougher grow,
 Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear,
 You by the rocks might think that it a mountain were, 370
 From which it takes the name of *Scardale*, which express'd,
 Is the hard Vale of Rocks, of *Chesterfield* possess'd,
 By her which is instyl'd ; where *Rother* from her rist,
Ibber, and *Crawley* hath, and *Gunno*, that assist
 Her weaker wand'ring stream tow' rds *Yorkshire* as she wends,
 So *Scardale* tow' rds the same, that lovely *Iddle* sends, 376
 That helps the fertile seat of *Axholme* to in-isle :
 But to th' unwearied Muse the *Peake* appears the while,
 A witheréd beldam long, with blearéd wat'rish eyes,
 With many a bleak storm dimm'd, which often to the skies
 She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head, 381
 Her meagre wrinkled face, being sullied still with lead,
 Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the mines,
 Which she out of the ore continually refines :
 For she a chemist was, and Nature's secrets knew, 385
 And from amongst the *lead*, she *antimony* drew,
 And *crystal* there congeal'd (by her enstyléd *flowers*),
 And in all med'cines knew their most effectual powers.
 The spirits that haunt the mines, she could command and
 tame,
 And bind them as she list in *Saturn's* dreadful name : 390
 She *mill-stones* from the quarrs, with sharp'ned picks could
 get,
 And dainty *whetstones* make, the dull-edg'd tools to whet.
 Wherefore the *Peake* as proud of her laborious toil,
 As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,

Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had told, 395
Her Wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold :

*My dreadful daughters born, your mother's dear delight,
Great Nature's chiefest work, wherein she show'd her might;
Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,
Where fogs, and misty damps continually do dwell ; 400
O ye my only joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,
Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the troubled air,
Ye of your mother *Peake*, the hope and only care :
O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance nam'd 405
The *Devil's-Arse*,† in me, O be thou not asham'd,
Nor think thyself disgrac'd, or hurt thereby at all,
Since from thy horror first men us'd thee so to call :
For as amongst the *Moors*, the jettiest black are deem'd
The beautifull'st of them ; so are your kind esteem'd, 410
The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and obscure,
(That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)
The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,
That best may ye express, that best doth ye befit :
For he that will attempt thy black and darksome jaws, 415
In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy flaws,
Cold dews, that over head from thy foul roof distill,
And meeteth under foot, with a dead sullen rill,
That *Acheron* itself, a man would think he were
Immediately to pass, and stay'd for *Charon* there ; 420
Thy floor drad Cave, yet flat, though very rough it be,
With often winding turns : then come thou next to me,
My pretty daughter *Poole*,‡ my second lovéd child,
Which by that noble name was happily enstyl'd,
Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in this Shire, 425
Of which amongst the rest, one being out-law'd here,

* The *Peake's Wonders*.

† The *Devil's-Arse* in the *Peake*.

‡ *Poole's Hole*.

For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth place,
An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race :
Whose entrance though depress'd below a mountain steep,
Besides so very strait, that who will see 't, must creep 430
Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin
To raise itself aloft, and whoso doth intend
The length thereof to see, still going must ascend
On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair, 435
Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,
Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof and floor,
As Nature show'd in thee, what ne'er was seen before.
For *Elden** thou my third, a Wonder I prefer
Before the other two, which perpendicular 440
Div'st down into the ground, as if an entrance were
Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge it here,
Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously profound,
As that long line which serves the deepest sea to sound,
Her bottom never wrought, as though the vast descent, 445
Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing went
Our *Antipods* to see, and with her gloomy eyes,
To gloat upon those stars, to us that never rise ;
That down into this hole if that a stone ye throw,
An acre's length from thence (some say) that ye may go, 450
And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning ear,
May hear a sound as though that stone then falling were.

Yet for her Caves, and Holes, *Peake* only not excells,
But that I can again produce those wondrous Wells
Of *Buckston*, as I have, that most delicious Fount, 455
Which men the second Bath of *England* do account,
Which in the primer reigns, when first this Well began
To have her virtues known unto the blest *Saint Anne*,†
Was consecrated then, which the same temper hath,

* *Elden* Hole.

† *Saint Anne* of *Buckston*.

As that most dainty Spring, which at the famous *Bath*, 460
 Is by the Cross enstyl'd, whose fame I much prefer,
 In that I do compare my daintiest Spring to her,
 Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,
 And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft frequent;
 Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most delicious source.
 To this a second Fount,* that in her natural course, 466
 As mighty *Neptune* doth, so doth she ebb and flow.
 If some *Welsh* Shires report, that they the like can show,
 I answer those, that her shall so no Wonder call,
 So far from any sea, not any of them all. 470
 My Caves, and Fountains thus delivered you, for change,
 A little Hill† I have, a Wonder yet more strange,
 Which though it be of light, and almost dusty sand,
 Unalt'rd with the wind, yet firmly doth it stand;
 And running from the top, although it never cease, 475
 Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.
 Nor is it at the top, the lower, or the less,
 As Nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,
 Should by some secret way within itself ascend,
 To feed the falling back; with this yet do not end 480
 The Wonders of the *Peake*, for nothing that I have,
 But it a Wonder's name doth very justly crave:
 A Forest such have I (of which when any speak,
 Of me they it enstyle, The Forest of the *Peake*),‡ [trees,
 Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for shrubs and
 To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees; 486
 Like it in all this Isle, for sternness there is none,
 Where Nature may be said to show you groves of stone,
 As she in little there, had curiously compil'd
 The model of the vast *Arabian* stony wild. 490
 Then as it is suppos'd, in *England* that there be
 Seven Wonders: to myself so have I here in me,

* *Tydeswell*.† *Sandy Hill*.‡ The *Peake* Forest.

My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by Fate,
Her greatness, as therein ordain'd to imitate.

No sooner had the *Peake* her Seven proud Wonders sung,
But *Darwin* from her fount, her mother's hills among, 496
Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envious rocks,
Comes tripping down tow'rds *Trent*, and sees the goodly
flocks

Fed by her mother *Peake*; and herds (for horn and hair,
That hardly are put down by those of *Lancashire*), 500
Which on her mountains' sides, and in her bottoms graze,
On whose delightful course, whilst *Unknidge* stands to gaze,
And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He *Nowstoll* plainly sees, which likewise from the set,
Salutes her, and like friends, to *Heaven-Hill* far away, 505
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to say :

Fair Hill be not so proud of thy so pleasant site,
Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful delight,
From any mountain near, that glorious name of *Heaven*,
Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness given : 510
Nor cast thine eye so much on things that be above,
For saw'st thou as we do, our *Darwin*, thou wouldst love
Her more than anything, that so doth thee allure ;
When *Darwin* that by this her travail could endure,
Takes *Now* into her train (from *Nowstoll* her great sire, 515
Which shows to take her name), with many a winding
gyre. [Wye,

Then wand'ring through the wilds, at length the pretty
From her black mother *Poole*, her nimbler course doth ply
Tow'rds *Darwin*, and along from *Bakewell* with her brings
Lathkell a little brook, and *Headford*, whose poor springs, 520
But hardly them the name of riverets can afford ; [stor'd,
When *Burbrook* with the strength, that Nature hath her
Although but very small, yet much doth *Darwin* sted.
At *Worksworth* on her way, when from the mines of lead,

Brown *Eclesborne* comes in, then *Amber* from the East, 525
 Of all the *Darbian* Nymphs of *Darwin* lov'd the best,
 (A delicater Flood from fountain never flow'd)
 Then coming to the Town, on which she first bestow'd
 Her natural *British** name, her *Darby*, so again,
 Her, to that ancient seat, doth kindly intertain, 530
 Where *Marten-Brooke*, although an easy shallow Rill,
 There offereth all she hath, her mistress' banks to fill,
 And all too little thinks that was on *Darwin* spent;
 From hence as she departs, in travelling to *Trent*,
 Back goes the active Muse, tow'rds *Lancashire* amain, 535
 Where matter rests enough, her vigour to maintain,
 And to the Northern Hills shall lead her on along,
 Which now must wholly be the subject of my Song.

* *Darwin*, of the *British Doure Guin*, which is white water.
Darby from thence, as the place by the water.





THE SEVEN-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The circuit of this Shire exprest,
Erwell, and Ribble then contest ;
The Muse next to the Mosses flies,
And to fair Wyre herself applies ;
The fishy Lun then doth she bring,
The praise of Lancashire to sing,
The Isle of Man maintains her plea,
Then falling Eastward from that Sea,
On rugged Furnesse, and his Fells,
Of which this Canto lastly tells.*

5

10



CARCE could the labouring Muse salute this lively
Shire,

But straight such shouts arose from every Moss
and Mere,

And Rivers rushing down, with such unusual noise,
Upon their pebbly shoals, seem'd to express their joys,
That *Mersey* (in her course which happily confines
Brave *Cheshire* from this tract, two County Palatines)
As ravish'd with the news, along to *Lerpoole* ran,
That all the shores which lie to the *Vergivian*,*

5

* The *Irish Sea*.

Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to creek,
 So loud the Echoes cried, that they were heard to shriek 10
 To *Fournesse*' ridgéd front, whereas the rocky Pile
 Of *Foudra* is at hand, to guard the out-laid Isle
 Of *Walney*, and those gross and foggy Fells awoke ;
 Thence flying to the East, with their reverberance shook
 The clouds from *Pendle*'s head (which as the people say, 15
 Prognosticates to them a happy halcyon day),
 Rebounds on *Blackstonedge*, and there by falling fills
 Fair *Mersey*, making in from the *Derbeian* Hills.

But whilst the active Muse thus nimbly goes about,
 Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions* out, 20
 The neat *Lancastrian* Nymphs, for beauty that excell,
 That for the Horn-pipe† round do bear away the bell ;
 Some that about the banks of *Erwell* make abode,
 With some that have their seat by *Ribble*'s silver road,
 In great contention fell (that mighty difference grew), 25
 Which of those Floods deserv'd to have the sovereign due ;
 So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,
 That likely was to rise about their long descent, [plead,
 Before the neighbouring Nymphs, their right they mean to
 And first thus for herself the lovely *Erwell* said : 30

‡ Ye lasses, quoth this Flood, have long and blindly err'd,
 That *Ribble* before me, so falsely have preferr'd,
 That am a native born, and my descent do bring,
 From ancient gentry here, when *Ribble* from her spring,
 An alien known to be, and from the mountains rude 35
 Of *Yorkshire* getting strength, here boldly dares intrude
 Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty fall,
 Is not asham'd herself of *Lancashire* to call :
 Whereas of all the Nymphs that carefully attend
 My Mistress *Mersey*'s state, there's none that doth transcend

* The circuit and true dimension of *Lancashire*.

† The *Lancashire* Horn-pipe. ‡ *Erwell*'s oration.

My greatness with her grace, which doth me so prefer, 41
 That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
 For though from *Blackstoned* the *Tarume* come tripping down,
 And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's high renown,
 Of *Mersey* thinks from me, the place alone to win, 45
 With my attending brooks, yet when I once come in,
 I out of count'nance quite do put the Nymph, for note,
 As from my fountain I tow'rds mightier *Mersey* float,
 First *Roch* a dainty Rill, from *Roch-dale* her dear dame,
 Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's name, 50
 Grows proud ; yet glad herself into my banks to get,
 Which *Spodden* from her spring, a pretty Rivelet,
 As her attendant brings, when *Irck* adds to my store,
 And *Medlock* to their much, by lending somewhat more,
 At *Manchester* do meet, all kneeling to my state, 55
 Where brave I show myself ; then with a prouder gait,
 Tow'rds *Mersey* making on, great *Chatmosse* at my fall,
 Lies full of turf, and marl, her unctuous minerall,
 And blocks as black as pitch (with boring-augers found),
 There at the general Flood supposed to be drown'd. 60
 Thus chief of *Mersey's* train, away with her I run,
 When in her prosperous course she wat'reth *Warrington*,
 And her fair silver load in *Lerpoole* down doth lay,
 A Road none more renown'd in the *Vergivian* Sea.
 Ye lusty lasses then, in *Lancashire* that dwell, 65
 For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,
 Your country's Horn-pipe, ye so mincingly that tread,
 As ye the Egg-pie love, and Apple cherry-red ;*
 In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,
 That *Erwell* every way doth *Ribble* far excell. 70

Her well-dispos'd speech had *Erwell* scarcely done,
 But swift report therewith immediately doth run

* He that will fish for a *Lancashire* man, at any time or tide,
 Must bait his hook with a good Egg-pie, or an Apple with a red side.

To the *Vergivian* shores, among the mosses deep,
 Where *Alt* a neighbouring Nymph for very joy doth weep,
 That *Symonds-wood*, from whence the Flood assumes her
 spring,

75

Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring ;
 And over all the moors, with shrill re-echoing sounds,
 The drooping fogs to drive from those gross wat'ry grounds,
 Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades do find
 Fish living in that earth* (contrary to their kind) 80
 Which but that *Pontus*, and *Heracia* likewise shows,
 The like in their like earth, that with like moisture flows,
 And that such fish as these, had not been likewise found,
 Within far firmer earth, the *Paphlagonian* ground,
 A Wonder of this Isle, this well might have been thought.

But *Ribbell* that this while for her advantage wrought, 86
 Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise,
 And to brave *Erwell's* speech, thus boldly she replies :
 With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to disgrace,
 That I an alien am (not rightly of this place), 90
 My greatest glory is, and *Lancashire* therefore,
 To Nature for my birth, beholding is the more ;
 That *Yorkshire*, which all Shires for largeness doth exceed,
 A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves indeed,
 And not a fountain hath, that from her womb doth flow 95
 Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow ;
 To *Lancaster* yet lends, me *Ribbell*, from her store,
 Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty more.
 From *Penigent's* proud foot, as from my source I slide,
 That Mountain my proud sire, in height of all his pride, 100
 Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born Flood :
 And *Ingleborow* Hill of that *Olympian* brood,
 With *Pendle*, of the North the highest Hills that be,
 Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,

* A wonder in Nature.

These Mountains make me proud, to gaze on me that stand :
 So *Long-ridge*, once arriv'd on the *Lancastrian* Land, 106
 Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,
 So have I many a Flood, that forward me excites,
 As *Hodder*, that from home attends me from my spring ;
 Then *Caldor* coming down, from *Blackstoned* doth bring 110
 Me eas'ly on my way, to *Preston* the great Town,
 Wherewith my banks are blest ; whereat my going down,
 Clear *Darwen* on along me to the sea doth drive,
 And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
 But *Savock* to the North, from *Longridge* making way, 115
 To this my greatness adds, when in my ample Bay,
 Swart *Dulas* coming in, from *Wiggin* with her aids,
 Short *Taud*, and *Dartow* small, two little country maids,
 (In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred)
 Do see me safely laid in mighty *Neptune's* bed ; 120
 And cutting in my course, even through the very heart
 Of this renownéd Shire, so equally it part,
 As Nature should have said, Lo thus I meant to do ;
 This Flood divides this Shire thus equally in two.
 Ye Maids, the Horn-pipe then, so mincingly that tread, 125
 As ye the Egg-pie love, and Apple cherry-red ;
 In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,
 That *Ribbell* every way your *Erwell* doth excell.

Here ended she again, when *Merton's* Moss and Mere,
 With *Ribbel's* sole reply so much revived were, 130
 That all the shores resound the River's good success,
 And wondrous joy there was all over *Andernesse*,*
 Which straight convey'd the news into the upper land,
 Where †*Pendle*, *Penigent*, and *Ingleborow* stand
 Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook ; 135

* A part of *Lancashire* so called.

† *Ingleborow*, *Pendle*, and *Penigent*,

The highest Hills between *Barwick* and *Trent*.

See to the Twenty-eighth Song.

Or *Atlas*-like as though they only undertook
 To under-prop high heaven, or the wide welkin dar'd,
 Who in their *Ribble's* praise (be sure) no speeches spar'd ;
 That the loud sounds from them down to the Forests fell,
 To *Bowland* brave in state, and *Wyersdale*, which as well, 140
 As any sylvan Nymphs, their beauteous sites may boast,
 Whose echoes sent the same all round about the coast,
 That there was not a Nymph to jollity inclin'd,
 Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
 But at their fingers' ends, they *Ribbel's* Song could say, 145
 And perfectly the note upon the Bag-pipe play. [sped,
 That *Wyre*, when once she knew how well these Floods had
 (When their reports abroad in every place was spread)
 It vex'd her very heart, their eminence to see,
 Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to be, 150
 Determines at the last to *Neptune's* Court to go,
 Before his ample state, with humbleness to show
 The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters' spite,
 And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness right ;
 Arising but a Rill at first from *Wyersdale's* lap, 155
 Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's pap,
 As down to seaward she, her serious course doth ply,
 Takes *Caldor* coming in, to bear her company.
 From *Woolfcrag's* clifly foot, a Hill to her at hand,
 By that fair Forest known, within her verge to stand. 160
 So *Bowland* from her breast sends *Brock* her to attend,
 As she a Forest is, so likewise doth she send
 Her child, on *Wyresdale's* Flood, the dainty *Wyre* to wait,
 With her assisting Rills, when *Wyre* is once replete :
 She in her crooked course to seaward softly slides, 165
 Where *Pellin's* mighty Moss, and *Merton's*, on her sides
 Their boggy breasts out-lay, and *Skipton* down doth crawl,
 To entertain this *Wyer*, attain'd to her fall :
 When whilst each wand'ring Flood seem'd settled to admire,

First *Erwell*, *Ribbell* then, and last of all this *Wyre*, 170
 That mighty wagers would have willingly been laid,
 (But that these matters were with much discretion stay'd)
 Some broils about these Brooks had surely been begun.

When *Coker* a coy Nymph, that clearly seems to shun
 All popular applause, who from her crystal head, 175
 In *Wyresdale*, near where *Wyre* is by her fountain fed,
 That by their natural birth, they seem (indeed) to twin,
 Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin,
 Of none and being help'd, she likewise helpeth none,
 But to the *Irish* Sea goes gently down alone 180
 Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her Sound,
 Endangered by the sands, with many a lofty bound,
 She leaps against the tides, and cries to crystal *Lon*,
 The Flood that names the Town, from whence the Shire
 begun

Her title first to take, and loudly tells the Flood, 185
 That if a little while she thus but trifling stood,
 These petty Brooks would be before her still preferr'd.
 Which the long-wand'ring *Lon*, with good advisement heard,
 As she comes ambling on from *Westmerland*, where first
 Arising from her head, amongst the Mountains nurst, 190
 By many a pretty spring, that hourly getting strength,
 Arriving in her course in *Lancashire* at length,
 To *Lonsdale** shows herself, and lovingly doth play
 With her dear daughter *Dale*, which her frim cheek doth lay
 To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she traces, 195
 And oft imbracing her, she oft again imbraces,
 And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.
 When *Lac* the most-lov'd child of this delicious *Dale*,
 And *Wemming* on the way, present their either's spring.
 Next them she *Henbourne* hath, and *Robourne*, which do bring
 Their bounties in one bank, their Mistress to prefer, 201

* *Lunesdale*.

That she with greater state may come to *Lancaster*,
 Of her which takes the name, which likewise to the Shire,
 The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where
 To give to this her Town, what rightly doth belong, 205
 Of this most famous Shire, our *Lun* thus frames her Song:

*First, that most precious thing, and pleasing most to man,
 Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
 His she-self woman, which the goodliest of this Isle,
 This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my
 style ; 210

Why should those ancients else, which so much-knowing
 were,

When they the blazons gave to every several Shire,
 Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?

†Besides in all this Isle, there no such cattle be,
 For largeness, horn, and hair, as these of *Lancashire* ; 215

So that from every part of *England* far and near,
 Men haunt her marts for store, as from her race to breed.
 And for the third, wherein she doth all Shires exceed,
 Be those great race of hounds,‡ the deepest-mouth'd of all
 The other of this kind, which we our Hunters call, 220

Which from their bellowing throats upon a scent so roar,
 That you would surely think, that the firm earth they tore
 With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds in sunder,
 As though by their loud cry they meant to mock the thunder.
 Besides, her natives have been anciently esteem'd, 225

For bowmen§ near our best, and ever have been deem'd
 So loyal, that the Guard of our preceding Kings,
 Of them did most consist ; but yet 'mongst all these things,
 Even almost ever since the *English* Crown was set
 Upon the lawful head, of our *Plantaginet*, 230

* *Lancashire* Fair Women.

† *Lancashire* Breed of Cattle the best.

‡ *Lancashire*, Deep-mouthed Hounds.

§ *Lancashire* Bowmen.

In honour, next the first, our Dukedom was allow'd,
 And always with the great'st revenues was endow'd:
 And after when it hapt, *France*-conquering *Edward's* blood
 Divided in itself, here for the Garland stood ;
 The right *Lancastrian* Line, it from *York's* issue bare ; 235
 *The Red-Rose, our brave badge, which in their helmets ware,
 In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
 Against the House of *Yorke*, which bare for theirs the White.
 †And for myself there's not the *Tivy*, nor the *Wye*,
 Nor any of those Nymphs, that to the Southward lie, 240
 For salmon me excells ; and for this name of *Lun*,‡
 That I am christ'ned by, the *Britons* it begun,
 Which Fulness doth import, of waters still increase :
 To *Neptune* lowting low, when crystal *Lun* doth cease,
 And *Conder* coming in, conducts her by the hand, 245
 Till lastly she salute the point of *Sunderland*,§
 And leaves our dainty *Lun* to *Amphitrite's* care.

So blithe and bonny now the Lads and Lasses are,
 That ever as anon the Bag-pipe up doth blow,
 Cast in a gallant Round about the hearth they go, 250
 And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such rule
 In any place but here, at Boon-fire, or at Yule ;
 And every village smokes at Wakes with lusty cheer,
 Then ' Hey ' they cry ' for *Lun*,' and ' Hey for *Lancashire* ;'
 That one high Hill was heard to tell it to his brother, 255
 That instantly again to tell it to some other :
 From Hill again to Vale, from Vale to Hill it went,
 The High-lands they again, it to the lower sent,
 The mud-exhausted Meres, add Mosses deep among,
 With the report thereof, each Road, and Harbour rung ; 260
 The Sea-Nymphs with their song, so great a coil do keep,

* The White and Red Rose.

† See to the Sixth Song.

‡ *Llun*, in the *British*, fulness.

§ A part of *Lancashire* jutting out into the *Irish* Sea.

They cease not to resound it over all the deep,
 And acted it each day before the Isle of *Man*,
 Who like an Empress sits in the *Virgivan*,
 By her that hath the *Calfe*,* long *Walney*, and the *Pyle*, 265
 As hand-maids to attend on her their Sovereign Isle,
 To whom, so many though the *Hebrides* do show,
 Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe:
 With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for hers is good,
 (That we, nor *Ireland*, need not scorn her neighbourhood) 270
 Her midst with Mountains set, of which, from *Sceafel*'st
 height,

A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
 (Be *Neptune's* visage ne'er so terrible and stern)
 The *Scotch*, the *Irish* shores, and th' *English* may discern;
 And what an Empire can, the same this Island brings 275
 Her pedigrees to show, her right successive Kings,
 Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,
 And with all foreign parts to have had free commerce;
 Her municipal laws, and customs very old,
 Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth hold: 280

This Island, with the Song of *Lun* is taken so,
 As she hath special cause before all other, who
 For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy ground,
 And trees far under earth (by daily digging found),
 As for the store of oats, which her black glebe doth bear, 285
 In every one of these resembling *Lancashire*,
 To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,
 And cries, 'the day is ours, brave *Lancashire* doth win.'
 But yet this *Isle of Man* more seems not to rejoice
 For *Lancashire's* good luck, nor with a louder voice 290
 To sound it to the shores, than *Furnesse* whose stern face,
 With mountains set like warts, which Nature as a grace

* The *Calfe of Man*, a little island.

† A mountain in the Isle of *Man*.

Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look so stern,
 That when the Nymphs of sea did first her front discern,
 Amazedly they fled, to *Amphitrite's* bower. 295

Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so sour,
 As it malign'd the rule which mighty *Neptune* bare,
 Whose fells to that grim God, most stern and dreadful are,
 With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about are bound,
 Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black beachy ground,
 Whereas those scattered trees, which naturally partake, 301
 The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,
 Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their stocky bough,
 A soft and sappy gum, from which those *Tree-geese* grow,
 Call'd *Barnacles** by us, which like a jelly first 305

To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurst,
 Still great and greater thrive, until you well may see
 Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping from the tree
 Into the meery pond, which under them doth lie,
 Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly; 310
 Which well our ancients did among our Wonders place:
 Besides by her strong site, she doth receive this grace,
 Before her neighbouring tracts (which *Fournesse* well may
 vaunt),

That when the *Saxons* here their forces first did plant,
 And from the inner-land the ancient *Britans* drave, 315
 To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,
 Than the *trans-Severn'd* Hills, which their old stock yet stores,
 Which now we call the *Welsh*, or the *Cornubian* Shores.
 What country lets ye see those soils within her seat,
 But she in little hath, what it can show in great? 320
 As first without herself at sea to make her strong,
 (Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)
 And fence her furthest point, from that rough *Neptune's* rage,
 The Isle of *Walney* lies, whose longitude doth suage

* *Barnacles* one of the *British* Wonders.

His fury when his waves, on *Furnesse* seem to war, 325
 Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged scar*
 Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive Isle
 Of *Walney* still assail, that she doth scorn the while,
 Which to assist her hath the *Pyle of Fouldra* set,
 And *Fulney* at her back, a pretty Insulet, 330
 Which all their forces bend, their *Furnesse* safe to keep :
 But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep, [wander,
 Where those two mighty Meres, out-stretch'd in length do
 The lesser *Thurstan* nam'd, the famouser *Wynander*,
 So bounded with her rocks, as Nature would descry, 335
 By her how those great seas mediterranean lie.
 To sea-ward then she hath her sundry Sands again,
 As that of *Dudden* first, then *Levin*, lastly *Ken*,
 Of three bright *Naiades* nam'd, as *Dudden* on the West,
 That *Cumberland* cuts off from this Shire, doth invest 340
 Those Sands with her proud style, when *Levin* from the Fells,
 Besides her natural source, with the abundance swells,
 Which those two mighty Meres, upon her either side
 Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
 She leaves her ancient name, and *Fosse* herself doth call, 345
 Till coming to the Sands, even almost at her fall,
 On them her ancient style she liberally bestows.
 Upon the East from these, clear *Ken* her beauty shows,
 From *Kendale* coming in, which she doth please to grace,
 First with her famous type, then lastly in her race, 350
 Her name upon those Sands doth liberally bequeath,
 Whereas the Muse awhile may sit her down to breathe,
 And after walk along tow'rds *Yorkshire* on her way,
 On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

* A scar is a rock.



THE EIGHT-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Invention hence her compass steers,
Towards Yorke the most renown'd of Shires,
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,
Each severally to show their glories.
Ouse for her most-lov'd City's sake,
Doth her Duke's Title undertake ;
His Floods then Humber welcomes in,
And shows how first he did begin.*

5



HE Muse from *Blackstoned*, no whit dismay'd at all,
With sight of the large Shire, on which she was
to fall, [her arrive
(Whose Forests, Hills, and Floods, then long for
From *Lancashire*, that look'd her beauties to contrive)
Doth set herself to sing, of that above the rest
A Kingdom that doth seem, a Province at the least,
To them that think themselves no simple Shires to be ;
But that wherein the world her greatness most may see,
And that which doth this Shire before the rest prefer,
Is of so many Floods, and great, that rise from her,

5

10

Except some silly few out of her verge that flow,
 So near to other Shires, that it is hard to know,
 If that their springs be hers, or others them divide,
 And those are only found upon her setting side.
 Else be it noted well, remarkable to all,* 15
 That those from her that flow, in her together fall.
 Nor can small praise beseeem to beauteous Brooks as these,
 For from all other Nymphs these be the *Naiades*,
 In *Amphitrite's* bower, that princely places hold,
 To whom the *Orkes* of sea dare not to be so bold, 20
 As rudely once to touch, and wheresoe'er they come,
 The *Tritons* with their trumps proclaim them public room.

Now whiles the Muse prepares these Floods along to lead,
 The wide *West-riding* first, desires that she may plead
 The right that her belongs, which of the Muse she wins, 25
 When with the course of *Don*, thus she her tract begins :

†Thou first of all my Floods, whose banks do bound my
 South,
 And off'rest up thy stream to mighty *Humber's* mouth,
 Of yew, and climbing elm,‡ that crown'd with many a spray,
 From thy clear fountain first through many a mead dost play,
 Till *Rother*, whence the name of *Rotheram* first begun, 31
 At that her christened Town doth lose her in my *Don*,
 Which proud of her recourse, tow'rds *Doncaster* doth drive,
 Her great'st and chiefest Town, the name that doth derive
 From *Don's* near bordering banks, when holding on her race,
 She dancing in and out, indenteth *Hatfield Chase*, 36
 Whose bravery hourly adds, new honours to her bank :
 When *Sherwood* sends her in slow *Iddle*, that made rank
 With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
 On *Marshland*, whose swoln womb with such abundance flows,
 As that her batning breast, her fatlings sooner feeds, 41

* A great bravery of *Yorkshire*. † The *West-Riding's* oration.

‡ Much yew and elm upon the bank of *Don*.

And with more lavish waste, than oft the grazier needs :
 Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers note,
 With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth float :
 *For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain 45
 High whilst the floods are high, and when they fall again,
 It falleth : but at last, when as my lively *Don*,
 Along by *Marshland's* side, her lusty course hath run,
 The little wand'ring *Went*, won by the loud report
 Of the magnifiquie state, and height of *Humber's* Court, 50
 Draws on to meet with *Don*, at her approach to *Aire*.
 Now speak I of a Flood, who thinks there's none should dare
 Once to compare with her, suppos'd by her descent,
 The darling daughter born of lofty *Penigent*,
 Who from her father's foot, by *Skipton* down doth scud, 55
 And leading thence to *Leeds*, that delicatest Flood,
 Takes *Caldor* coming in by *Wakefield*, by whose force,
 As from a lusty Flood, much strengthen'd in her course ;
 But *Caldor* as she comes, and greater still doth wax,
 And travelling along by Heading-*Halifax*,† 60
 Which *Horton* once was call'd, but of a Virgin's hair,
 (A Martyr that was made, for chastity, that there
 Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree :
 The people that would needs it should a Relique be,
 It *Halifax* since nam'd, which in the Northern tongue, 65
 Is *Holy hair* : but thence as *Caldor* comes along,
 It chanc'd she in her course on *Kirkbey*‡ cast her eye,
 Where merry *Robin Hood*, that honest thief doth lie,
 Beholding fitly too before how *Wakefield* stood,
 She doth not only think of lusty *Robin Hood*, 70
 But of his merry man, the Pindar of the Town
 Of *Wakefield*, *George à Greene*, whose fames so far are blown,

* A strange opinion held by those of the neighbouring villages.

† Beheading, which we call *Halifax* Law.

‡ *Robin Hood's* burying-place.

For their so valiant fight, that every free-man's song,
 Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd on long,
 For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days ; 75
 When *Aire* to *Caldor* calls, and bids her come her ways,
 Who likewise to her help, brings *Hebden*, a small Rill :
 Thus *Aire* holds on her course tow'rds *Humber*, till she fill
 Her fall with all the wealth that *Don* can her afford.
 Quoth the *West-riding* thus, with Rivers am I stor'd. 80

Next guide I on my *Wharfe*, the great'st in her degree,
 And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,
 Who her full fountain takes from my waste Western wild,
 (Whence all but mountaineers, by Nature are exil'd)
 On *Langstrethdale*, and lights at th' entrance of her race, 85
 When keeping on her course, along through *Barden Chase*,
 She wat'reth *Wharfdale's* breast, which proudly bears her
 name ;

For by that time she's grown a Flood of wondrous fame,
 When *Washbrooke* with her wealth her Mistress doth supply ;
 Thus *Wharfe* in her brave course imbracing *Wetherby*,* 90
 Small *Cock*, a sullen Brook, comes to her succour then,
 Whose banks receiv'd the blood of many thousand men,
 On sad *Palme-Sunday* slain, that *Towton-Field* we call, [fall,
 Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that there did
 That *Wharfe* discoloured was with gore, that then was shed,
 The bloodiest Field betwixt the *White Rose*, and the *Red*, 96
 Of well-near fifteen fought in *England* first and last.

But whilst the goodly *Wharfe* doth thus tow'rds *Humber*
 haste,

From *Wharndale* Hill not far, outflows the nimble *Nyde*,
 Through *Nydersdale* along, as neatly she doth glide 100
 Tow'rds *Knarsburg* on her way, a pretty little Rill,
 Call'd *Kebeck*, stows her stream, her Mistress' banks to fill,
 To intertain the *Wharfe* where that brave Forest† stands,

* See to the Twenty-second Song.

† *Knarsborough* Forest.

Entitled by the Town, who with uprearéd hands
 Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garlands crown 105
 The River passing by ; but *Wharfe* that hasteth down
 To meet her Mistress *Ouse*, her speedy course doth hie ;
Dent, *Rother*, *Rivell*, *Gret*, so on my set have I,
 Which from their fountains there all out of me do flow,
 Yet from my bounty I on *Lancashire* bestow, 110
 Because my rising soil doth shoot them to the West ;
 But for my Mountains I, will with the Isle contest,
 All other of the North in largeness shall exceed,
 That ages long before it finally decreed,
 That *Ingleborow Hill*, *Pendle*,* and *Penigent*, 115
 Should naméd be the high'st betwixt our *Tweed* and *Trent*.
 My Hills, brave *Whelpston* then, thou *Wharnside*, and thou
Cam,
 Since I *West-riding* still your only mother am,
 All that report can give, and justly is my due,
 I as your natural dam, share equally with you ; 120
 And let me see a Hill that to the North doth stand,
 The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a hand
 O'er *Penigent* to peer ; not *Skiddo*, that proud Mount,
 Although of him so much, rude *Cumberland* account,
 Nor *Cheviot*, of whose height *Northumberland* doth boast 125
Albania† to survey ; nor those from coast to coast
 That well-near run in length, that rew of Mountains tall,
 By th' name of th' *English Alps*, that our most learned call ;
 As soon shall those, or these remove out of their place,
 As by their lofty looks, my *Penigent* out-face : 130
 Ye thus behold my Hills, my Forests, Dales, and Chases
 Upon my spacious breast : note too how Nature places
 Far up into my West, first *Langstrethdale* doth lie,
 And on the bank of *Wharfe*, my pleasant *Bardon* by,

* *Pendle Hill* is near upon the verge of this Tract, but standeth in *Lancashire*.

† *Scotland*.

With *Wharfedale* hard by her, as taking hand in hand : 135
 Then lower tow' rds the sea brave *Knarsborough* doth stand,
 As higher to my North, my *Niddersdale* by *Nyde*,
 And *Bishopsdale* above upon my setting side,
Marshland, and *Hatfield Chase*, my Eastern part do bound,
 And *Barnsdale* there doth butt on *Don's* well-wat' red ground :
 And to my great disgrace, if any shall object 141
 That I no wonder have that's worthy of respect
 In all my spacious Tract, let them (so wise) survey
 My *Ribble's* rising banks, their worst and let them say ;
 At *Giggleswick* where I a Fountain can you show, 145
 That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow,
 *Who sometime was a Nymph, and in the Mountains high
 Of *Craven*, whose blue heads for caps put on the sky,
 Amongst th' *Oreadst* there, and *Sylvans* made abode,
 (It was e'er human foot upon those Hills had trod) 150
 Of all the Mountain-kind and since she was most fair,
 It was a Satyr's chance to see her silver hair
 Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
 Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,
 And after her he goes ; which when she did espy, 155
 Before him like the wind, the nimble Nymph doth fly ;
 They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive ;
 To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she doth strive,
 Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his rape,
 And to the Topick Gods‡ by praying to escape, 160
 They turned her to a Spring, which as she then did pant,
 When wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous
 scant :
 Even as the fearful Nymph, then thick and short did blow,
 Now made by them a Spring, so doth she ebb and flow.

* The Metamorphosis of that Fountain.

† Nymphs of the mountains.

‡ The supposed Genius of the place.

And near the stream of *Nyde*, another Spring have I, 165
 As well as that, which may a Wonder's place supply,
 Which of the form it bears, men *Dropping-Well* do call,
 Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,
 Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
 Which in as little space converteth wood to stone, 170
Chevin, and *Kilnsey Crag*s, were they not here in me,
 In any other place, right well might Wonders be,
 For their gigantic height, that mountains do transcend ?
 But such are frequent here, and thus she makes an end.

When *Your** thus having heard the Genius of this Tract,
 Her well-deservéd praise so happily to act, 176
 This River in herself that was extremely loth,
 The other to defer, since that she was to both
 Indifferent, straitly wills *West-Riding* there to cease ;
 And having made a sign to all the wat'ry prease 180
 For silence ; which at once, when her command had won,
 The proud *North-Riding* thus for her great self begun :

†My Sovereign Flood, quoth she, in nature thou art bound
 T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest ground :
 For note of all those Floods, the wild *West-Riding* sends, 185
 There's scarcely any one thy greatness that attends,
 Till thou hast passéd *Yorke*, and drawest near thy fall ;
 And when thou hast no need of their supplies at all,
 Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy followers be ;
 ‡So as you often-times these wretched worldlings see, 190
 That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes depend
 Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
 A farthing to relieve his sad distresséd state,
 Not knowing what may yet befall him ; but when Fate
 Doth pour upon his head his long-expected good, 195

* *Your*, the chiefest river of *Yorkshire*, who after her long course,
 by the confluence of other floods, gets the name of *Ouse*.

† The *North-Riding's* Oration.

‡ The Simile.

Then shall you see those slaves, aloof before that stood,
 And would have let him starve, like spaniels to him crouch,
 And with their glavering lips, his very feet to touch :
 So do they by thee *Your* ; whereas the Floods in me,
 That spring and have their course (even), give thy life to
 thee :

200

For till that thou and *Swale*, into one bank do take,
 Meeting at *Borough-Bridge*, thy greatness there to make :
 Till then the name of *Ouse* thou art not known to owe,
 A term in former times the ancients did bestow
 On many a full-bank'd Flood ; but for my greater grace, 205
 These Floods of which I speak, I now intend to trace
 From their first springing founts, beginning with the *Your*,
 From *Morvil's* mighty foot which rising, with the power
 That *Bant* from *Sea-mere* brings, her somewhat more doth fill,
 Near *Bishops-dale* at hand, when *Cover* a clear Rill, 210
 Next cometh into *Your*, whereas that lusty Chace
 For her lov'd *Cover's* sake, doth lovingly embrace
Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and groves,
 In *Middleham's* amorous eye, as wand'ringly she roves,
 At *Rippon* meets with *Skell*, which makes to her amain, 215
 Whom when she hath receiv'd into her Nymphish train,
 (Near to that town so fam'd, for colts there to be bought,*
 For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are sought)
 Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,
 To *Borough-Bridge* makes on, to meet her sister *Swale*, 220
 (A wondrous holy Flood† (which name she ever hath)
 For when the *Saxons* first receiv'd the Christian Faith,
Paulinus of old *Yorke*, the zealous Bishop then,
 In *Swale's* abundant stream christ'ned ten thousand men,
 With women and their babes, a number more beside, 225
 Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with pride)
 Which springs not far from whence *Your* hath her silver head ;

* *Rippon* Fair.† The reason why *Swale* is called Holy.

And in her winding banks along my bosom led,
 As she goes swooping by, to *Swaledale* whence she springs,
 That lovely name she leaves, which forth a Forest brings, 230
 The Valleys' style that bears, a braver sylvan maid,
 Scarce any Shire can show ; when to my River's aid,
 Come *Barney*, *Arske*, and *Marske*, their sovereign *Swale* to
 guide,
 From *Applegarth's* wide waste, and from *New Forest* side.
 Whose Fountains by the Fauns, and Satyrs, many a year, 235
 With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not stay them
 there,
 But they will serve the *Swale*, which in her wand'ring course,
 A Nymph nam'd *Holgat* hath, and *Risdale*, all whose force,
 Small though (GOD wot) it be, yet from their Southern shore,
 With that salute the *Swale*, as others did before, 240
 At *Richmond** and arrive, which much doth grace the Flood,
 For that her precinct long amongst the Shires hath stood :
 But *Yorkshire* wills the same her glory to resign.
 When passing thence the *Swale*, this minion Flood of mine
 Next takes into her train, clear *Wiske*, a wanton girl, 245
 As though her wat'ry path were pav'd with orient pearl,
 So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding gyre,
 As though she gambolds made, or as she did desire,
 Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meand'red trace,
 With marvel should amaze, and coming doth imbrace 250
North-Alerton,† by whom her honour is increast,
 Whose Liberties include a County at the least,
 To grace the wand'ring *Wiske*, then well upon her way,
 Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the sway ;
 When having her receiv'd, *Swale* bonny *Codbeck* brings, 255
 And *Willowbeck* with her, two pretty Rivellings,
 And *Bedall* bids along, then almost at the *Ouze*,

* *Richmondshire* within *Yorkshire*.

† A County within *Yorkshire*.

Who with these Rills enrich'd begins herself to rouse.
 When that great Forest-Nymph fair *Gautresse* on her way,
 She sees to stand prepar'd, with garlands fresh and gay 260
 To deck up *Ouze*, before herself to *Yorke* she show,
 So out of my full womb the *Fosse* doth likewise flow,
 That meeting thee at *Yorke*, under the City's side,
 Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,
 The East part wat'ring still, as thou dost wash the West, 265
 By whose imbraces *Yorke* abundantly is blest.
 So many Rivers I continually maintain,
 As all those lesser Floods that into *Darwin* strain,
 Their Fountains find in me, the *Ryedale* naming *Rye*,
Fosse, *Rycall*, *Hodbeck*, *Dow*, with *Semen*, and them by 270
 Clear *Costwy*, which herself from *Blackmore* in doth bring,
 And playing as she slides through shady *Pickering*,
 To *Darwent* homage doth ; and *Darwent* that divides
 The *East-Riding* and me, upon her either sides,
 Although that to us both, she most indifferent be, 275
 And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
 From my division yet her fountain doth derive,
 And from my *Blackmore* here her course doth first contrive.

Let my dimensions then be seriously pursued,
 And let great *Britain* see in my brave latitude, 280
 How in the high'st degree, by Nature I am grac'd ;
 For tow'rds the *Craven Hills*, upon my West are plac'd
New-Forest, *Applegarth*, and *Swaledale*,[‡] *Dryads** all,
 And lower towards the *Ouze*, if with my Floods ye fall,
 The goodly *Gautresse* keeps chief of my sylvan kind, 285
 There stony *Stanmore* view, bleak with the sleet and wind,
 Upon this Eastern side, so *Ryedale* dark and deep,
 Amongst whose groves of yore, some say that elves did keep ;
 Then *Pickering*, whom the Fauns beyond them all adore,
 By whom not far away, lies large-spread *Blackimore*, 290

* Nymphs of the Woods.

The *Cleveland* North from these, a state that doth maintain,
 Leaning her lusty side to the great *German Main*,
 Which if she were not here confinéd thus in me,
 A Shire even of herself might well be said to be.

Nor less hath *Pickering Leigh*, her liberty than this, 295
North-Alerton a Shire so likewise reckonéd is ;

And *Richmond* of the rest, the greatest in estate,
 A County justly call'd, that them accommodate ;
 So I *North-Riding* am, for spaciousness renown'd,
 Our mother *Yorkshire's* eld'st, who worthily is crown'd 300

The Queen of all the Shires, on this side *Trent*, for we
 The *Ridings* several parts of her vast greatness be,

In us, so we again have several seats, whose bounds
 Do measure from their sides so many miles of grounds,

That they are calléd Shires ; like to some mighty King, 305
 May *Yorkshire* be compar'd* (the lik'st of any thing),

Who hath Kings that attend, and to his State retain,
 And yet so great, that they have under them again

Great Princes, that to them be subject, so have we
 Shires subject unto us, yet we her subjects be ; 310

Although these be enough sufficiently to show,
 That I the other two for bravery quite out-go :

Yet look ye up along into my setting side,
 Where *Teis* first from my bounds, rich *Dunelm*† doth divide,

And you shall see those Rills, that with their wat'ry prease,
 Their most belovéd *Teis* so plenteously increase, 316

The clear yet lesser *Lune*, the *Bauder*, and the *Gret*,
 All out of me do flow ; then turn ye from the set,

And look but tow'rds the rise, upon the *German Main*,
 Those rarities and see, that I in me contain ; 320

My *Scarborough*, which looks as though in heaven it stood,
 To those that lie below, from th' Bay of *Robin Hood*,

Even to the fall of *Teis* ; let me but see the man,

* A Simile of *Yorkshire*.

† The Bishoprick of *Durham*.

That in one tract can show the Wonders* that I can,
 Like *Whitbie's* self I think, there's none can show but I, 325
 O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild-geese fly,
 But presently they fall from off their wings to ground :
 If this no Wonder be, where's there a Wonder found,
 And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more behold,
 That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd. 330
 The rocks by *Moulgrave* too, my glories forth to set,
 Out of their crannied cleaves, can give you perfect jet,
 And upon *Huntclipnab*, you everywhere may find,
 (As though nice Nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
 Stones of a spherick form of sundry mickles fram'd, 335
 That well they globes of stone, or bullets might be nam'd
 For any ordnance fit : which broke with hammers' blows,
 Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds enclose.
 Mark *Gisborough's* gay site, where Nature seems so nice,
 As in the same she makes a second Paradise, 340
 Whose soil imbroider'd is, with so rare sundry flowers,
 Her large oaks so long green, as summer there her bowers
 Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
 Her earth with allome veins most richly intermin'd.
 In other places these might Rarities be thought, 345
 So common but in me, that I esteem as nought.
 Then could I reckon up my *Ricall*, making on
 By *Rydale*, towards her dear-lov'd *Darwent*, who's not gone
 Far from her pearly springs, but underground she goes ;
 As up towards *Craven Hills*, I many have of those, 350
 Amongst the crannied cleaves, that through the caverns creep,
 And dimbles hid from day, into the earth so deep,
 That often-times their sight, the senses doth appall,
 Which for their horrid course, the people *Helbecks* call,
 Which may for ought I see, be with my Wonders set, 355
 And with much marvel seen : that I am not in debt

* A Catalogue of the Wonders of the *North-Riding*.

To none that neighboureth me ; nor ought can they me lend.
 When *Darwent* bad her stay, and there her speech to end,
 For that *East-Riding* call'd, her proper cause to plead :
 For *Darwent* a true Nymph, a most impartial maid, 360
 And like to both allied, doth will the last should have
 That privilege, which time to both the former gave,
 And wills th' *East-Riding* then, in her own cause to speak,
 Who mildly thus begins : *Although I be but weak,
 To those two former parts, yet what I seem to want 365
 In largeness, for that I am in my compass scant,
 Yet for my site I know, that I them both excell ;
 For mark me how I lie, yea note me very well,
 How in the East I reign (of which my name I take),
 And my broad side do bear up to the *German Lake*, 370
 Which bravely I survey ; then turn ye and behold
 Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious Ould†
 Of *Yorke* that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,
 When he beholds the sun out of the seas to rise,
 With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce gives
 place 375
 To *Cotswold*, and for what becomes a pastoral grace,
 Doth go beyond him quite ; then note upon my South,
 How all along the shore, to mighty *Humber's* mouth,
 Rich *Holderness* I have, excelling for her grain,
 By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain 380
 Myself in good estate, but Shires far off that lie,
 Up *Humber* that to *Hull*, come every day to buy,
 To me beholding are ; besides, the neighbouring Towns ;
 Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the Downs,
Hull down to *Humber* hastes, and takes into her bank 385
 Some less but lively Rills, with waters waxing rank,
 She *Beverley* salutes, whose beauties so delight
 The fair-enamoured Flood, as ravish'd with the sight,

* The *East-Riding's* Oration.† *York's Ould*.

That she could ever stay, that gorgeous Fane* to view,
 But that the Brooks, and Bourns, so hotly her pursue, 390
 To *Kingston* and convey, whom *Hull* doth newly name,
 Of *Humber*-bord'ring *Hull*, who hath not heard the fame?
 And for great *Humber's* self, I challenge him for mine:
 For whereas *Fowlwy* first, and *Shelfleet* do combine,
 By meeting in their course, so courteously to twin, 395
 'Gainst whom on th' other side, the goodly *Trent* comes in,
 †From that especial place, great *Humber* hath his reign,
 Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course maintain,
 ‡From *Kilnsey's* pile-like point, along the Eastern shore,
 And laugh at *Neptune's* rage, when loudliest he doth roar, 400
 Till *Flamborough* jut forth into the *German* Sea.
 And as th' *East-Riding* more yet ready was to say,
Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,
 And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech,
 Since she had passéd *Yorke*, and in her wand'ring race, 405
 By that fair city's site, receivéd had such grace,
 She might for it declaim, but more to honour *Yorke*,
 She who suppos'd the same to be her only work,
 Still to renown those Dukes, who strongly did pretend
 A title to the Crown, as those who did descend 410
 From them that had the right, doth this oration make,
 And to uphold their claim, thus to the Floods she spake:
 §They very idly err, who think that blood then spilt,
 In that long-lasting war, proceeded from the guilt
 Of the proud *Yorkist* part; for let them understand, 415
 That *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, whose brave and martial hand
 The Title|| undertook, by tyranny and might,
 Sought not t' attain the Crown, but from successful right,

* The Church of *Beverley*.

† The marks how far he is called *Humber*.

‡ The length of the *East-Riding* upon the Sea.

§ *Ouze's* Oration.

|| The title of the House of *Yorke* to the Crown.

Which still upheld his claim, by which his valiant son,
 Great *Edward* Earl of *March*, the Garland after won : 420
 For *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, at *Wakefield* Battle slain,
 Who first that title broach'd, in the Sixth *Henry's* reign,
 From *Edmond* a fifth son of *Edward* did descend,
 That justly he thereby no title could pretend,
 Before them com'n from *Gaunt*, well known of all to be, 425
 The fourth to *Edward* born, and therefore a degree
 Before him to the Crown ; but that which did prefer
 His title, was the match with Dame *Anne Mortimer*,
 Of *Roger* Earl of *March* the daughter, that his claim,
 From *Clarence* the third son of great King *Edward* came, 430
 Which *Anne* deriv'd alone, the right before all other,
 Of the delapséd Crown, from *Philip* her fair mother,
 Daughter and only heir of *Clarence*, and the bride
 To *Edmond* Earl of *March* ; this *Anne* her daughter tied
 In wedlock to the Earl of *Cambridge*, whence the right 435
 Of *Richard* as I said, which fell at *Wakefield* fight,
 Descended to his son, brave *Edward* after King,
 (*Henry* the Sixth depos'd) thus did the *Yorkists* bring
 Their title from a strain, before the line of *Gaunt*,
 Whose issue they by arms did worthily supplant. 440

By this the *Ouze* perceiv'd great *Humber* to look grim ;
 (For evermore she hath a special eye to him)
 As though he much disdain'd each one should thus be heard,
 And he their only King, until the last deferr'd,
 At which he seem'd to frown ; wherefore the *Ouze* off breaks,
 And to his confluent Floods, thus mighty *Humber* speaks : 446

*Let *Trent* her tribute pay, which from their several founts,
 For thirty Floods of name, to me her King that counts,
 Be much of me belov'd, brave River ; and from me,
 Receive those glorious rites that Fame can give to thee. 450
 And thou marsh-drowning *Don*, and all those that repair

* The Oration of *Humber*.

With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling *Aire*,
 Embodying in one bank ; and *Wharfe*, which by thy fall
 Dost much augment my *Ouze*, let me embrace you all,
 My brave *West-Riding* Brooks, your King you need not scorn, 456
 Proud Naiades neither ye, *North-Riders* that are born ;
 My yellow-sanded *Your*, and thou my sister *Swale*,
 That dancing come to *Ouze*, through many a dainty Dale,
 Do greatly me enrich, clear *Darwent* driving down
 From *Cleveland* ; and thou *Hull*, that highly dost renown 460
 Th' *East-Riding* by thy rise, do homage to your King,
 And let the Sea-Nymphs thus of mighty *Humber* sing ;
 That full an hundred Floods my wat'ry Court maintain,
 Which either of themselves, or in their greater's train,
 Their tribute pay to me ; and for my princely name, 465
 From *Humber* King of *Hunns*, as anciently it came ;
 So still I stick to him : for from that Eastern King
 Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring :
 So his great name receives no prejudice thereby ;
 For as he was a King, so know ye all that I 470
 Am King of all the Floods, that North of *Trent* do flow ;
 Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
 Nor of the muddy *Nile*, so great a Wonder make,
 Though with her bellowing fall, she violently take
 The neighbouring people deaf ; nor *Ganges* so much praise, 475
 That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broadness lays
 His bosom, nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
 Of that (but lately found) *Guyanian Orenoque*,
 Whose cataract* a noise so horrible doth keep,
 That it even *Neptune* frights ; what Flood comes to the deep,
 Than *Humber* that is heard more horribly to roar ? 481
 For when my Higret† comes, I make my either shore
 Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send.

* A fall of water.

† The roaring of the waters, at the coming in of the tide.

No sooner of this speech had *Humber* made an end,
 But the applauding Floods sent forth so shrill a shout, 485
 That they were eas'ly heard all *Holdernesse* about,
 Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes rude,
 When the *East-Riding* her oration to conclude,
 Goes on: My Sisters boast that they have little Shires
 Their subjects, I can show the like of mine for theirs; 490
 My *Howdon** hath as large a circuit, and as free,
 On *Ouse* and *Humber's* banks, and as much graceth me,
 My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:
 Not *Richmond* nor her like, that doth to them belong,
 Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon my coast, 495
 And for their wondrous things, whereof so much they boast,
 Upon my Eastern side, which juts upon the sea,
 †Amongst the white-scalp'd cleeves, this Wonder see they may
 The *mullet*, and the *awke* (my fowlers there do find),
 Of all great *Britain* brood, birds of the strangest kind, 500
 That building in the rocks, being taken with the hand,
 And cast beyond the cliff, that pointeth to the land,
 Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
 But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,
 And fly a league or two before they do return, 505
 As only by that air, they on their wings were borne.
 Then my Prophetick Spring at *Veipsey*, I may show,
 That some years is dried up, some years again doth flow;
 But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth,
 It tells the following year of a penurious dearth. 510
 Here ended she her speech, the *Ridings* all made friends,
 And from my tiréd hand, my labour'd *Canto* ends.

* A Liberty in the *East-Riding*.

† Some Wonders of the *East-Riding*.





THE NINE-AND-TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse the Bishoprick assays,
And to her fall sings down the Teis,
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the Victories by us got,
In foughten Fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland she goes,
The Floods and Mountains doth dispose ;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying till she come to Tweed.*

5

10



HE Muse this largest Shire of *England* having sung,
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,
Looks still into the North, the *Bishoprick** and
views,

Which with an eager eye, while wistly she pursues,
Teis as a bordering Flood (who thought herself divine),
Confining in her course that County Palatine,
And *Yorke* the greatest Shire doth instantly begin,
To rouse herself ; quoth she, Doth every Rillet win
Applause for their small worth's, and I that am a Queen,

5

* The Bishoprick of *Durham*.

With those poor Brooks compar'd, shall I alone be seen 10
 Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing,
 When as two Countries are contending for my spring :*
 For *Cumberland*, to which the *Cumri* gave the name,
 Accounts it to be hers, *Northumberland* the same,
 Will needsly hers should be, for that my spring doth rise, 15
 So equally twixt both, that he were very wise,
 Could tell which of these two, me for her own may claim.
 But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a Flood of fame,
 But she some Valley hath, which her brave name doth bear :
 My *Teisdale*, nam'd of me, so likewise have I here, 20
 At my first setting forth, through which I nimbly slide ;
 Then *Yorkshire* which doth lie upon my setting side,
 Me *Lune* and *Bauder* lends, as in the Song before
 Th' industrious Muse hath show'd ; my *Dunelmenian*† shore,
 Sends *Huyd* to help my course, with some few other Becks,
 Which time (as it should seem) so utterly neglects, 26
 That they are nameless yet ; then do I bid adieu,
 To *Bernard's* battled Towers, and seriously pursue
 My course to *Neptune's* Court, but as forthright I run,
 The *Skern*, a dainty Nymph, saluting *Darlington*, 30
 Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and rank,
 She chanc'd to look aside, and spyeth near her bank,
 Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat,
 (That from their loathsome brims, do breathe a sulphurous
 sweat)
Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight, 35
 This Water-Nymph, my *Skern* is put in such affright,
 That with unusual speed, she on her course doth haste,
 And rashly runs herself into my widenéd waste.
 In pomp I thus approach great *Amphitrite's* state.

* *Teis* springeth out of *Stanmore*, which lieth almost equally between *Cumberland* and *Northumberland*.

† The Bishoprick of *Durham*.

But whilst *Teis* undertook her story to relate, 40
Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should stand
 Upon those lofty terms, as though both sea and land [say,
 Were tied to hear her talk : quoth *Wer*, what wouldst thou
 Vain-glorious bragging Brook, hadst thou so clear a way
 T' advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means and might,
 How wouldst thou then exult ? O then to what a height 46
 Wouldst thou put up thy price ? hadst thou but such a Trine
 Of Rillets as I have, which naturally combine,
 Their springs thee to beget, as these of mine do me,
 In their consenting sounds, that do so well agree ? 50
 As *Kellop* coming in from *Kellop-Law* her sire,
 A Mountain much in fame, small *Wellop* doth require,
 With her to walk along, which *Burdop* with her brings.
 Thus from the full conflux of these three several springs
 My greatness is begot, as Nature meant to show 55
 My future strength and state ; then forward do I flow
 Through my delicious dale, with every pleasure rife,
 And *Wyresdale* still may stand, with *Teisdale* for her life :
 Comparing of their sites, then casting on my course,
 So satiate with th' excess of my first natural source, 60
 As petty Bourns and Becks, I scorn but once to call,
Wascrop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,
 That I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive
 At *Aukland*, where with force me forward still to drive,
 Clear *Gauntlesse* gives herself, when I begin to gad, 65
 And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
 I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,
 To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire :
 Then suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
 Now I indent the earth, and then I it engrail 70
 With many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up and down,
 Brave *Durham* I behold, that stately-seated Town,
 That *Dunholme* hight of yore, even from a desert won,

Whose first foundation Zeal, and Piety begun,
 By them who thither first Saint *Cuthbert's* body brought, 75
 To save it from the *Danes*, by fire and sword that sought
 Subversion of those things, that good and holy were,
 With which belovéd place, I seem so pleaséd here,
 As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
 My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should win 80
 Me further off from it, as our divorce to be.
 Hence like a lusty Flood most absolutely free,
 None mixing then with me, as I do mix with none,
 But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
 To *Neptune's* Court I come ; for note along the strand, 85
 From *Hartlepoole* even to the point of *Sunderland*,
 As far as *Wardenlaws** can possibly survey ;
 There's not a Flood of note hath entrance to the sea.

Here ended she her Speech, when as the goodly *Tyne*,
 (*Northumberland* that parts from this Shire Palatine) 90
 Which patiently had heard, look as before the *Wer*
 Had taken up the *Teis*, so *Tyne* now takes up her,
 For her so tedious talk, Good Lord (quoth she) had I
 No other thing wherein my labour to imply,
 But to set out myself, how much well could I say 95
 In mine own proper praise, in this kind every way
 As skilful as the best ; I could if I did please,
 Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry ways,
 The *South* and *North* are nam'd, entitled both of *Tyne*.
 As how the prosperous springs of these two Floods of
 mine 100
 Are distant thirty miles, how that the *South-Tyne* nam'd,
 From *Stanmore* takes her spring, for mines of brass that's
 fam'd,

How that nam'd of the *North*, is out of *Wheel-fell* sprung,
 Amongst these *English Alps*, which as they run along,

* A Mountain on that part of the Shire.

England and *Scotland* here impartially divide. 105

How *South-Tyne* setting out from *Cumberland* is plied,
 With *Hartley* which her hastes, and *Tippall* that doth strive,
 By her more sturdy stream, the *Tyne* along to drive ;
 How th' *Allans*, th' *East*, and *West*, their bounties to her
 bring,

Two fair and full-brimm'd Floods, how also from her spring,
 My other North-nam'd *Tyne*, through *Tyndale* maketh in, 111
 Which *Shele* her hand-maid hath, and as she hastes to twin
 With th' other from the South, her sister, how clear *Rhead*,
 With *Perop* comes prepar'd, and *Cherlop*, me to lead,

Through *Ridsdale* on my way, as far as *Exham*, then 115
Dowell me homage doth, with blood of *Englishmen*,

Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel war
 Of *Lancaster* and *Yorke*. Now having gone so far
 Their strengths me their dear *Tyne*, do wondrously enrich,
 As how clear *Darwent* draws down to *Newcastle*, which 120

The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
 As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear,
 Fraught with my country coal, of this *Newcastle** nam'd,
 For which both far and near, that place no less is fam'd,
 Than *India* for her mines ; should I at large declare 125

My glories, in which Time commands me to be spare,
 And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,
 As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short
 Of me ; but know that *Tyne* hath greater things in hand :
 For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we stand, 130
 Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never note

How the *Albanian* Floods now lately set afloat,
 With th' honour to them done, take heart, and loudly cry
 Defiance to us all, on this side *Tweed* that lye ;
 And hark the high-brow'd Hills aloud begin to ring, 135
 With sound of things that *Forth* prepar'd is to sing :

* *Newcastle Coal*.

When once the Muse arrives on the *Albanian* shore,
 And therefore to make up our forces here before
 The on-set they begin, the Battles we have got,
 Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant *Scot*, 140
 I undertake to tell ; then Muses I intreat
 Your aid, whilst I these Fights in order shall repeat:

When mighty *Malcolme* here had with a violent hand,
 (As he had oft before) destroy'd *Northumberland*,
 In *Rufus*' troubled reign, the warlike *Mowbray* then, 145
 This Earldom that possest, with half the power of men,
 For conquest which that King from *Scotland* hither drew,
 At *Anwick** in the field their armies overthrew ;
 Where *Malcolme* and his son, brave *Edward* both were found,
 Slain on that bloody field : So on the *English* ground, 150
 When *David* King of *Scots*, and *Henry* his stern son,
 Entitled by those times, the Earl of *Huntingdon*,
 Had forag'd all the North, beyond the River *Teis*,
 In *Stephen's* troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
 As *England* ever knew, the Archbishop of *Yorke*, 155
 †Stout *Thurstan*, and with him join'd in that warlike work,
Ralfe (both for wit and arms), of *Durham* Bishop then
 Renown'd, that call'd were the valiant Clergymen,
 With th' Earl of *Aubemarle*, *Especk*, and *Peverell*, Knights,
 And of the *Lacies* two, oft try'd in bloody fights, 160
 Twixt *Alverton* and *Yorke*,‡ the doubtful battle got,
 On *David* and his son, whilst of th' invading *Scot*, [bleed,
 Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they lay to
 Ours followed them that fled, beyond our sister *Tweed*.
 And when *Fitz-Empresse*§ next in *Normandy*, and here, 165
 And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,
William the *Scottish* King, taking advantage then,

* The Battle of *Anwicke*. † See to the Eighteenth Song.

‡ The Battle of *Alverton*. § *Henry* the Second.

|| The second Battle at *Anwicke*.

And ent'ring with an host of eighty thousand men,
 As far as *Kendall* came, where Captains then of ours,
 Which aid in *Yorkshire* rais'd, with the *Northumbrian* powers,
 His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led. 171

So *Longshanks*, *Scotland's* scourge, him to that country sped,
 Provokéd by the *Scots*, that *England* did invade,
 And on the Borders here such spoil and havoc made,
 That all the land lay waste betwixt the *Tweed* and me. 175
 This most courageous King, from them his own to free,
 Before proud *Berwick* set his puissant army down,
 And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike town,
 As Cautionary long the *English* after held.

But tell me, all you Floods, when was there such a Field 180
 By any nation yet, as by the *English* won,
 Upon the *Scottish* power, as that of *Halidon*,*
 Seven Earls, nine hundred Horse, and of Foot-soldiers more,
 Near twenty thousand slain, so that the *Scottish* gore
 Ran down the Hill in streams, even in *Albania's* sight. 185
 By our Third *Edward's* prowess, that most renownéd knight,
 As famous was that Fight of his against the *Scot*,
 As that against the *French*, which he at *Cressy* got.

And when that conquering King did afterward advance
 His title, and had past his warlike powers to *France*, 190
 And *David* King of *Scots* here ent'red to invade,
 To which the King of *France* did that false Lord persuade,
 Against his given faith, from *France* to draw his bands,
 To keep his own at home, or to fill both his hands
 With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss, 195
 To *Scotland* yet befell, as that at *Nevill's Crosse*,†
 Where fifteen thousand *Scots* their souls at once forsook,
 Where stout *John Copland* then, King *David* prisoner took,
 I' th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was seen?
 When *English Philip*, that brave *Amazonian* Queen, 200

* The Battle at *Halidon*.

† The Battle at *Nevill's Crosse*.

Encouraging her men, from troop to troop did ride,
 And where our Clergy had their ancient valour tried :
 Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.
 And next to this the Fight of *Nesbit** I report,
 When *Hebborn*, that stout *Scot*, and his had all their hire, 205
 Which int' our Marches came, and with invasive fire,
 Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
 When doughty *Douglasse* came with the *Albanian* powers.
 At *Holmdon* do but see, the blow our *Hotspurre* gave
 To that bold daring *Scot*, before him how he drave 210
 His army, and with shot, of our brave *English* bows,
 Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts were hurt
 with blows,

Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and knight,
 Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain outright,
 And ent'ring *Scotland* then, all *Tividale* o'er-ran. 215

Or who a braver Field† than th' Earl of *Surrey* wan,
 Where their King *James* the Fourth himself so bravely bore,
 That since that age wherein he liv'd, nor those before,
 Yet never such a King in such a battle saw, [draw,
 Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he breath could
 He bravely fought on foot, where *Flodden* Hill was strew'd
 With bodies of his men, well-near to mammoicks hew'd, 222
 That on the mountain's side, they covered near a mile,
 Where those two valiant Earls of *Lenox* and *Arguyle*,
 Were with their sovereign slain, Abbots, and Bishops there,
 Which had put armour on, in hope away to bear 226
 The victory with them, before the *English* fell.

But now of other Fields, it fits the Muse to tell,
 As when the noble Duke of *Norfolke* made a road‡
 To *Scotland*, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd 230
 On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so long,

* The Battle of *Nesbit*.

† The Battle of *Flodden*.

‡ A Road into Scotland by the Duke of *Norfolke*.

Till victual waxéd weak, the winter waxing strong,
 Returning over *Tweed*, his booties home to bring,
 Which to the very heart did vex the *Scottish* King,
 The fortune of the Duke extremely that did grutch, 235
 Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
 Thinking to spoil and waste, in *England* as before,
 The *English* men had done on the *Albanian* shore,
 And gathering up his force, before the *English* fled
 To *Scotland's* utmost bounds, thence into *England* sped, 240
 When that brave Bastard son of *Dacres*, and his friend,
John Musgrave, which had charge the Marches to attend,
 With *Wharton*, a proud knight, with scarce four hundred
 Horse,

Encount'ring on the plain with all the *Scottish* force,
 Thence from the Field with them, so many prisoners brought,
 Which in that furious fight were by the *English* caught, 246
 That there was scarce a page or lackey but had store, [more,
 Earls, Barons, Knights, Esquires, two hundred there and
 Of ordinary men, seven hundred made to yield,
 There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten Field, 250
 That James the Fifth to think, that but so very few,
 His universal power so strangely should subdue,
 So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life.
 Such foils by th' *English* given, amongst the *Scots* were rife.

These on the *English* earth, the *English* men did gain ; 255
 But when their breach of faith did many times constrain
 Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in
 To *Scotland* ; then behold, what our success hath been,
 Even in the latter end of our Eighth *Henry's* days,
 Who *Seymor* sent by land, and *Dudley* sent by seas, 260
 With his full forces then, O *Forth*, then didst thou bear,
 That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught with fear,
 When *Edenbrough* and *Leeth*, into the air were blown*

* The Siege of *Leeth*.

With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty towns were
thrown

Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod ; 265

As int' *Albania* when we made a second road,

In our Sixth *Edward's* days, when those two martial men,

Which conquered there before, were thither sent again :

But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac'd,

The first created Duke of *Somerset*, the last 270

The Earl of *Warwicke* made, at *Muscleborough* Field,

Where many a doughty *Scot* that did disdain to yield,

Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five miles space

In length, and four in breadth, the *English* in the chace,

With carcasses of *Scots*, strew'd all their natural ground, 275

The number of the slain were fourteen thousand found,

And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our men.

So th' Earl of *Sussex* next to *Scotland* sent again,*

To punish them by war, which on the Borders here,

Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants were 280

To those two puissant Earls, *Northumberland*, who rose

With *Westmerland* his peer, suggested by the foes

To great *Eliza's* reign, and peaceful government ;

Wherefore that puissant Queen him to *Albania* sent,

Who fifty rock-rear'd pyles and castles having cast 285

Far lower than their sites, and with strong fires defac'd

Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him worth carrying

brought

To *England* over *Tweed*; when now the Floods besought

The *Tyne* to hold her tongue, when presently began

A rumour which eachwhere through all the country ran, 290

Of this proud River's speech, the Hills and Floods among,

And *Lowes*, a Forest-Nymph, the same so loudly sung, [ran,

That it through *Tindale* straight, and quite through *Ridsdale*

And sounded shriller there, then when it first began,

* The Road into *Scotland* by the Earl of *Sussex*.

That those high *Alpine Hills*,* as in a row they stand, 295
 Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from hand to hand.

The high-rear'd *Red-Squire* first, to *Aumond* Hill it told,
 When *Aumond* great therewith, nor for his life could hold,
 To *Kembelspeth* again, the business but relate,
 To *Black-Brea* he again, a Mountain holding state 300
 With any of them all, to *Cocklaw* he it gave;
 And *Cocklaw* it again, to *Cheviot*, who did rave
 With the report thereof; he from his mighty stand,
 Resounded it again through all *Northumberland*,
 That *White-Squire* lastly caught, and it to *Berwick* sent, 305
 That brave and warlike town, from thence incontinent,
 The sound from out the South, into *Albania* came,
 And many a lusty Flood, did with her praise inflame,
 Affrighting much the *Forth*, who from her trance awoke,
 And to her native strength her presently betook 310
 Against the Muse should come to the *Albanian* coast.

But *Pictswall*† all this while, as though he had been lost,
 Not mention'd by the *Muse*, began to fret and fume,
 That every petty Brook thus proudly should presume
 To talk; and he whom first the *Romans* did invent, 315
 And of their greatness yet, the long'st-liv'd monument,
 Should this be over-trod; wherefore his wrong to wreak,
 In their proud presence thus, doth agéd *Pictswall* speak:

Methinks that *Offa's Ditch* in *Cambria* should not dare
 To think himself my match, who with such cost and care 320
 The *Romans* did erect, and for my safeguard set
 Their legions, from my spoil the prolling *Pict* to let,
 That often in-roads made, our earth from them to win,
 By *Adrian* beaten back, so he to keep them in,
 To sea from East to West, begun me first a wall 325
 Of eighty miles in length, twixt *Tyne* and *Eden's* fall:

* A repetition of the Hills parting *Northumberland* and *Scotland*,
 as they lie from South to North.

† *Pictswall*.

Long making me they were, and long did me maintain.
Nor yet that Trench which tracts the Western *Wiltshire*
Plain,

Of *Woden*, *Wansdyke* call'd, should parallel with me,
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be 330
Mere upstarts, basely born : for when I was in hand,
The *Saxon* had not then set foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whose poor petty Kings, those the small labours were.
That on *Newmarket-Heath*,* made up as though but now, 335
Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,
Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverent book can tell you of my Man,
And when I first decay'd, *Severus* going on,
What *Adrian* built of turf, he buildest new of stone, 340
And after many a time, the *Britans* me repair'd,
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.
Towns stood upon my length, where garrisons were laid,
Their limits to defend ; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built, where sentinels were plac'd, 345
To watch upon the *Pict* ; so me my makers grac'd,
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that went,
By which they in one fort still to another sent,
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,
And so from sea to sea could I be whisper'd through : 350
Upon my thickness, three march'd eas'ly breast to breast,
Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess.

Old *Pictswall* with much pride thus finishing his plea,
Had in his utmost course attain'd the Eastern Sea,
Yet there was Hill nor Flood once heard to clap a hand ; 355
For the *Northumbrian* Nymphs had come to understand,
That *Tyne* exulting late o'er *Scotland* in her Song,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)

* See to the Twenty-first Song.

The *Calidonian Forth** so highly had displeas'd,
 And many another Flood (which could not be appeas'd), 360
 That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation made,
 That in a learnéd war the foe they would invade,
 And like stout Floods stand free from this supputed shame,
 Or conqueréd give themselves up to the *English* name :
 Which these *Northumbrian* Nymphs, with doubt and terror
 strook, 365
 Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were to look,
 But what by skill they got, and with much care should keep,
 And therefore they consult by meeting in the deep,
 To be deliveréd from the ancient enemy's rage,
 That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage 370
 Unto the *Holy-Isle*,† the virtue of which place,
 They knew could very much avail them in this case :
 For many a blessed Saint in former ages there,
 Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer,
 Had given up themselves, which in the *German Main*, 375
 And from the shore not far, did in itself contain
 Sufficient things for food, which from those holy men,
 That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,
 It *Holy-Isle* was call'd, for which they all prepare,
 As I shall tell you how, and what their number are.‡ 380
 With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,
 As *Pont* a peerless Brook, brings *Blyth* which putteth in
 With her, then *Wansbeck* next in wading to the Main.
 Near *Morpet* meets with *Font*, which followeth in her train ;
 Next them the little *Lyne* alone doth go along, 385
 When *Cocket* cometh down, and with her such a throng,
 As that they seem to threat the Ocean ; for with her

* The great River on which *Edenborough* standeth.

† The *Holy Island*.

‡ A Catalogue of the Rivers of *Northumberland*, as they run into the *German* Sea, upon the East part of the country betwixt the Falls of *Tyne* and *Tweed*.

Comes *Ridley*, *Ridland* next, with *Usway*, which prefer
 Their fountains to her Flood, who for her greater fame,
 Hath at her fall an Isle, call'd *Cocket*, of her name, 390
 As that great *Neptune* should take notice of her state ;
 Then *Alne* by *Anwicke* comes, and with as proud a gait,
 As *Cocket* came before, for whom at her fair fall,
 (In bravery as to show, that she surpass'd them all)
 The famous Isle of *Ferne*, and *Staples* aptly stand, 395
 And at her coming forth, do kiss her crystal hand.

Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage, proceed,
Till for the love she bears to her dear Mistress *Tweed*,
 Of *Bramish* leaves the name, by which she hath her birth ;
 And though she keep her course upon the *English* earth, 400
 Yet *Bowbent*, a bright Nymph, from *Scotland* coming in,
 To go with her to *Tweed*, the wanton Flood doth win.
 Though at this headstrong Stream, proud *Flodden* from his
 height,
 Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight
 Her loveliness to view, as on to *Tweed* she strains, 405
 Where whilst this Mountain much for her sweet sake sus-
 tains,
 This Canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
 Of all the *English* Tracts, to consummate the last.





THE THIRTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Of Westmerland the Muse now sings,
And fetching Eden from her springs,
Sets her along; and Kendall then
Surveying, beareth back again ;
And climbing Skidow's lofty Hill,
By many a River, many a Rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth display
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whose Floods, and Fall she aptly shows.*

5

10



ET cheerly on my *Muse*, no whit at all dismay'd,
But look aloft tow'rds heaven, to Him Whose
powerful aid ; [dry soils,

Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sun-

Steep Mountains, Forests rough, deep Rivers, that thy toils
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still thee comfort sent, 5
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose brains are only slime,
Born to the doting world, in this last iron Time,
So stony, and so dull, that *Orpheus* which (men say)

By the inticing strains of his melodious lay, 10
 Drew rocks and aged trees, to whether he would please ;
 He might as well have mov'd the universe as these ;
 But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,
 And seriously pursue the stern *Westmerian* Wild,
 *First seizing in our Song, the South part of the Shire, 15
 Where *Westmerland* to West, by wide *Wynander* Mere,
 The *Eboracean* fields her to the Rising bound,
 Where *Can* first creeping forth, her feet hath scarcely found,
 But gives that Dale her name, where *Kendale* town doth
 stand,
 For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land. 20
 Then keeping on her course, though having in her train,
 But *Sput*, a little Brook, then *Winster* doth retain,
 Tow'rds the *Vergivian* Sea, by her two mighty Falls,
 (Which the brave *Roman* tongue, her *Catadupæ* calls)
 This eager River seems outrageously to roar, 25
 And counterfeiting *Nile*, to deaf the neighbouring shore,
 To which she by the sound apparantly doth show,
 The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow :
 For when they to the North, the noise do easiest hear,
 They constantly affirm the weather will be clear ; 30
 And when they to the South, again they boldly say,
 It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
 To the *Hibernick* Gulf, when soon the River hastes,
 And to those queachy Sands, from whence herself she casts,
 She likewise leaves her name as every place where she, 35
 In her clear course doth come, by her should honour'd be.
 But back into the North from hence our course doth lye,
 As from this fall of *Can*, still keeping in our eye,
 †The source of long-liv'd *Lun*, I long-liv'd do her call ;
 For of the *British* Floods, scarce one amongst them all, 40

* See to the latter end of the Twenty-seventh Song.

† See to the Twenty-seventh Song.

Such state as to herself, the Destinies assign,
 By christ'ning in her course a County Palatine,
 For *Luncaster* so nam'd, the Fort upon the *Lun*,
 And *Lancashire* the name from *Lancaster* begun :
 Yet though she be a Flood, such glory that doth gain, 45
 In that the *British* Crown doth to her state pertain,
 Yet *Westmerland* alone, not only boasts her birth,
 But for her greater good the kind *Westmerian* earth,
 Clear *Burbeck* her bequeaths, and *Barrow* to attend
 Her grace, till she her name to *Lancaster* do lend. 50
 With all the speed we can, to *Cumberland* we hie,
 (Still longing to salute the utmost *Albany*)
 By *Eden*, issuing out of *Husseat-Morvill* Hill,
 And pointing to the North, as then a little Rill,
 There simply takes her leave of her sweet sister *Swale*, 55
 Born to the self-same Sire, but with a stronger gale,
 Tow'rds *Humber* hies her course, but *Eden* making on,
 Through *Malerstrang** hard by, a Forest woe-begone
 In love with *Eden's* eyes, of the clear *Naiades* kind,
 Whom thus the Wood-Nymph greets : What passage shalt
 thou find, 60
 My most belovéd Brook, in making to thy bay,
 That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked way,
 Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged strait,
 And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
 Opposéd in thy course with many a rugged cliff, 65
 Besides the Northern winds against thy stream so stiff,
 As by main strength they meant to stop thee in thy course,
 And send thee eas'ly back to *Morvill* to thy source ?
 O my bright lovely Brook, whose name doth bear the sound
 Of God's first Garden-plot, th' imparadizéd ground, 70
 Wherein He placéd man, from whence by sin he fell.
 O little blesséd Brook, how doth my bosom swell,

* The first place of note which she runs through.

With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice
For *Malerstang* to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes.

This said, the Forest rubb'd her rugged front the while, 75
Clear *Eden* looking back, re-greets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the Main ; [strain
When *Below* a bright Nymph, from *Stanmore* down doth
To *Eden*, as along to *Appleby* she makes,
Which passing to her train, next *Troutbeck* in she takes, 80
And *Levenant*, then these, a somewhat lesser Rill,
When *Glenkwin* greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant banks, from *Ulls*, a mighty Mere
On *Cumberland's* confines, comes *Eymot* neat and clear,
And *Loder* doth allure, with whom she haps to meet, 85
Which at her coming in, doth thus her Mistress greet :

Quoth she, Thus for myself I say, that where I swell,
Up from my fountain first, there is a Tiding-well,
That daily ebbs and flows, as writers do report,
The old *Euripus* doth, or in the self-same sort, 90
The *Venedocian** Fount, or the *Demetian* Spring,*
Or that which the cold *Peake* doth with her Wonders bring,
Why should not *Loder* then, her Mistress *Eden* please,
With this, as other Floods delighted are with these?

When *Eden*, though she seem'd to make unusual haste, 95
About clear *Loder's* neck, yet lovingly doth cast
Her oft-infolding arms, as *Westmerland* she leaves,
Where *Cumberland* again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her wat'ry hands, to *Winfield* Forest holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorously infolds 100
Clear *Eden* coming by, with all her wat'ry store,
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to deplore. [Sands,

But Southward sallying hence, to those sea-bord'ring
Where *Dudden* driving down to the *Lancastrian* lands,

* Two fountains ; the one in the South, the other in *Northwales*.
See to the Fifth, Tenth, and Twenty-seventh Songs.

This *Cumberland* cuts out, and strongly doth confine, 105
 This meeting there with that, both merely maritime,
 Where many a dainty Rill out of her native Dale,
 To the *Vergivian* makes, with many a pleasant gale ;
 As *Eske* her farth'st, so first, a coy-bred *Cumbrian* lass,
 Who cometh to her road, renownéd *Ravenglasse*, 110
 By *Devoek* driven along (which from a large-brimm'd lake,
 To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth make),
 Meets *Nyte*, a nimble Brook, their rendezvous that keep
 In *Ravenglasse*, when soon into the bluish deep
 Comes *Irt*, of all the rest, though small, the richest girl, 115
 Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient pearl,
 Bred in her shining shells, which to the dew doth yawn, 1
 Which dew they sucking in, conceive that lusty spawn,
 Of which when they grow great, and to their fulness swell,
 They cast, which those at hand there gathering, dearly sell.
 This clear pearl-pavéd *Irt*, *Bleng* to her harbour brings, 121
 From *Copland* coming down, a Forest-Nymph, which sings
 Her own praise, and those Floods, their fountains that de-
 rive

From her, which to extol, the Forest thus doth strive:

Ye Northern *Dryades** all adorn'd with mountains steep,
 Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth keep, 126
 Where often rising hills, deep dales and many make,
 Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-spread lake,
 Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names bestow
 Upon those humble vales, through which they eas'ly flow; 130
 Whereas the Mountain-Nymphs, and those that do frequent
 The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous merri-
 ment,

By moon-shine many a night, do give each other chase,
 At Hood-winke, Barley-breake, at Tick, or Prison-base, 1
 With tricks, and antique toys, that one another mock, 135

* Nymphs of the Forest.

That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock to rock.
 Then *Copland*, of this Tract a corner, I would know,
 What place can there be found in *Britain*, that doth show
 A surface more austere, more stern from every way ?
 That who doth it behold, he cannot choose but say, 140
 Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty dales,
 From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st Northern
 gales,

Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there doth lye,
 The Island's general want, whose plenty might supply :
 Wherefore as some suppose of Copper Mines in me, 145
 I *Copper-land* was call'd, but some will have 't to be
 From the old *Britans* brought, for *Cop* they use to call,
 The top of many hills, which I am stor'd withall.
 Then *Eskdale* mine ally, and *Niterdale* so nam'd,
 Of floods from you that flow, as *Borowdale* most fam'd, 150
 With *Wasdale* walléd in, with hills on every side,
 Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,
 For th' surface of a soil, 'a *Copland*, *Copland*' cry,
 Till to your shouts the Hills with echoes all reply.

Which *Copland* scarce had spoke, but quickly every Hill,
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring valleys fill ; 156
Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw,
 From whom as soon again, the sound *Dunbalrase* drew,
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on to *Wendrosse* went,
 Which tow'rds the sea again, resounded it to *Dent*, 160
 That *Broadwater* therewith within her banks astound,
 In sailing to the sea, told it in *Egremound*, [long,
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and
 Did mightily commend old *Copland* for her Song. [springs,

Whence soon the Muse proceeds, to find out fresher
 Where *Darwent* her clear fount from *Borowdale* that brings,
 Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake, 167
 And with *Thurl's* mighty Mere, between them two do make

An island,* which the name from *Darwent* doth derive,
 Within whose secret breast nice Nature doth contrive, 170
 That mighty Copper Mine,† which not without its veins,
 Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains
 Of Royalty the name, the richest of them all
 That *Britain* bringeth forth, which Royal she doth call.
 Of *Borowdale* her dam, of her own naméd Isle, 175
 As of her Royal Mines, this River proud the while,
 Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth win
 Clear *Coker* her compeer, which at her coming in,
 Gives *Coker-mouth* the name, by standing at her fall,
 Into fair *Darwent's* banks, when *Darwent* therewithall, 180
 Runs on her wat'ry race, and for her greater fame,
 Of *Neptune* doth obtain a Haven of her name,

When of the *Cambrian* Hills, proud *Skiddo* that doth show
 The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,
 Perceiving with the Floods, and Forests, how it far'd, 185
 And all their several tales substantially had heard,
 And of the mountain-kind, as of all other he,
 Most like *Pernassus'* self that is suppos'd to be,
 Having a double head, as hath that sacred Mount,
 Which those nine sacred Nymphs held in so high account,
 Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say, 191
 When to them all he thus his beauties doth display :

The rough *Hibernian* Sea, I proudly overlook,
 Amongst the scatteréd rocks, and there is not a nook,
 But from my glorious height into its depth I pry, 195
 Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie :
 And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
 At very sight thereof, immediately I make
 Th' inhabitants about, tempestuous storms to fear,
 And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear ; 200
 Great *Fourness'* mighty Fells, I on my South survey :

* The Isle of *Darwent*.

† The Mines Royal.

So likewise on the North, *Albania* makes me way,
 Her countries to behold, when *Scurfell** from the sky,
 That *Anadale* doth crown, with a most amorous eye,
 Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim, 205
 Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him :
 So likewise to the East, that rew of Mountains tall,
 Which we our *English Alps* may very aptly call,
 That *Scotland* here with us, and *England* do divide,
 As those, whence we them name upon the other side, 210
 Do *Italy*, and *France*, these Mountains here of ours,
 That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embattled towers,
 Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
 By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
 Clear *Darwent* dancing on, I look at from above, 215
 As some enamouréd youth, being deeply struck in love,
 His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes ;
 Who as she to her fall, through fells and valleys floats,
 Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
 How my brave by-clift top, doth still her course pursue. 220
 O all ye Topick Gods, that do inhabit here,
 To whom the *Romans* did, those ancient altars rear
 Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,
 Which they for trophies left of their victorious spoils,
 Ye *Genii* of these floods, these mountains, and these dales,
 That with poor shepherds' pipes, and harmless herdsmen's
 tales 226

Have often pleaséd been, still guard me day and night,
 And hold me *Skidow* still, the place of your delight.

This speech by *Skidow* spoke, the Muse makes forth again,
 Tow'rd's where the in-born Floods, clear *Eden* entertain, 230
 To *Cumberland* com'n in, from the *Westmerian* wastes,
 Where as the readiest way to *Carlill*, as she casts, [wild,
 She with two Wood-Nymphs meets ; the first is great and

* A Hill in *Scotland*.

And *Westward Forest* hight ; the other but a child,
 Comparéd with her phere, and *Inglewood* is call'd, 235
 Both in their pleasant sites, most happily install'd.

What sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so coy,
 Whose pleasures to the full, these Nymphs do not enjoy,
 And like *Diana's* self, so truly living chaste ?
 For seldom any Tract, doth cross their wayless waste, 240
 With many a lusty leap, the shaggéd Satyrs show
 Them pastime every day, both from the meres below,
 And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in ;
 The blushing morn to break, but hardly doth begin, 244
 But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harmless sheep,
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keep,
 The dales do over-spread, by them like motley made ;
 But *Westward* of the two, by her more widenéd slade,
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty Mines,
 Which in her verge she hath : but that whereby she shines,
 Is her two dainty Floods, which from two Hills do flow, 251
 Which in herself she hath, whose banks do bound her so
 Upon the North and South, as that she seems to be
 Much pleaséd with their course, and takes delight to see
 How *Elné* upon the South, in sallying to the sea 255
 Confines her : on the North how *Wampull* on her way,
 Her purlieus wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
 Both falling from her earth into the *Irish* Main.

No less is *Westward* proud of *Waver*, nor doth win [twin
 Less praise by her clear Spring, which in her course doth
 With *Wiz*, a neater Nymph scarce of the wat'ry kind ; 261
 And though she be but small, so pleasing *Waver's* mind,
 That they entirely mix'd, the *Irish* Seas embrace,
 But earnestly proceed in our intended race.

At *Eden* now arriv'd, whom we have left too long, 265
 Which being com'n at length, the *Cumbrian* Hills among,
 As she for *Carlill* coasts, the Floods from everywhere,

Prepare each in their course, to entertain her there,
 From *Skidow* her tall sire, first *Cauda* clearly brings
 In *Eden* all her wealth ; so *Petterell* from her Springs, 270
 (Not far from *Skidow's* foot, whence dainty *Cauda* creeps)
 Along to overtake her Sovereign *Eden* sweeps,
 To meet that great concourse, which seriously attend
 That dainty *Cumbrian* Queen ; when *Gilsland* down doth send
 Her Riverets to receive Queen *Eden* in her course, 275
 As *Irthing* coming in from her most plenteous source,
 Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd to crawl,
 Yet working forth her way to grace herself withall,
 First *Pultrosse* is her page, then *Gelt* she gets her guide,
 Which springeth on her South, on her Septentrion side, 280
 She crooked *Cambeck* calls, to wait on her along,
 And *Eden* overtakes amongst the wat'ry throng.
 To *Carlill* being come, clear *Bruscaith* beareth in,
 To greet her with the rest, when *Eden* as to win
 Her grace in *Carlil's* sight, the Court of all her state, 285
 And *Cumberland's* chief town, lo thus she doth dilate :
 What giveth more delight (brave City) to thy seat,
 Than my sweet lovely self? a River so complete,
 With all that Nature can a dainty Flood endow,
 That all the Northern Nymphs me worthily allow, 290
 Of all their *Naiades'* kind the neatest, and so far
 Transcending, that ofttimes they in their amorous war,
 Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide
 The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
 That mighty *Roman* Fort, which of the *Picts* we call,* 295
 But by them near those times was styl'd *Severus'* wall,
 Of that great Emperor nam'd, which first that work began,
 Betwixt the *Irish* Sea, and *German* Ocean,
 Doth cut me in his course near *Carlill*, and doth end
 At *Boulnesse*,† where myself I on the Ocean spend. 300

* See to the Twenty-ninth Song. † The West end of the *Pictswall*.

And for my Country here (of which I am the chief
 Of all her wat'ry kind) know that she lent relief,
 To those old *Britans* once, when from the *Saxons* they,
 For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
 Amongst her mighty Wilds, and Mountains freed from fear,
 And from the *British* race, residing long time here, 306
 Which in their Genuine tongue, themselves did *Kimbri* name,
 Of *Kimbri-land*,* the name of *Cumberland* first came ;
 And in her praise be't spoke, this soil whose best is mine,
 That Fountain bringeth forth, from which the Southern *Tyne*.
 (So nam'd, for that of *North* another hath that style) 311
 This to the Eastern Sea, that makes forth many a mile,
 Her first beginning takes, and *Vent*, and *Alne* doth lend,
 To wait upon her forth ; but further to transcend
 To these great things of note, which many Countries call 315
 Their wonders, there is not a Tract amongst them all,
 Can show the like to mine, at the less *Sakeld*, near
 To *Eden's* bank, the like is scarcely anywhere,
 Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of a Ring,
 Each full ten-foot in height, but yet the strangest thing, 320
 Their equal distance is, the circle that compose,
 Within which other stones lie flat, which do inclose
 The bones of men long dead, (as there the people say) ;
 So near to *Loder's* Spring, from thence not far away,
 Be others nine-foot high, a mile in length that run, 325
 The victories for which these Trophies were begun,
 From dark oblivion thou, O Time, shouldst have protected,
 For mighty were their minds, them thus that first erected :
 And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
 A little rising bank, which of the Table-round, 330
 Men in remembrance keep, and *Arthur's* Table name.
 But whilst these more and more, with glory her inflame,
 Supposing of herself in these her wonders great,

* Why *Cumberland* so called.

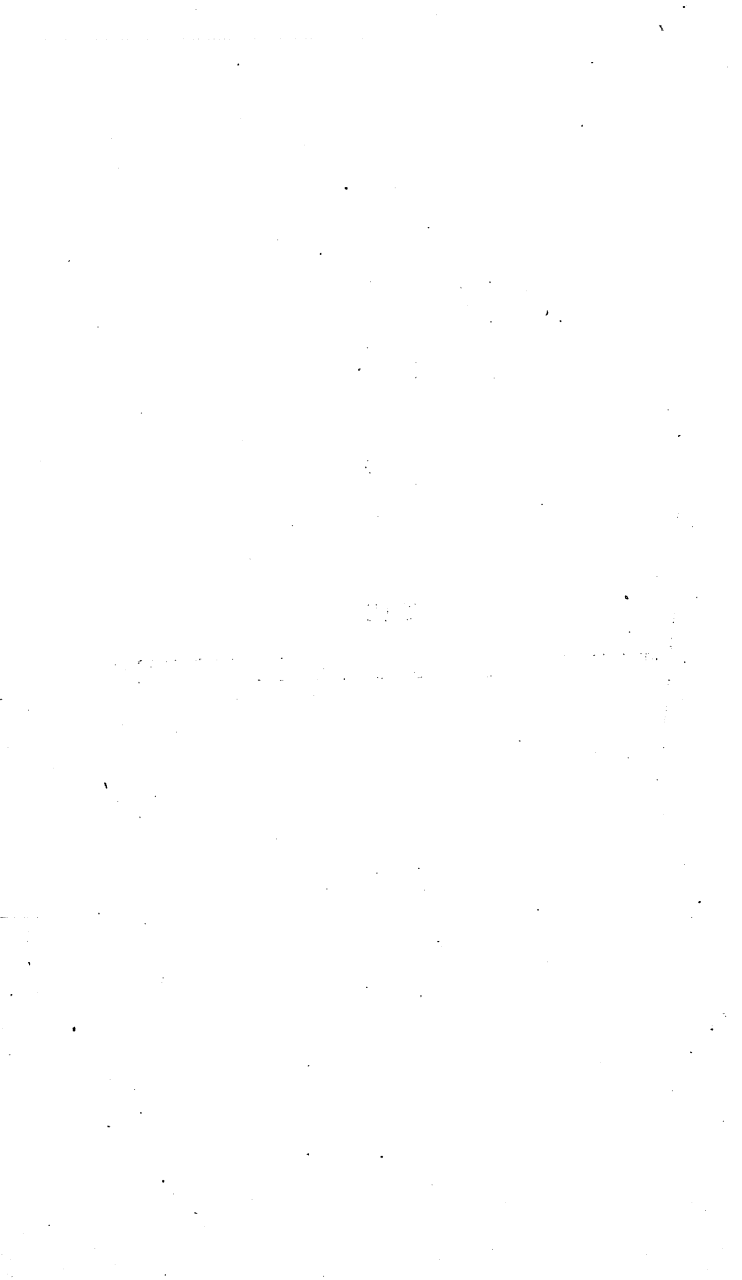
All her attending Floods, fair *Eden* do intreat,
To lead them down to sea, when *Leven* comes along,
And by her double Spring, being mighty them among,
There overtaketh *Eske*, from *Scotland* that doth hie,
Fair *Eden* to behold, who meeting by-and-by
Down from these Western Sands into the sea do fall,
Where I this *Canto* end, as also therewithall
My *England* do conclude, for which I undertook,
This strange *Herculean* toil, to this my Thirtieth Book.

335

340

FINIS.

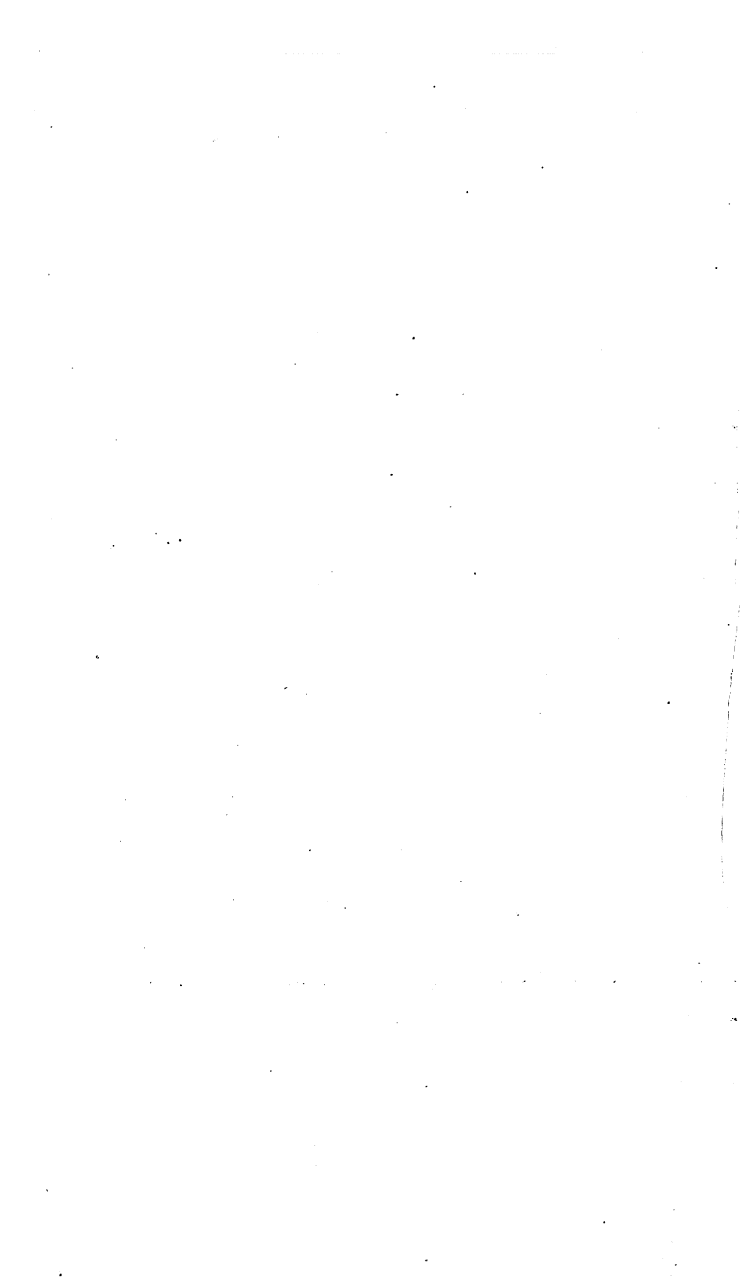
THE
HARMONY OF THE CHURCH.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS, Drayton's earliest, work has never been included in any edition of his Poems. The only known existing copy of the original black-letter 4to. is in the Royal Library at the British Museum, and is presumed to be unique. The story of its suppression will be found in our Introduction. It has been twice reprinted from that copy, by my friends Mr. Dyce and Mr. Payne Collier; by the former, for the Percy Society, in 1843; and by the latter in his valuable edition of some of Drayton's rarer works, in a handsome 4to., for the Roxburghe Club, 1856. The present impression is from Mr. Dyce's edition, carefully compared with Mr. Collier's and the original in the Museum. The orthography only has been modernized.

Though Drayton never reprinted "The Harmony of the Church," it has considerable claims to our attention, says Mr. Dyce, as the earliest publication of so celebrated a poet.



THE
HARMONIE

of the Church,

containing

The Spirituall Songes and

holp Hymnes, of godly men, Patriarkes and

Prophetes : all, sweetly sounding, to the praise

and glory of the highest.

Now (newlie) reduced into sundrie kinds of

English Meeter : meete to be read or sung

for the solace and comfort of the godly.



LONDON

Printed by Richard Ihones

at the Rose and Crowne, neere Holborne

Bridge, 1591.



TO THE GODLY AND VIRTUOUS LADY, THE
LADY JANE DEVEREUX, OF MERIVALE.*

Good Madam,—Oft imagining with myself how to manifest my well-meaning unto your Ladyship, and in my love towards you most unwilling to be found ungrateful, either in the behalf of my country, or the place of my birth : to the one your godly life being a precedent of perfect virtue ; to the other your bountiful hospitality an exceeding relief.

Then, good lady, myself, as an admirer of your many virtues and a well-wisher unto your happy and desired estate, do here present the fruits of my labours unto your modest and discreet consideration ; hoping that you will measure them, not by my ability, but by their authority ; not as poems of Poets, but prayers of Prophets ; and vouchsafe to be their gracious Patroness against any graceless parasite ; and endeavour yourself, with this good Deborah, Hester, and Judith (whose Songs of Praise I here present to your Ladyship) to the advancing of God's glory and the beautifying of His Church. Thus committing your Ladyship and all your actions to the protection of the Almighty, and my short translation to your courteous censure, I humbly take my leave. London, this 10th of Feb. 1590.

Your Ladyship's to command, in all dutiful services,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

* Jane, Lady Devereux (not the Lady Jane Devereux, as Drayton writes it) was the daughter of John Scudamore, of Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, Esq. She married Sir William Devereux, uncle to Walter first Earl of Essex. She must have been advanced in years when Drayton dedicated this his first work to her. See Introduction.

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GENTLE READER, my meaning is not with the variety of verse to feed any vain humour, neither to trouble thee with devices of my own invention, as carrying an overweening of mine own wit ; but here I present thee with these Psalms or Songs of Praise, so exactly translated as the prose would permit, or sense would any way suffer me : which (if thou shalt be the same in heart as thou art in name, I mean a Christian) I doubt not but thou wilt take as great delight in these as in any poetical fiction : I speak not of Mars the god of wars, nor Venus the goddess of love, but of the Lord of Hosts That made heaven and earth : not of toys in Mount Ida, but of Triumphs in Mount Sion : not of vanity, but of Verity : not of tales, but of Truths.

Thus submitting myself unto thy clemency, and my labours unto thy indifferency, I wish thee as myself.

Thine, as his own,

M. D.

THE SPIRITUAL SONGS AND HOLY HYMNS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

1. The most notable Song of Moses, which he made a little before his death.
 2. The Song of the Israelites, for their deliverance out of Egypt.
 3. The most excellent Song of Salomon, containing eight chapters.
 4. The Song of Anna.
 5. The Prayer of Jeremiah.
 6. The Song of Deborah and Barach.
 7. A Song of the Faithful, for the Mercies of God.
 8. Another Song of the Faithful.
 9. A Song of Thanks to God.
 10. Another Song of the Faithful. }
-

OTHER SONGS AND PRAYERS OUT OF THE BOOKS OF APOCRYPHA.

11. The Prayer of Judith.
12. The Song of Judith.
13. A Prayer in Ecclesiasticus of the Author.
14. The Prayer of Salomon.
15. A Song of Jesus the son of Sirach.
16. The Prayer of Hester.
17. The Prayer of Mardocheus.
18. A Prayer in the person of the Faithful.
19. A Prayer of Tobias.





The most notable song of Moses, containing God's benefits to His people, which he taught the children of Israel a little before his death, and commanded them to learn it, and teach it unto their children, as a witness between God and them.—Deuteronomy. Chap. xxxii.

I.

YE Heavens above, unto my speech attend,
And Earth below, give ear unto my will :
My doctrine shall like pleasant drops descend,
My words like heavenly dew shall down distill,
Like as sweet showers refresh the herbs again,
Or as the grass is nourish'd by the rain.

II.

I will describe Jehovah's Name aright,
And to That God give everlasting praise :
Perfect is He, a God of wondrous might,
With judgment He directeth all His ways.
He only true, and without sin to trust,
Righteous is He, and He is only just.

III.

With loathsome sin now are you all defil'd,
Not of His Seed, but bastards basely born :
And from His mercy therefore quite exil'd
Mischievous men, through folly all forlorn :

Is it not He Which hath you dearly bought,
Proportion'd you, and made you just of nought?

IV.

Consider well the times and ages past.
Ask thy forefathers, and they shall thee tell,
That when Jehovah did divide at last
Th' inheritance that to the nations fell,
And separating Adam's heirs, He gave
The portion His Israel should have.

V.

His people be the portion of the Lord,
Jacob the lot of His inheritance :
In wilderness He hath thee not abhorr'd,
But in wild deserts did thee still advance ;
He taught thee still, and had a care of thee,
And kept thee as the apple of His eye.

VI.

Like as the eagle tricketh up her nest,
Therein to lay her little birds full soft,
And on her back doth suffer them to rest,
And with her wings doth carry them aloft ;
Even so the Lord with care hath nourish'd thee,
And thou hast had no other God but He.

VII.

And Great Jehovah giveth unto thee
The fertil'st soil the earth did ever yield,
That thou all pleasure might'st behold and see,
And taste the fruit of the most pleasant field ;
Honey for thee out of the flint He brought,
And oil out of the craggy rock He wrought.

VIII.

With finest butter still He hath thee fed,
 With milk of sheep He hath thee cherishéd :
 With fat of lambs and rams in Bazan bred,
 With flesh of goats He hath thee nourishéd.
 With finest wheat He hath refresht thee still,
 And gave thee wine, thereof to drink thy fill.

IX.

But he that should be thankful then for this,
 Once waxing fat, began to spurn and kick :
 Thou art so cranck,* and such thy grossness is,
 That now to lust thy provender doth prick,
 That He that made thee thou remembrest not,
 And He that sav'd thee thou hast clean forgot.

X.

With idols they offend His gracious eyes,
 And by their sin provoke Him unto ire ;
 To devils they do offer sacrifice,
 Forsake their God, and other gods desire,
 Gods whose beginnings were but strange and new,
 Whom yet their fathers never fear'd nor knew.

XI.

He Which begat thee is clean out of mind,
 The God Which form'd thee thou dost not regard :
 The Lord to anger was therewith inclin'd,
 His sons and daughters should Him so reward,
 And there He vow'd His cheerful Face to hide,
 To see their end, and what would them betide.

* Cranck=vigorous, healthy.

"As cocke on his dunghill, crowing *cranck*."

Spenser, Ecl. ix.

XII.

For faithless they and froward are become,
And with no God move Me to jealousy ;
To anger they provoke Me all and some,
And still offend Me with their vanity,
 And with no people I will move them then,
 And anger them with vain and foolish men.

XIII.

For why, My wrath is kindled like the fire,
And shall descend to the infernal lake ;
The earth shall be consuméd in Mine ire,
My flames shall make the mighty mountains quake ;
 With many plagues I will them still annoy,
 And with Mine arrows I will them destroy.

XIV.

With hunger, heat, and with destruction,
I will them burn, consume, and overthrow ;
They shall be meat for beasts to feed upon,
The ground invenom'd whereupon they go ;
 In field, in chamber, still My sword shall slay
 Man, maid, and child, with him whose head is gray.

XV.

And I will scatter them both far and near,
And henceforth make their memory to cease,
Save that the furious enemy I fear,
And that his pride should thereby more increase,
 And they should say, and forth this rumour ring,
 That they, and not the Lord, have done this thing.

XVI.

They are a nation void of counsel quite,
To understand there doth not one intend ;

But were they wise, in it they would delight,
And would consider of their latter end :
Can one or two put thousands to the flight,
Except the Lord do help them with His might ?

XVII.

For with our God their gods may not compare,
Our foes themselves will still the same confess ;
Their vines of Sodom and Gomorra are,
Their grapes of gall, clusters of bitterness ;
Their wine is like to dragons' poison sure,
Or gall of asps that no man may endure.

XVIII.

And have not I laid up in store this thing ?
Amongst My treasures do I not it hide ?
The recompence with vengeance will I bring,
And all in time their foot awry shall slide ;
For their destruction, lo, is now at hand,
And mischief here even at their heels doth stand !

XIX.

For why ? the Lord doth judge the earth alone,
And to His servants show Himself most kind :
When He shall see their power is past and gone,
And none kept up in hold nor left behind,
When men shall say, let us your gods behold,
Where be they now whom ye so much extoll'd ?

XX.

Which oft did eat the fatted sacrifice,
And drank the wine of the drink-offering ?
Unto your help now let us see them rise :
Lo, I am God, and there is no such thing !
I kill, give life, I wound, make whole again ;
Out of My Hands no man can ought retain.

XXI.

I lift My Hands on high to heaven above,
Immortal I, and only live for ever ;
My glittering sword I sharp for My behove,
In righteous judgment still I do persevere ;
 I will send vengeance on Mine enemies,
 And many plagues on them which Me despise.

XXII.

Mine arrows then of blood shall have their fill,
My sword shall eat the very flesh of men ;
For such My saints as they do slay and kill,
And for the captives they imprison then ;
 And when I once begin revenge to take,
 From plague and vengeance then I will not slake.

XXIII.

Ye nations all, honour His people then,
He will revenge His servants' guiltless blood,
And surely plague the vile and wicked men,
Which stoutly have against Him ever stood ;
 He will show mercy still unto His land,
 And on His people brought forth by His Hand.'

A Song of Moses and the Israelites for their Deliverance out of Egypt.
The xv. Chap. of Exodus.

I.

I WILL sing praise unto the Lord for aye,
Who hath triumphéd gloriously alone ;
The horse and rider He hath overthrown,
And swallowéd up even in the raging sea.

II.

He is my strength, He is my song of praise,
He is the God of my salvation ;
A temple will I build to Him alone,
I will exalt my fathers' God alway.

III.

The Lord Jehovah is a Man of War ;
Pharaoh, his chariots, and his mighty host,
Were by His Hand, in the wild waters lost,
His captains drownéd in Red Sea so far.

IV.

Into the bottom there they sank like stones,
The mighty depths our enemies devour :
Thy own Right Hand is glorious in Thy power,
Thy own Right Hand hath bruised all their bones.

V.

And in Thy glory Thou subverted hast
The rebels rising to resist Thy power ;
Thou sent'st Thy wrath which shall them all devour
Even as the fire doth the stubble waste.

VI.

And with a blast out of Thy nostrills*
The flowing flood stood still as any stone ;
The waters were congealéd all in one,
And firm and sure as any rocks or hills.

* *Nostrills* must be pronounced as a trisyllable, a not uncommon pronunciation in old writers. So fire above is *fier*.

VII.

The furious foe so vainly vaunteth still,
And voweth to pursue with endless toil,
And not return till he have got the spoil ;
With fire and sword they will destroy and kill.

VIII.

Thou sent'st the wind which overwhelm'd them all ;
The surging seas came sousing in again ;
As in the water, so with might and main,
Like lead, unto the bottom down they fall.

IX.

O Mighty Lord, who may with Thee compare ?
Amongst the gods I find none like to Thee,
Whose glory's in holiness, Whose fears in praises be,
Whose chief delights in working wonders are.

X.

Thou stretchest out Thy Right and Holy Arm,
And presently the earth did them devour ;
And Thou wilt bring us by Thy mighty power,
As Thou hast promis'd, without further harm.

XI.

And for Thy people, Lord, Thou shalt provide
A place and seat of quietness and rest :
The nations all with fear shall be opprest,
And Palestina quake for all her pride.

XII.

The dukes of Edom shall hang down the head,
The Moabites shall tremble then for fear,
The Canaanites in presence shall appear,
Like unto men whose fainting hearts were dead.

XIII.

And fear and dread shall fall on them, alas !
 Because Thou helpest with Thy Mighty Hand ;
 So still as stones amazéd they shall stand,
 O Mighty Lord, while Thine elect do pass !

XIV.

And Thou shalt bring Thy chosen and elect
 Unto the mount of Thine inheritance,
 A place prepar'd Thy people to advance ;
 A sanctuary there Thou shalt erect,
 Which Thou, O Lord, establish'd hast therefore,
 And there Thy Name shall reign for evermore !

The most excellent Song, which was Salomon's, wherein is declared the true and unfeigned love between Christ and His Church, containing viii. chapters.

CHAP. I.

LET Him embrace His dear with many a friendly kiss,
 For why, Thy love than any wine to me more pleasant is ;
 In smell Thou art most like sweet odours unto me,
 Thy Name like precious ointment is, so sweet as sweet may
 be ;
 Therefore the virgins all of Thee enamoured are, 5
 Entice me on to follow Thee,—lo, we ourselves prepare !
 The King hath brought me into chamber richly dight ;
 He is my joy, His love is sweet, the good in Him delight.
 Ye daughters of Jerusalem, although that brown I be,
 Than arras rich or cedar's fruits I seemlier am to see : 10
 Disdain me not, although I be not passing fair,
 For why, the glowing sunny rays discoloured have my laire ;*

* Leer = skin, complexion.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

I AM the fragrant flower of brave vermilion hue,
 And lily in the valley low ysprong up fresh and new.
 As lily flower excells the thorn or little chyer* of grass,
 So far My love the virgins all in beauty doth surpass.
 Or as the barren crooked stock unto the straightest tree, 5
 No more the sons unto my Love may ought comparéd be.
 To rest by His sweet side, to me a heavenly bliss ;
 The fruit that springeth from my Love exceeding pleasant
 is.

To cellar He me brings of wine abundant store :
 His love displayéd over me, how can I wish for more? 10
 Fill forth your flagons, then, whereof the fume may fly ;
 Bring forth your cates to comfort me,—ah me, for love I
 die !

His left hand clipping† close about my neck doth hold,
 His right doth sweetly me imbrace, and eke my corps en-
 fold.

I charge you by the roes and hinds, ye Jewish daughters
 all, 15

Not once to stir nor wake My love, until she please to call.
 But stay, methinks, this is mine own Love's voice I hear :
 Lo, how He skips from hill to hill ! lo, yon He doth appear !
 My Love is like a roe that frisketh in the wood,
 Or like the strong and stately hart in prime and lusty
 blood : 20

He closely shrouds Himself behind our wall, I see,
 And through the gate He doth disclose and show Himself to
 me ;

* *Chyer*. The word is unknown to me. Mr. Dyce queries *spire*.
 Mr. Collier says *chyve* or *chive*, i.e. blade.

† *Clipping*—embracing.

And, calling then, He saith, Come to thine own, My dear,
 For, lo, the clouds are past and gone, the skies are crystal
 clear ;

The flowers in the field so fair and freshly spring ; 25

The birds do chant with merry glee, the turtle now doth
 sing ;

The fig-trees bear such store that boughs with weight are
 bent,

The vines with blossoms do abound, which yield a sweet
 accent !*

Come to thine own, My dear, My darling and My dove ;
 Leave thou the place of thine abode, come to thine own
 true love. 30

Let me behold Thy Face, most pleasant to the sight,
 And hear my best beloved's Voice that most doth me
 delight.

Destroy the subtle fox that doth the grapes devour,
 For, lo, behold, the time is come, the vines do bud and flower !
 My Love to me is true, and I likewise His own, 35

Which in the lilies takes repast, Himself even all alone :

Until the day doth spring, or shadows fade away,
 Be as a roe, or like the harts which on the mountains play.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

BY night within my bed I roaméd here and there ;
 But all in vain, I could not find my Love and friendly Fere.†
 Then straightways up I rose, and searching every street
 Throughout the city far and near ; but Him I could not
 meet.

* *Accent.* Mr. Payne Collier says that perhaps this is the only instance in our language where *accent* is used for *scent*.

† *Fere* = companion.

The watchmen found me though, to whom I then can say, ⁵
Have ye not seen mine own true Love of late come this a
way?

Then passing them, I found my Love I long had sought,
And to my mother's chamber then my Darling, have I
brought.

I charge you by the roes and hinds, this vow to Me you
make,

Ye Jewish daughters, not to call My love till she do wake.¹⁰
Who's that which doth from wilderness in mighty smoke
appear,

Like the perfumes of odours sweet, which merchants hold so
dear?

About the bed of Salomon, behold, there is a band
Of threescore valiant Israelites which all in armour stand;
All expert men of war, with sword still ready prest,* ¹⁵
Lest foes in night time should approach, when men suspect
them least.

King Salomon hath made of Liban tree so sure
A palace brave, whose pillars strong are all of silver pure:
The pavement beaten gold, the hangings purple grain,
The daughters of Jerusalem with joy to entertain. ²⁰

Ye Sion daughters, see where Salomon is set
In royal throne, and on his head the princely coronet,
Wherewith his mother first adorn'd him (as they say),
When he in marriage linkéd was, even on his wedding day.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

BEHOLD, thou art all fair, My love, My heart's delight:
Thine eyes so lovely like the doves appear to Me in sight;

* *Prest* = ready, prepared.

Thy hair surpassing fair, and seemly to the eye,
Like to a goodly herd of goats on Gilead-mountain high ;
Thy teeth like new-wash'd sheep, returning from the
flood, 5

Whereas not one is barren found, but beareth twins so good ;
Thy lips like scarlet thread, thy talk doth breed delight ;
Thy temples like pomegranate fair doth shew to Me in sight ;
Thy neck like David's Tower, which for defence doth stand,
Wherein the shields and targets be of men of mighty hand ; 10
Thy breasts like twinnéd roes in prime and youthful age,
Which feed among the lilies sweet, their hunger to assuage.
Until the day do spring, and night be banish'd hence,
I will ascend into the mount of myrrh and frankincense.

Thou art all fair, My love, most seemly eke to see ; 15
From head to foot, from top to toe, there is no spot in thee.
Come down from Libanon, from Libanon above,
And from Amanah's mountain high come to thine own true
Love ;

From Shener's stately top, from Hermon hill so high,
From lions' dens, and from the cliffs where lurking leopards
lie. 20

My spouse and sister dear, thy love hath wounded Me ;
Thy lovely eye and seemly neck hath made Me yield to thee:
Thy love far better is than any wine to Me,
Thy odours sweet doth far surpass the smell where spices be .
Thy lips like honeycomb, under thy tongue doth lie 25
The honey sweet ; thy garments smell like Libanon on high:
My spouse a garden is, fast under lock and key,
Or like a fountain closely kept, where sealéd is the way.
Like to a pleasant plot I may thee well compare,
Where camphere, spikenard, dainty fruits, with sweet pome-
granates are, 30
Even spikenard, saffron, calamus, and cinnamon do grow,
With incense, myrrh, and aloés, with many spices moe.

O fountain passing pure, O well of life most dear,
 O spring of lofty Libanon, of water crystal clear?
 Ye north and southern winds, upon my garden blow, 35
 That the sweet spice that is therein on every side may flow;
 Unto His garden place my Love for His repast
 Shall walk, and of the fruits therein shall take a pleasant
 taste.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

WITHIN My garden plot, lo, I am present now!
 I gatheréd have the myrrh and spice that in abundance
 grow;
 With honey, milk, and wine I have refresh'd Me here:
 Eat, drink, My friends, be merry there with hearty friendly
 cheer.
 Although in slumbering sleep it seems to you I lay, 5
 Yet hear I my Beloved knock, methinks I hear Him say,
 Open to Me the gate, My love, My heart's delight,
 For, lo, My locks are all bedewed with drizzling drops of
 night!
 My garments are put off, then may I not do so.:
 Shall I defile My feet I wash'd so white as any snow? 10
 Then fast even by the door to me He show'd His hand;
 My heart was then enamoured when as I saw Him stand.
 Then straightways up I rose to ope the door with speed:
 My hands and fingers droppéd myrrh upon the bar indeed.
 Then openéd I the door unto my Love at last; 15
 But all in vain, for why, before my Love was gone and past.
 There sought I for my love, then could I cry and call;
 But Him I could not find, nor He nould* answer me at all.

* *Nould* = ne would, would not.

The watchman found me then, as thus I walk'd astray ;
 They wounded me, and from my head my veil they took
 away. 20

Ye daughters of Jerusalem, if ye my Love do see,
 Tell Him that I am sick for love, yea, tell Him this from me.
 Thou peerless gem of price, I pray thee to us tell
 What is thy Love, what may He be that doth so far excell ?
 In my Beloved's Face the rose and lily strive ; 25

Among ten thousand men not one is found so fair alive :
 His head like finest gold, with secret sweet perfume ;
 His curled locks hang all as black as any raven's plume ;
 His eyes be like to doves on rivers' banks below,
 Ywash'd with milk, whose colours are most gallant to the
 show ; 30

His cheeks like to a plot where spice and flowers grow ;
 His lips like to the lily white, from whence pure myrrh doth
 flow ;

His hands like rings of gold with costly chrisalet ; *
 His belly like the ivory white, with seemly sapphires set ;
 His legs like pillars strong of marble set in gold ; 35
 His countenance like Libanon, or cedars to behold ;
 His mouth it is as sweet, yea, sweet as sweet may be :
 This is my Love ; ye virgins, lo, even such an one is He !
 Thou fairest of us all, whither is thy Lover gone ?
 Tell us, and we will go with thee ; thou shalt not go alone. 40

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Down to His garden place mine own true Love is gone,
 Among the spice and lilies sweet to walk Himself alone.
 True am I to my Love ; and He my loving make,†
 Which in the lilies makes abode, and doth His pleasure take.

* *Chrisalet* = chrysolite.

† *Make* = mate.

With Tirzah or Jerusalem thy beauty may be weigh'd, 5
 In show like to an army great, whose ensigns are display'd.
 O, turn away thine eyes ! for they have wounded Me :
 Thy hairs are like a herd of goats on Gilead-mount that be ;
 Thy teeth like new-wash'd sheep returning from the flood,
 Whereas not one is barren found, but beareth twins a
 good ; 10

The temples of thy head, within thy locks, to show,
 Are like to the pomegranate fruit that in the orchards grow.
 Of concubines four score there are, of queens twice treble ten,
 Of virgins for the multitude not to be number'd then ;
 But yet My dove alone and undefiled fere, 15
 Her mother's only daughter is, to her exceeding dear.
 The virgins saw My love, and they have lik'd her well,
 The queens, and eke the concubines, they say she doth excell.
 Who's she I do behold, so like the morning clear,
 Or like the moon when towards the full in pride she doth
 appear ? 20

Bright as the radiant rays that from the sun descend,
 Or like an army terrible when ensigns they extend ?
 Unto the nuts down will I go and fruitful valleys low,
 To see if that the vine do bud and the pomegranates grow.
 Myself I know not I, ne nothing knew I then : 25
 Let me be like a chariot, even of thy noble men.
 Return again, O, make return, thou Shulamite so dear ;
 Let us enjoy thy company ; I pray thee sojourn here.
 What see you in the Shulamite ? in her what may you see,
 But like a troop of warlike men that in the armies be ? 30

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

How stately are thy steps with brave and lofty pace,
 Thou dainty princess, darling dear, with comely gallant grace !

The joints of thy fair thighs, the which so straight do stand,
Are like to curious jewels wrought by cunning workman's
hand ;

Thy navel like a goblet is, which still with wine doth flow ; 5
Thy belly like an heap of wheat, about which lilies grow ;
Thy breasts I may compare like to two little roes,
Which follow on their mother's steps, when forth to feed
she goes ;

Thy neck like to a tower of costly ivory fram'd ;
Thine eyes like Heshbon waters clear, by that Bathrabbim
nam'd ; 10

Thy nose like Libanon tower, most seemly to the eye,
Which towards Damascus city fair, that stately town doth lie ;
Thy head like scarlet red, thy hair of purple hue :
The king in thee doth take delight as in his lady true.

How fair art thou, My love, and seemly to the sight ! 15

The pleasures that abound in thee, they are My chief delight :

Thy stature like the palm, the tall and straightest tree ;

Thy breasts, the which do thee adorn, most like to clusters be.

Upon the pleasant palm, I said, I will take hold,

And rest upon her pleasant boughs, I said, I will be bold : 20

Thy breasts are like a bunch of grapes on the most fruitful
vine ;

Thy nose in smell like to the fruit of all most pure and fine ;

The roof of thy sweet mouth like purest wine doth taste,

Which makes the very aged laugh, forgetting sorrows past.

I am unto my Love a faithful friendly fere, 25

And He is likewise unto me most tender and most dear.

Go we into the field, to sport us in the plain,

And in the pleasant villages, my Love, let us remain :

Then early will we rise, and see if that the vine do flourish,

And if the earth accordingly do the pomegranates nourish. 30

I feel the mandrakes smell, within our gates that be :

The sweetest things both new and old, my Love, I kept for
Thee.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

O that Thou wert my brother born, that suck'd my mother's
breast !

Then sweetly would I kiss Thy lips, and by Thee take my
rest.

Unto my mother's closet sure mine own Love will I bring,
And be obedient unto Him in every kind of thing :

There will I give to Thee, my Love, the dainty spiced
wine, 5

And pleasant liquor that distils from the pomegranate
fine.

With His left hand He shall support, and eke my head up-
rear,

And with the right most lovingly He shall embrace His
dear.

Ye daughters of Jerusalem, do not My love dis-ease,*

But suffer her to take her rest so long as she shall
please. 10

Who's that which from the wilderness yon cometh from
above,

And in this sort familiarly doth lean upon her Love?

Under a pleasant apple tree, from whence like fruit doth
spring,

Thy mother first conceived thee, even forth which did thee
bring.

Let it be like a privy seal within thy secret heart, 15

Or like a signet on thy hand thy secrets to impart ;

For jealousy is like the grave, and love more strong than
death,

From whose hot brands there doth proceed a flaming fiery
breath :

* *Dis-ease* = disturb.

The floods cannot allay his heat, nor water quench his flame,
 Neither the greatest treasure can countervail the same. 20
 Our little sister hath no breasts : what shall we do or say,
 When we shall give her to her Spouse upon her wedding
 day ?

If that she be a wall, on that foundation sure
 A princely palace will we build of silver passing pure ;
 And if she be a door, she shall incloséd be 25
 With brave and goodly squaréd boards of the fine cedar
 tree.

I am a mighty wall, my breasts like towers high ;
 Then am I passing beautiful in my Belovéd's eye.
 King Salomon a vineyard had in fair Baalhamon field ;
 Each one in silver yearly doth a thousand pieces yield : 30
 But yet My vineyard, Salomon, thy vine doth far excel
 For fruit and goodness of the same, thou know'st it very
 well :

A thousand silver pieces are even yearly due to Me,
 Two thousand likewise unto them the which her keepers be.
 O Thou that in the garden dwell'st, learn me Thy voice to
 know, 35

That I may listen to the same, as Thy companions do !
 Fly my Belovéd, hence away, and be Thou like the roe
 Or as the hart on mountain tops, whereon sweet spices grow.

The Song of Annah for the bringing forth of Samuel her son.

The Second Chap. of the First Book of Samuel.

My heart doth in the Lord rejoice, that living Lord of
 Might,
 Which doth His servant's horn exalt in all His people's sight:

I will rejoice in their despite which erst have me abhorr'd,
Because that my salvation dependeth on the Lord.

None is so holy as the Lord; besides Thee none there are; 5
With our God there is no god that may himself compare.

See that no more presumptuously ye neither boast nor
vaunt,

Nor yet unseemly speak such things, so proud and arrogant;
For why, the counsel of the Lord in depth cannot be sought,
Our enterprises and our acts by Him to pass are brought. 10
The bow is broke, the mighty ones subverted are at length,
And they which weak and feeble were increased are in
strength.

They that were full and had great store, with labour buy
their bread,

And they which hungry were and poor, with plenty now
are fed;

So that the womb which barren was hath many children
borne, 15

And she which store of children had is left now all forlorn.
The Lord doth kill and make alive, His judgments all are just;
He throweth down into the grave, and raiseth from the
dust.

The Lord doth make both rich and poor; He all our
thoughts doth try;

He bringeth low, and eke again exalteth up on high. 20

He raiseth up the simple soul, whom men pursu'd with hate,
To sit amongst the mighty ones in chair of princely state;
For why, the pillars of the earth He plac'd with His hand,
Whose mighty strength doth still support the weight of all
the land.

He will preserve His saints; likewise the wicked men at
length 25

He will confound; let no man seem to glory in his strength.

The enemies of God, the Lord, shall be destroyéd all ;
 From heaven He shall thunder send, that on their heads
 shall fall.

The mighty Lord shall judge the world, and give His power
 alone

Unto the king, and shall exalt His own anointed one. 20

The Song of Jonah in the whale's belly.

In the Second Chap. of Jonah.

IN grief and anguish of my heart, my voice I did extend
 Unto the Lord, and He thereto a willing ear did lend ;
 Even from the deep and darkest pit and the infernal lake,
 To me He hath bow'd down His ear, for His great mercy's
 sake.

For Thou into the midst of surging seas so deep 5
 Hast cast me forth, whose bottom is so low and wondrous
 steep ;

Whose mighty wallowing waves, which from the floods do
 flow,

Have with their power up-swallowéd me, and overwhelm'd
 me tho.

Then said I, lo, I am exil'd from presence of Thy Face !
 Yet will I once again behold Thy house and dwelling
 place : 10

The waters have encompass'd me, the floods enclos'd me
 round,

The weeds have sore encumbered me, which in the seas
 abound :

Unto the valleys down I went, beneath the hills which
 stand ;

The earth hath there environ'd me with force of all the
 land :

Yet hast Thou still preserved me from all these dangers
here, 15
And brought my life out of the pit, O Lord, my God so
dear!

My soul consuming thus with care, I pray'd unto the Lord,
And He from out His holy place heard me with one accord.
Who to vain lying vanities doth wholly him betake,
Doth err, also God's mercy he doth utterly forsake : 20
But I will offer unto Him the sacrifice of praise,
And pay my vows, ascribing thanks unto the Lord always.

The Prayer of Jeremiah, bewailing the Captivity of the People.

In the Fifth Chap. of his Lamentations.

CALL unto mind, O mighty Lord, the wrongs we daily take !
Consider and behold the same, for Thy great mercy's sake.
Our ~~land~~ and our inheritance mere strangers do possess,
The aliens in our houses dwell, and we without redress.
We now, alas, are fatherless ! and still pursu'd with hate ; 5
Our mourning mothers now remain in woeful widows' state.
We buy the water which we drink, such is our grievous
want,

Likewise the wood even for our use that we ourselves did
plant.

Our necks are subject to the yoke of persecution's thrall,
We wearied out with cruel toil, and find no rest at all. 10
Aforetime we in Egypt-land and in Assyria served,
For food our hunger to sustain, lest that we should have
starved.

Our fathers, which are dead and gone, have sinnéd wondrous sore,
And we now scourg'd for their offence, ah, woe are we
therefore !

Those servile slaves which bondmen be, of them in fear we
stand, 15

Yet no man doth deliver us from cruel caitives' hand.
Our livings we are forc'd to get in perils of our lives,
The dry and barren wilderness thereto by danger drives.
Our skins be scorch'd, as though they had been in an oven
dried,

With famine and the penury which here we do abide. 20
Our wives and maids deflower'd are by violence and force,
On Sion and in Juda-land, sans pity or remorse.

Our kings by cruel enemies with cords are hang'd up,
Our gravest sage and ancient men have tasted of that cup.
Our young men they have put to sword, not one at all they
spare, 25

Our little boys upon the tree sans pity hang'd are.
Our elders sitting in the gates can now no more be found,
Our youth leave off to take delight in music's sacred sound.
The joy and comfort of our heart away is fled and gone,
Our solace is with sorrow mix'd, our mirth is turn'd to
moan. 30

Our glory now is laid full low, and buried in the ground,
Our sins full sore do burden us, whose greatness doth abound.
O holy blessed Sion-hill, my heart is woe for thee !
Mine eyes pour forth a flood of tears this dismal day to see,
Which art destroy'd, and now liest waste from sacred use
and trade ; 35

Thy holy place is now a den of filthy foxes made.
But Thou, the everliving Lord, Which dost remain for aye,
Whose seat above the firmament full sure and still doth
stay,

Wherefore dost Thou forsake Thine own ? shall we for-
gotten be ?

Turn us, good Lord, and so we shall be turn'd unto Thee ; 40

Lord, call us home from our exile to place of our abode
Thou long enough hast punish'd us ; O Lord, now spare
Thy rod !

The Song of Deborah and Barak.

The Fifth Chap. of Judges.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the Which revenge on Israel's wrongs
doth take,
Likewise for those which offeréd up themselves for Israel's
sake.
Hear this, ye kings, ye princes all, give ear with one accord ;
I will give thanks, yea, sing the praise of Israel's living
Lord.
When Thou departedst, Lord, from Seir, and out of Edom-
field, 5
The earth gan quake, the heavens rain, the clouds their
water yield :
The mountains high before the Lord have melted every del,*
As Synay did in presence of the Lord of Israel.
In time of Sangar, Anath's son, and in old Jael's days,
The paths were all unoccupied, men sought forth unknown
ways : 10
The towns and cities there lay waste, and to decay they fell,
Till Deborah a matron grave became in Israel.
They chose them gods ; then garboils† did within their
gates abound ;
A spear or shield in Israel there was not to be found.
In those which govern Israel my heart doth take delight, 15
And in the valiant people there : O, praise the Lord of
Might !

* Del = deal, part.

† Garboils = tumults, troubles.

Speak, ye that on white asses ride, and that by Midden*
dwell,

And ye that daily tread the ways, see forth your minds you
tell.

The clattering noise of archers shot, when as the arrows
flew,

Appeaséd was amongst the sort which water daily drew. 20
The righteousness of God the Lord shall be declaréd there,
And likewise Israel's righteousness, which worship Him in
fear.

The people with rejoicing hearts then all with one consent,
I mean the Lord's inheritance, unto the gates they went.

Deborah, up, arise, and sing a sweet and worthy song : 25
Barak, lead them as captives forth which unto thee belong.
For they which at this day remain do rule like lords alone :
The Lord over the mighty ones gives me dominion.

The roots of Ephraim arose gainst Amalek to fight,
And so likewise did Benjamin with all their power and
might. 30

From Machir came a company which chiefest sway did
bear,

From Zebulon, which cunning clerks and famous writers
were.

The kings which came of Issachar were with Deborah tho,
Yea, Issachar and Barak both attend on her also.

He was dismounted in the vale : for the divisions' sake 35
Of Reuben, the people there great lamentation make.

Gilead by Jordan made abode, and Dan on shipboard lay,
And Asher in the desert, he upon the shore doth stay.

* *Midden*. Where Drayton got the idea that this is a proper name, I cannot imagine. The word in the original, which our translators have rendered "*judgment*," is supposed to mean "*silken trappings*" or "*carpets*." Though this may be controverted, in no version that I am aware of is the rendering Midden = a proper name.

They of Zebulon and Nepthali, like worthy valiant wights,
Before their foes, even in the field, advanc'd themselves in
fights. 40

The kings themselves in person fought, the kings of Canaan,
In Tanach-plain whereas the stream of swift Megiddo ran.
No pay, no hire, no coin at all, not one did seem to take ;
They servéd not for greedy gain nor filthy lucre sake.
The heavens high and heavenly powers these things to pass
have brought ; 45

The stars against proud Sisera even in their course have
fought.

The stream of Kishon's ancient brook hath overwhelm'd
them there :

My soul, sith thou hast done thy part, be now of hearty
cheer.

The hardenéd hoofs of barbéd horse were all in pieces broke
By force of mighty men, which met with many a sturdy
stroke. 50

The angel hath pronounc'd a curse, which shall on Meroz
fall,

And those that do inhabit there a curse light on them all ;
Because they put not forth their hands to help the Living
Lord

Against the proud and mighty ones which have His truth
abhorr'd.

Jael the Kenite, Heber's wife, most happy shall be blest 55
Above all other women there which in the tents do rest.

He askéd water for to drink ; she gave sweet milk to him,
Yea, butter in a lordly dish which was full trick and trim.
Her left hand to the nail she put, her right the hammer
wrought,

Wherewith presumptuous Sisera unto his death she
brought ; 60

And from his corpse his head she cut with mortal deadly wound,

When through the temples of his head she nail'd him to the ground :

He bow'd then unto the earth, and at her feet can fall ;

And where he fell, there still he lay bereav'd of senses all

The mother then of Sisera, in window where she lay, 65

Doth marvel much that this her son doth make so long a stay :

Her ladies then, they hearing that, make answer by and by ;

Yea, to her speeches past before her self doth this reply,—

Hath he not gotten mighty spoils, and now division makes?

Each one a damsel hath or twain which he as captive takes ; 70

Sisera of costly colour'd robes, full rich with needle wrought,

Hath got a prey, which unto him as chiefest spoils are brought.

So let Thine enemies, O Lord, sustain and suffer blame ;

And let Thy chosen blessed ones, that love and fear Thy Name,

Be like the sun when in the morn his glory doth increase, 75

Or like the land which many a year hath been in rest and peace !

Another Song of the Faithful for the Mercies of God.

In the xii. Chap. of the Prophecy of Isaiah.

I.

O LIVING Lord, I still will laud Thy Name !

For though Thou wert offended once with me,

Thy heavy wrath is turn'd from me again,

And graciously Thou now dost comfort me.

II.

Behold, the Lord is my salvation ;
I trust in Him, and fear not any power :
He is my song, the strength I lean upon ;
The Lord God is my loving Saviour.

III.

Therefore with joy out of the well of life
Draw forth sweet water which it doth afford,
And in the day of trouble and of strife
Call on the Name of God, the Living Lord :

IV.

Extol His works and wonders to the sun,
Unto all people let His praise be shown,
Record in song the marvels He hath done,
And let His glory through the world be blown.

V.

Cry out aloud and shout on Sion-hill ;
I give thee charge that this proclaimed be,—
The Great and Mighty King of Israel
Now only dwelleth in the midst of thee.

A Song of the Faithful.

In the Third Chap. of the Prophecy of Habakkuk.

I.

LORD at Thy voice my heart for fear hath trembled :
Unto the world, Lord, let Thy works be shown ;
In these our days now let Thy power be known,
And yet in wrath let mercy be remembered.

II.

From Teman, lo, our God you may behold,
The Holy One from Paran-mount so high !
His glory hath clean covered the sky,
And in the earth His praises be inroll'd.

III.

His shining was more clearer than the light ;
And from His hands a fulness did proceed,
Which did contain His wrath and power indeed ;
Consuming plagues and fire were in His sight.

IV.

He stood aloft and compassed the land,
And of the nations doth defusion make ;
The mountains rent, the hills for fear did quake :
His unknown paths no man may understand.

V.

The Morians' tents, even for their wickedness,
I might behold—the land of Midian
Amaz'd and trembling, like unto a man
Forsaken quite and left in great distress.

VI.

What, did the rivers move the Lord to ire ?
Or did the floods His majesty displease ?
Or was the Lord offended with the seas,
That Thou camest forth in chariot hot as fire ?

VII.

Thy force and power Thou freely didst relate ;
Unto the tribes Thy oath doth surely stand ;
And by Thy strength Thou didst divide the land,
And from the earth the rivers separate.

VIII.

The mountains saw, and trembled* for fear ;
The sturdy stream with speed forth passed by ;
The mighty depths shout out a hideous cry,
And then aloft their waves they did uprear.

IX.

The sun and moon amid their course stood still ;
Thy spears and arrows forth with shining went :
Thou spoilest the land, being to anger bent,
And in displeasure Thou didst slay and kill.

X.

Thou wentest forth for Thine own chosen's sake,
For the safeguard of Thine Anointed one :
The house of wicked men is overthrown,
And their foundations now go all to wrack.

XI.

Their towns Thou strikest by Thy mighty power,
With their own weapons made for their defence,
Who like a whirl-wind came with the pretence,
The poor and simple man quite to devour.

XII.

Thou madest Thy horse on seas to gallop fast,
Upon the waves Thou ridest here and there :
My intrals trembled then for very fear,
And at Thy voice my lips shook at the last.

XIII.

Grief pierc'd my bones, and fear did me annoy,
In time of trouble where I might find rest ;
For to revenge when once the Lord is prest,†
With plagues He will the people quite destroy.

* *Trembled* must be pronounced as a trisyllable. † *Prest* = ready.

XIV.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,
 The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound,
 No pleasure in the city shall be found,
 The field no more her fruit shall feed nor nourish.

XV.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,
 In stall of bullocks there shall be no choice ;
 Yet in the Lord, my Saviour, I rejoice,
 My hope in God yet will I surely hold.

XVI.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay ;
 My feet for swiftness it is He will make
 Like to the hinds who none in course can take ;
 Upon high places He will make me way.

A Song of Thanks to God, in that He showeth Himself Judge of the world in punishing the wicked and maintaining the godly.

In the xxv. Chap. of the Prophecy of Isaiah.

I.

O LORD, my God, with praise I will persevere,
 Thy blessed Name in song I will record,
 For the great wonders Thou hast done, O Lord !
 Thy truth and counsels have been certain ever.

II.

A mighty city Thou makest ruinate,
 The strongest towns Thou bringest to decay,
 A place where strangers usually do stay,
 And shall not be reduc'd* to former state.

* *Reduc'd*=brought back.

III.

The proudest people therefore stoop to Thee,
The strongest cities have Thee still in fear :
Thou strengthenest the poor man in despair,
And helpest the needy in necessity.

IV.

Thou art a sure refuge against a shower,
A shadow which doth from the heat defend :
The raging blasts the mighty forth doth send,
Is like a storm which shakes the stateliest tower.

V.

Thou shalt abate the foreign stranger's pride,
Like as the heat doth dry the moistest place ;
The glory of the proud Thou shalt deface,
Like as the clouds the sunny beams do hide.

VI.

The Lord of Hosts shall in this mount provide,
And to His people here shall make a feast
Of fatted things and dainties of the best,
Of marrow and wines finely purified.

VII.

And in this mountain by His mighty Hand
That same dark cloud the Lord will clean destroy,
Even with the veil which doth His folk annoy ;
And death no more before His Face shall stand. ;

VIII.

The Lord will wipe out of His chosen's eyes
The tears which do their faces so distain ;
And their rebuke shall now no more remain ;
Thus saith the Lord, these be His promises.

IX.

And men shall say then, lo this same is He,
 This is our God on Whom we did attend,
 This is the Lord that will us still defend !
 We will be glad and joyful Lord, in Thee.

X.

Thy Hand, O Lord, here in this mount shall rest,
 And cursed Moab shall by Thee be beaten,
 As in Thy judgment Thou of long dost threaten,
 As in Mamena* straw of men is threshed !

XI.

And over them the Lord His Hand shall hold,
 As he that swimmeth stretcheth him at length ;
 And by His power and by His mighty strength
 The proud and stout by Him shall be controll'd.

XII.

Thy highest walls and towers of all thy trust
 He shall bring down, and lay them all full low ;
 Unto the ground His Hand shall make them bow,
 And lay thy pride and glory in the dust.

*Another Song of the Faithful, wherein is declared in what consisteth
 the Salvation of the Church.*

In the xxvi. Chap. of the Prophecy of Isaiah.

I.

· AND in that day this same shall be our song,
 In Juda-land this shall be sung and said :
 We have a city which is wondrous strong,
 And for the walls the Lord Himself our aid.

* *Mamena*. Here again Drayton translates by a proper name ; and so indeed it is rendered in the margin of our version "*as straw is threshed in Madmenah*." Buxtorf tells us that in the present passage, according to Aben Esra, *Madmenah* should be translated *sterquilinum*, dunghill ; but in Isaiah x. 31, it is a proper name.

II.

Open the gates, yea, set them open wide,
And let the godly and the righteous pass ;
Yea, let them enter, and therein abide,
Which keep His laws, and do His truth embrace

III.

And in Thy judgment Thou wilt sure preserve
In perfect peace those which do trust in Thee :
Trust in the Lord Which doth all trust deserve ;
He is thy strength, and none but only He.

IV.

He will bring down the proud that look so high ;
The stateliest buildings He will soon abase,
And make them even with the ground to lie,
And unto dust He will their pride deface.

V.

It shall be trodden to the very ground ;
The poor and needy down the same shall tread.
The just man's way in righteousness is found ;
Into a path most plain Thou wilt him lead.

VI.

But we have waited long for Thee, O Lord !
And in Thy way of judgment we do rest ;
Our souls doth joy Thy Name still to record,
And Thy remembrance doth content us best.

VII.

My soul hath long'd for Thee, O Lord ! by night,
And in the morn my spirit for Thee hath sought :
Thy judgments to the earth give such a light,
As all the world by them Thy truth is taught.

VIII.

But shew Thy mercy to the wicked man,—
He will not learn Thy righteousness to know ;
His chief delight is still to curse and ban,
And unto Thee himself he will not bow.

IX.

They do not once at all regard Thy power ;
Thy people's zeal shall let them see their shame :
But with a fire Thou shalt Thy foes devour,
And clean consume them with a burning flame.

X.

With peace Thou wilt preserve us, Lord, alone,
For Thou hast wrought great wonders for our sake ;
And other gods beside Thee have we none,
Only in Thee we all our comfort take.

XI.

The dead and such as sleep within the grave,
Shall give no glory nor yield praise to Thee,
Which here on earth no place nor being have,
And Thou hast rooted out of memory.

XII.

O Lord ! Thou dost this nation multiply,
Thou, Lord, hast blest this nation with increase :
Thou art most glorious in Thy majesty ;
Thou hast enlarg'd the earth with perfect peace.

XIII.

We cried to Thee, and oft our hands did wring,
When we have seen Thee bent to punishment ;
Like to a woman in childbirth travailing,
Even so in pain we mourn and do lament.

XIV.

We have conceiv'd and labour'd with pain,
But only wind at last we forth have brought ;
Upon the earth no hope there doth remain,
The wicked world likewise avails us nought.

XV.

The dead shall live, and such as sleep in grave
With their own bodies once shall rise again :
Sing, ye that in the dust your dwelling have :
The earth no more her bodies shall retain.

XVI.

Come, come, My people, to My chamber here,
And shut the doors up surely after thee ;
Hide thou thyself, and do not once appear,
Nor let thine eyes Mine indignation see.

XVII.

For from above the Lord is now dispos'd
To scourge the sins that in the world remain :
His servants' blood in earth shall be disclos'd,
And she shall now yield up her people slain.

FINIS.

Hereafter followeth certain other Songs and Prayers of godly men and women, out of the Books of Apocrypha.

The Prayer of Judith for the Deliverance of the People.

In the ix. Chap. of the Book of Judith.

O Lord ! the God of Simeon, my sovereign father dear,
To whom Thou gavest strength and might the sword in
hand to bear,

To take revenge on those which first the maiden's womb
did tame,
And spoiled her virginity with great reproach and shame ;
For which offence Thou gavest up their princes to be
slain, 5
So that their wounds with gory blood their beds did all
distain ;
Their servants with their lords, each one, have felt Thy
wrath alike,
Who sitting in their royal seat Thou sparest not to strike ;
Their wives, their daughters, and their goods, Thou gav'st,
for Thy behove,
As preys, as captives, and as spoils, to those whom Thou
didst love, 10
Who, mov'd with zeal, could not abide their blood defil'd
to see ;
Then hear me, Lord, a widow poor which here do call to
thee.
Things past, and things not yet discern'd, Thy providence
hath wrought,
Things present, and the things to come, by Thee to pass
are brought ;
Each thing is present at Thy call Thy wisdom doth
devise, 15
Thy secret judgments long before Thy knowledge doth com-
prise.
Th' Assyrians now in multitude a mighty number are,
Whose horsemen on their barbéd horse themselves to war
prepare ;
Their hope in footmen doth consist, in sling, in spear, and
shield ;
They know not Thee to be the Lord Whose force doth win
the field. 20

Let all their force, their strength, and power be by Thy
 might abated,
 Who vow Thy temple to defile which Thou hast consecrated,
 Yea, to pollute Thy tabernacle, Thy house, and holy place,
 And with their instruments of war Thine altars to deface.
 Behold their pride, and pour on them Thy wrath and
 heavy ire, 25
 And strength my hand to execute the thing I now desire ;
 Smite Thou the servant and the lord, as they together
 stand,
 Abate their glory and their pride even by a woman's hand ;
 For in the greatest multitude Thou takest not delight,
 Nor in the strong and valiant men consisteth not Thy
 might ; 30
 But to the humble, lowly, meek, the succourless, and poor,
 Thou art a Help, Defence, Refuge, and loving Saviour.
 My father in Thy Name did trust, O Israel's Lord most dear,
 Of heaven, of earth, of sea and land ! do Thou my prayer
 hear :
 Grant Thou me wit, sleight, power, strength to wound
 them, which advance 35
 Themselves over Thy Sion-hill and Thine inheritance :
 Declare to nations far and near, and let them know full
 well,
 Thou art the Lord Whose power and strength defendeth
 Israel.

The Song of Judith, having slain Holoferne's.

In the xvi. Chap. of the Book of Judith.

TUNE up the timbrels, then, with laud unto the Lord,
 Sound forth His praise on cymbals loud, with songs of one
 accord ;

Declare and shew His praise, also His Name rehearse,
In song of thanks exactly penn'd, of sweet and noble verse.
The Lord He ceaseth wars, even He the very same, 5
'Tis He that doth appease all strife ; Jehovah is His Name ;
The Which hath pitch'd His tent, our surest strength and
aid,

Amongst us here, lest that our foes should make us once
dismay'd.

From northern mountain-tops proud Assur came adown,
With warlike men, a multitude of famous high renown, 10
Whose footmen stopt the streams where rivers wont to
flow,

And horsemen cover'd all the vales that lay the hills
below.

His purpose was for to destroy my land with sword and
fire,

To put my young men to the sword did thirst with hot
desire,

My children to captivity he would have borne away, 15
My virgins so by rape and force as spoils and chiefest prey.
But yet the High and Mighty Lord His people doth defend,
And by a silly woman's hand hath brought him to his end ;
For why, their mighty men with arms were not subdu'd,
Nor with their blood our young men's hands were not at all
imbru'd, 20

No, none of Titan's line this proud Assyrian slew,
Nor any giants' aid we crav'd this soldier to subdue ;
But Judith she alone, Merari's daughter dear,
Whose heavenly hue hath bred his bane, and brought him
to his bier.

She left her mourning weed, and deck'd herself with
gold, 25

In royal robes of seemly show, all Israel to behold ;

With odours she perfum'd herself after the quaintest* guise,
 Her hair with fillet finely bound as art could well devise ;
 Her slippers neat and trim his eyes and fancy fed,
 Her beauty hath bewitch'd his mind, her sword cut off his
 head. 30

The Persians were amaz'd, her modesty was such,
 The Medes at her bold enterprise they marvelléd as much ;
 Amongst th' Assyrians then great clamours can arise,
 Whenas the fact so lately done appear'd before their eyes.
 The sons, which erst my daughters have even on their
 bodies born, 35

Have slain them as they fled in chase, as men so quite for-
 lorn ;

Even at the presence of the Lord the stoutest turn'd his
 back,

His power did so astonish them that all things went to wrack.

A song now let us sing of thanks unto the Lord,

Yea, in a song of pleasant tune let us His praise record.

O God, Thou mighty Lord ! who is there like to Thee ?

In strength and power to Thee, O Lord, none may com-
 paréd be !

Thy creatures all obey and serve Thee in their trade,

For Thou no sooner spak'st the word but every thing was
 made ;

Thou sentest forth the Spirit Which did Thy work fulfill, 45

And nothing can withstand Thy voice, but listen to Thy
 will.

* *Quaintest* = graceful, elegant. So Chapman, *Odyssey*, xiii. 327:

"Minerva, like a shepherd, young, and quaint."

Shakespeare says "My *quaint* Ariel," and again "But, for a fine, *quaint*, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten of it."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 4.

Archbishop Trench has well illustrated the word in his excellent "Select Glossary."

The mountains shall remove where their foundation lay,
Likewise the floods, the craggy rocks like wax shall melt
away :

But they that fear the Lord, and in Him put their trust,
Those will He love, and still impute amongst the good and
just. 50

But woe be those that seek His chosen flock's decay !
The Lord God will revenge their wrongs at the last Judg-
ment Day ;
For He such quenchless fire and gnawing worms shall send
Into their flesh, as shall consume them world without an end.

A Prayer of the Author.

In the xxii. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

I.

LORD of my life, my Guide and Governour,
Father, of Thee this one thing I require ;
Thou wilt not leave me to the wicked power,
Which seek my fall, and still my death desire.

II.

O who is he that shall instruct my thought,
And so with wisdom shall inspire my heart,
In ignorance that nothing may be wrought
By me with them whose sin shall not depart ?

III.

Lest that mine errors grow and multiply,
And to destruction through my sins I fall,
My foes rejoice at my adversity,
Who in Thy mercy have no hope at all.

IV.

My Lord and God, from Whom my life I took,
Unto the wicked leave me not a prey ;
A haughty mind, a proud disdainful look,
From me Thy servant take thou clean away.

V.

Vain hope likewise, with vile concupiscence,
Lord, of Thy mercy take Thou clean from me ;
Retain Thou him in true obedience,
Who with desire daily serveth Thee.

VI.

Let not desire to please the greedy maw,
Or appetite of any fleshly lust,
Thy servant from his loving Lord withdraw,
But give Thou me a mind both good and just.

The Prayer of Salomon.

In the ix. Chap. of the Book of Wisdom.

O GOD of our forefathers all, of mercy Thou the Lord,
Which heaven and earth and all things else createdst with
Thy Word,
And by Thy Wisdom madest man like to Thyself alone,
And gavest him over Thy works the chief dominion,
That he should rule upon the earth with equity and right, 5
And that his judgments should be pure and upright in Thy
sight !—
Give me that wisdom which about Thy sacred throne doth
stay,
And from amongst Thine own elect, Lord, put me not
away ;

For I Thy servant am, and of Thy handmaid born,
A silly soul, whose life, alas ! is short and all forlorn, 10
And do not understand at all what ought to be my guide,
I mean Thy statutes and Thy laws, lest that I slip aside ;
For though a man in worldly things for wisdom be
esteem'd,

Yet if Thy wisdom want in him, his is but folly deem'd.
Thou chosest me to be a king, to sit on royal throne, 15
To judge the folk which Thou of right dost challenge for
Thy own :

Thou hast commanded me to build a temple on Thy hill,
And altar in the self-same place where Thou Thyself dost
dwell,

Even like unto Thy tabernacle in each kind of respect,
A thing most holy, which at first Thyself Thou didst erect. 20
Thy Wisdom being still with Thee which understands Thy
trade,

Whenas Thou framedst first the world, and her foundation
laid,

Which knew the thing that most of all was pleasant in Thy
sight,

Thy will and Thy commandments wherein thou tak'st
delight ;

Send her down from that heavenly seat whereas she doth
abide, 25

That she may shew to me Thy will, and be my only guide ;
For she doth know and understand, yea, all things doth
foresee,

And by her works and mighty power I shall preserv'd be ;
Then shall my works accepted be and likéd in Thy sight,
When I upon my father's throne shall judge Thy folk aright. 30
Who knoweth the counsel of the Lord, His deep and secret
skill,

Or who may search into His works, or know His holy will ?

For why, the thoughts of mortal men are nothing else but
care,
Their forecasts and devices all, things most uncertain are.
The body is unto the soul a weight and burthen great, 35
The earthly house depresseth down the mind with cares
replete :
The things which here on earth remain we hardly can
discern,
To find their secret use and trade with labour great we
learn ;
For who doth search, or seek to know with travail and
with care,
The secrets of the Mighty Lord, which high in heaven
are? 40
Who can Thy counsels understand, except Thou do impart
Thy wisdom and Thy Holy Spirit dost send into his heart ?
For so the ways of mortal men reformed are, and taught
The things that most delighteth Thee, which wisdom forth
have brought.

A Song of Jesus the Son of Sirach.

In the last Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

I.

I WILL confess Thy Name, O Lord,
And give Thee praise with one accord !
My God, my King, and Saviour,
Unto Thy Name be thanks and power !

II.

I have been succoured by Thee,
And Thou hast still preserved me,
And from destruction kept me long,
And from report of slanderous tongue.

III.

From lips still exercis'd with lies,
And from my cruel enemies,
Thou me in mercy dost deliver ;
Thy blessed Name be prais'd for ever !

IV.

From monsters that would me devour,
From cruel tyrants and their power ;
In all affliction, pain, and grief,
Thou succourest me with some relief ;

V.

From the cruel burning flame,
Poor I inclos'd within the same,
From the deep infernal pit,
From venom'd tongues that poison spit ;

VI.

From speeches that of malice spring,
From accusation to the king,
From all reproach and infamy,
From slander and like villany.

VII.

My soul, to death praise thou the Lord,
And laud His Name with one accord ;
For death was ready thee to take,
And thou near the infernal lake.

VIII.

They compasséd me round about,
But there was none to help me out ;
I look'd when succour would appear,
But there was none that would come near.

IX.

Upon Thy mereies then I thought,
And on the wonders Thou hast wrought,
How from destruction Thou dost save
Such as in Thee affiance have.

X.

In prayer then I did persevere,
That Thou from death wouldst me deliver ;
Unto the Lord I cry and call,
That He would rid me out of thrall.

XI.

Therefore I still will praise Thy Name,
And ever thank Thee for the same ;
My prayers shall of Thee be heard,
And never from Thy ears debarr'd.

XII.

Thou savest from destruction,
And other mischiefs more than one,
Therefore will I praise Thee, O Lord,
And in my songs Thy Name record !

The Prayer of Hester for the Deliverance of her and her people.

In the xiv. Chap. of Hester.

O MIGHTY Lord, Thou art our God ! to Thee for aid I cry,
To help a woman desolate, sith danger now is nigh.
Even from my youth I oft have heard my predecessors tell,
That from amongst the nations all Thou chocest Israel,
And chocest those our fathers were from theirs that went
before,
To be Thine own, and hast perform'd Thy promise evermore.

Now, Lord, we have committed sin most grievous in Thine eyes ;

Wherefore Thou hast deliveréd us unto our enemies ;
Because that to their heathen gods with worship we have gone,

Knowing that Thou art God the Lord, the righteous Lord alone. 10

Yet not content nor satisfied with these our captives' bands,
But with their idols they themselves have join'd and shaken hands,

Quite to abolish and subvert what Thou appointed hast,
And this Thine own inheritance even utterly to waste,
To shut and stop the mouths of those that yield Thee thanks and praise, 15

Thy glorious temples to defile, Thine altars up to raise,
And to induce the heathen folk to laud their idols' might,
To magnify a fleshly king, a man, a mortal wight.

Then let not such the sceptre sway whose glory is of nought,
Lest they deride us when that we to misery are brought, 20
And those devices they have wrought t' entangle us withall,
May turn unto their own decay, and on their heads may fall.
Remember, Lord, and shew Thyself to us in time of need,
And strengthen me, Thou King of kings, and Lord of power indeed ;

Instruct my tongue with eloquence, my speeches to impart 25
Before the lion's face, and by Thy wisdom turn his heart
To hate our deadly enemy, so wholly bent to ill,—

Destroy him and all such as do consent unto his will ;
But let Thy Hand deliver us, and help and succour me,
Sith I am now left comfortless, and have no help but Thee. 30
Thou know'st right well all things, O Lord ! and this Thou knowest then,

I hate the glory and the pomp of wicked sinful men,

And utterly detest the bed of any heathen wight,
Uncircumciséd, most impure, and odious in Thy sight.
Thou knowest my necessity, and that with hate I bear 35
This token of pre-eminence which on my head I wear,
And as a filthy menstruous cloth I take thereof such shame,
As, being by myself alone, I never wear the same ;
And that at Haman's table yet Thy handmaid hath not fed,
Nor took delight in princes' feast, nor drank wine offeréd ; 40
And never joy'd in any thing, since first I hither came,
Until this day, but in the Lord, Thou God of Abraham !
O Thou the High and Mighty God, hear Thou the voice
and cry
Of them, whose hope, whose trust, and stay only on Thee
doth lie !
And now in need deliver us out of their cruel hand, 45
And from the dread and fear, O Lord, wherein we daily stand !

The Prayer of Mardocheus.

In the xiii. Chap. of Hester.

I.

O LORD, my Lord, That art the King of might,
Within Whose power all things their being have !
Who may withstand that liveth in Thy sight,
If Thou Thy chosen Israel wilt save ?
For Thou hast made the earth and heaven above,
And all things else that in the same do move.

II.

Thou madest all things, and they are all Thine own,
And there is none that may resist Thy will :
Thou know'st all things, and this of Thee is known,
I did not erst for malice nor for ill,
Presumption nor vain glory else at all,
Come nor bow down unto proud Haman's call.

III.

I could have been content for Israel's sake
To kiss the soles even of his very feet,
But that I would not man's vain honour take
Before God's glory being so unmeet,
And would not worship none, O Lord, but Thee!
And not of pride, as Thou Thyself dost see.

IV.

Therefore, O Lord, my God and heavenly King,
Have mercy on the people Thou hast bought!
For they imagine and devise the thing
How to destroy and bring us unto nought,
Thine heritage, which Thou so long hast fed,
And out so far from Egypt-land hast led.

V.

O hear my prayer, and mercy do extend
Upon Thy portion of inheritance!
For sorrow now some joy and solace send,
That we may live Thy glory to advance;
And suffer not their mouths shut up, O Lord,
Which still Thy Name with praises do record!

A Prayer in the Person of the Faithful.

In the xxxvi. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

I.

HAVE mercy on us, blessed Lord,
Which madest all things with Thy Word;
Behold us, Saviour, from above,
Illuminate us with Thy love :—

Behold us, Saviour, from above,
Illuminate us with Thy love :

II.

And let the wicked dread Thy Name,
Which never sought unto the same,
And know that Thou art God alone,
And like in wonders to be none.

III.

O Lord, lift up Thy mighty Hand !
The world Thy power shall understand :
As by us Thou art sanctified,
By them so be Thou magnified ;

IV.

That they may learn Thy power to know,
As we that be Thy servants do :
Thou art the Living Lord alone,
And other gods beside Thee none.

V.

Renew the signs, Lord, Thou hast shown,
And let Thy wondrous works be known ;
Declare the strength of Thy right Hand,
Let them Thy power understand :

VI.

Arise to judgment in Thine ire,
Pour out Thy wrath as hot as fire ;
Destroy the cruel adversary,
To spoil our foes, Lord, do not tarry :

VII.

Shorten Thou these wicked days ;
Think on Thine oath at all assays ;*

* "*At all assays.*" This expression, not unfrequently found in

Let Thy wonders, Lord, appear,
And be Thou praised far and near.

VIII.

In burning fire, Lord, let them die
Which do escape and seek to fly;
And let them perish with annoy
Which seek Thy people to destroy.

IX.

Cleave Thou the heads of mighty kings,
Our enemies in godly things;
And let the world behold and see
That we are chosen unto Thee.

X.

Lord, gather Jacob unto Thee,
That they Thy might and power may see,
That they Thy wondrous works may show,
And to be Thine themselves may know.

XI.

Unto Thy folk impute no blame,
Which ever call'd upon Thy Name;
To Israel, Lord, be thou mild,
Thy only heir, Thy first-born child.

XII.

Unto Jerusalem shew pity,
Thy sanctuary and Thy city;
Bless Sion where Thy prophets live,
Thy glory to Thy people give.

our old writers, is thus rendered by Palsgrave, "*En tous poynts, or a tous poynts.*" *Lesclar. de la Lang. Fr.* 1530, fol. ccccxxxviii. (Table of Aduerbes); and Horman has, "He is a frende at all assayes. *Omnium horarum amicus est.*" *Vulgaria*, sig. x iiii. ed. 1530.
DYCE.

XIII.

And be 'Thou' witness unto those
Which have been Thine still to dispose ;
And raise them up, O Lord, on high,
Which in Thy Name do prophesy !

XIV.

Reward them, Lord, that wait for Thee,
That they Thy prophets' truth may see ;
Hear Thou Thy servant's prayer, O Lord,
As thou to Aaron gavest Thy word !

XV.

Guide us in way of righteousness :
The earth Thy glory shall express :
And to the world it shall be known,
Thou art Eternal and Alone.

A Prayer of Tobias, exhorting all men to praise the Lord.
Tobias, Chap. xiii.

I.

BLESS'D be that King Which evermore shall reign,
So ever may His Kingdom blessed be !
Which punisheth and pitieth again,
Which sends to hell and likewise setteth free ;
Before Whose Presence may no creature stand,
Nor anything avoid His heavy Hand.

II.

Ye children of His chosen Israel,
Before the Gentiles still confess His Name,
With whom He hath appointed you to dwell,
Even there, I say, extol and laud His fame :
He is a Lord and God most gracious,
And still hath been a Father unto us,

III.

He will scourge us for our iniquity ;
Yet mercy will He take on us again,
And from those nations gathered shall we be,
With whom as strangers now we do remain,
If in your hearts He shall repentance find,
And turn to Him with zeal and willing mind.

IV.

Whenas your dealings shall be found upright,
Then will He turn His Face from you no more,
Nor thenceforth hide His Presence from your sight,
But lend His mercy then, laid up in store ;
Therefore confess His Name, and praises sing
To That most Great and Highest Heavenly King.

V.

I will confess Him in captivity,
And to a wicked people show His might :
O turn to Him, vile sinners that you be,
And do the thing is upright in His sight !
Who's there can tell if He will mercy show,
Or take compassion on you, yea or no ?

VI.

I will extol and laud Thy Name always,
My soul, the praise of Heaven's King express ;
All tongues on earth shall spread abroad His praise,
All nations shew forth His righteousness ;
Jerusalem, thou shalt be scourged then,
But He will spare the sons of righteous men.

VII.

Fail not to give the Lord His praises due,
And still extol that Everlasting King ;
And help to build His tabernacle new,
In which His saints shall ever sit and sing,
 In which the captives shall have end of grief,
 In which the poor shall ever find relief.

VIII.

Many shall come from countries far and near,
And shall great gifts unto His Presence bring ;
Many before His presence shall appear,
And shall rejoice in this Great Heavenly King :
 Curséd be those which hate Thy Blessed Name,
 But bless'd be those which love and like the same.

IX.

Triumph with joy, ye that be good and just ;
Though scatteréd now, yet shall you gatheréd be ;
Then in the Lord fix all your hope and trust,
And rest in peace till you these blessings see :
 Blessed be those which have been touch'd with grief,
 When they have seen thee scourg'd and want relief.

X.

Those only shall rejoice with thee again,
And those shall be partakers of thy glory,
And shall in bliss for aye with thee remain,
Now passéd once these troubles transitory :
 Then, O my soul, see thou rejoice and sing,
 And laud the Great and Highest Heavenly King !

XI.

And He will build Jerusalem full fair
With emeralds and with sapphires of great price ;

With precious stones He will her walls repair,
Her towers of gold with work of rare device ;
And all her streets with beryl will He pave,
With carbuncles and ophirs passing brave :

XII.

And all her people there shall sit and say,
Praised be God with Alleluiah !

END OF VOL. III.

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